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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

III

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, at the time of the following letter, had recently published his "Book of Verses" containing the well-known series "In Hospital"—impressions of the old Edinburgh Infirmary, where, when he was a patient, Stevenson visited him and their friendship began. Stevenson, writing his papers for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE at Saranac earlier in this year (1888), had quoted one poem from the book in full at the end of his "Christmas Sermon." At the moment of this letter Stevenson was on his way across the United States to sail from San Francisco in the yacht *Casco* for his Pacific voyage.

[To W. E. Henley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 1, 1888.

DEAR MR. HENLEY: The rude realism of your verses "In Hospital" has braced me. And with this breath of the darkness of life you give a note—

"Out of the night that covers me"—

which has a manful ring to clear and lift us, whatever the oppression that may have been caused. No realism frightens me. At its worst, I take it as a correction of the flimsy, to which our literature has a constant tendency to recur. Even the lowest appears to me more instructive than Byronics.—But when, out of hospital, you cry out in ecstasy of the "smell of the mud in the nostrils," you strike profoundly—beyond the critical senses.

I thank you for the volume. It has the tone of a voice in the ear—as near to life as that. You have not aimed at higher. Do so in your next effort. Meanwhile the present is a distinct achievement, beyond the powers of most.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I hear of our dear Stevenson's grasp of better health very gladly and hopefully.

[To Mrs. Edith Clarke.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 8, 1889.

MY DEAR EDITH: Please read and meditate on this before you speak of it to Arthur. I want you to use your influence in getting him to accept this little sum in part payment of his voyage. Tell him it will be the one pleasure left to me when I think of his going. It may not help much—and yet there is the chance. As I sat chattering yesterday afternoon and noticed how frail he looked, I was pained with apprehension. He may find on the voyage to and fro, that a rather broader margin for expenses will spare some financial reckoning and add to necessary comforts. Tell him that I now receive money from America—and there is promise of increase. And I live so simply that without additions to income I could well afford myself this one pleasure. He will not deny it if he thinks. I apply to you for an aid that must needs be powerful with him; I am sure you are rational; you have been sister and mother to him, you will induce him not to reject from his father what may prove serviceable. As for money—how poor a thing it is! I never put a value on it even in extreme poverty. He has an honorable pride relating to it; touch his

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heart, that he may not let his pride oppose my happiness—as far as I may have it from such a source as money.

I hope to see him again if possible. Beg him to keep from writing long letters on board; but simply to read and doze. I shall hope to have just a notification from time to time of his health and good heart in the excursion.—He will use prudence when he lands, as to over exertion and acceptance of invitations. For if the voyage should do him the service one hopes from it, there is the temptation.—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Arthur Meredith's health was now broken and a voyage to Australia in prospect. A proud, reserved nature stood in the way of his making many friendships. He had a small income of his own and never accepted help even from his father.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *June* 13, 1889.

DEAR MRS. LESLIE: I hope I have done right—I can scarcely doubt it. Leslie has a double, and I have had it proclaimed that the Mrs. L. Stephen in agitation against the suffrage for women, is the wife of the False Leslie. For it would be to accuse you of the fatuousness of a Liberal Unionist, to charge the true Mrs. Leslie with this irrational obstructiveness.

The case with women resembles that of the Irish. We have played fast and loose with them, until now they are encouraged to demand what they know not how to use, but have a just right to claim. If the avenues of our professions had been thrown open to them, they might have learnt the business of the world, to be competent to help in governing. But these were closed, women were commanded to continue their reliance upon their poor attractions. Consequently, as with the Irish, they push to grasp the baguette which gives authority. And they will get it; and it will be a horrible time. But better that than present sights.

Let me add, that if you are the true Mrs Leslie of the signature, it is a compliment to your husband more touching than credibly sincere, after his behavior in the bog of Irish politics. This I have likewise caused to be reported. "Enough for me that my Leslie should vote, should think." Beautiful posture of the Britannic wife! But the world is a moving one that will pass her by.

I send this chiefly with the hope that you will be induced to forward Leslie (the true) to me for a rest of three or four days. Here he could lie on our lawn, stroll over the woods, and always have the stimulant of opposition so good for the Stephen race,—which your tenderness (if one has to trust what is rumored) withholds from him. Put it to him seriously to come to me and hear political and social wisdom.—Your devoted.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 1, 1890.

DEAREST GREENWOOD: My heart to you! warm wishes that you may always have scope for your powers. As to me, there seems a chance in America, where perhaps I may come to my end—not among our good English, to whom I am odious and nauseous (I quote them). Yesterday I was at Browning's funeral. I thought in the Abbey of what Juvenal walking with Umbritius says of the old fountain, "Quanto prestantius esset numen acquae etc.," but I applied it to the grave. Sweeter the green grass turf than Abbey pavements. But the noble poet was deeply with his fellows, and it may be appropriate that he should lie among them, in hearing of the roar. And how truly could he answer—What matter where!

I never thought of looking at the book at the Club. I will write to friends. If there seems a doubt of Barrie's election, I will journey. But oh my work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood. Would it be out of rule and blushless for me to write to the Committee? * The election of Barrie honors the Club.—Yours ever,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Mrs. Edith Clarke.]

BOX HILL, *Sept.* 5, 1890.

MY DEAR EDITH: Will is urgent to keep me away, as the long standing in-

* Election committee of the Garrick Club.

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jures me, and I am at the moment oppressed. But I shall come if I feel better to-morrow. Woking is a place where I could wish to lie. Lady Caroline Maxse is there and Fitzhardinge her son, and perhaps the admiral will choose it. The where is, however, a small matter. Spirit lives. I am relieved by your report of Arthur's * end. To him it was, one has to say in the grief of things, a release. He has been, at least, rich above most in the two most devoted of friends, his sister and her husband. Until my breath goes I shall bless you both.—As to the terms of the Will, they are fully in accord with what I should have proposed. Will and Riette have seen your letter and warmly think the same. They will each have as much money as young ones need to have—under our present barbaric system. Know that if you do not see me to-morrow, there is physical obstacle. Believe me, that my heart is always with you both and with your little ones.—Affectionately ever,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Marie Meredith.]

BOX HILL, *July* 10, 1891.

She scarce has a word for Papa,
To tell how she carolled and sported O!
So, with just, How d'ye do and Ta-ta,
She runs from her pen to be courted O!

To write were a foolish endeavor,
But, to show that her humor is still in her,
And flourishing fatter than ever,
She sends him the
Bill of her Milliner.

[To J. M. Barrie.†]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 3, 1891.

DEAR BARRIE: Our thanks are warm for "The Little Minister." And how I envy you!—not the deserved success of the book, but your pleasure in writing it. The conjuration of Babbie must have been an hour of enchantment. She carries us—criticism can't grow at her heels. Thrums, too, is as hot alive as ever.—I hope I may see you soon.

I am comforted in seeing that work like yours is warmly greeted by press and public.—Very faithfully,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* In the spring of 1890 Arthur Meredith returned to England and died at the home of his sister at Woking.

† Meredith had discerned the genius of J. M. Barrie from the first and they early became friends.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, *Jan.* 8, 1892.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I thought it needless when I sent the verses to say that such tiny things were a gift, honored by your acceptance. Do not, if you print me in future, pay me. We are not on the same sides in politics, but at heart we are one. I never can help wishing well to an undertaking headed by you.

Is, then, the Anti-J. in a swim of success? This check insists on blowing a fine brass note, and I like it better than the money, although you pummel my poor lot of worthies and won't see things visible to me. But you do love England, where again we join. The crash with Maupassant comes from avenging Nature—heredity helping. A moderated youth would have given him life. In reality, for a man of his powers, he produced little. And already he had begun to work upon himself. I regret. He was one of the few living whom I read with satisfaction in the handling of his matter.—Ever yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 23, 1892.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: My daughter packs and sends you "Tess" to-day. The work is open to criticism, but excellent and very interesting. All of the Dairy Farm held me fast. But from the moment of the meeting again of Tess and Alec, I grew cold, and should say that there is a depression of power, up to the end, save for the short scene on the plain of Stonehenge. If the author's minute method had been sustained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily necked Clare, and on to the Black Flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapor—she at one time so real to me.

I have heard of your illness, with the later, better report. All goes well now, I trust. And ah! the Anti-Jacobin! You are the prince of Editors, too good for you to have a party backing you. But take the title, and stand paperless. It is writ-

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ten that an Editor who shows esteem for literature shall have to drop his mouthpiece and of his honesty be stricken dumb.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Sidney Lysaght.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 12, 1893.

DEAR MR. LYSAGHT: . . . Just home from Losely, near G. F. Watts, to whom I have been sitting for a portrait—which, I am told, is good. But why a grizzled head is wanted for posterity to see, is the riddle to me. I dare not hint it, or I shall hear the retort that I am thinking . . . Once and in truth there was a presentable phiz, when no one cared for it.

Pray, come as soon as you can.—Ever yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur Wing Pinero.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 4, 1893.

MY DEAR (I hope for the last time "Mr.") PINERO: The enclosed to help grace your Chairman's ample seat at the Fund Dinner.* None do we find so generous in charity as actors, unless it be ladies of the town—as I have heard.

Therefore your Fund commands that we be emulous of the same.—I have to go to Watts, near Guildford, to give last sittings for a portrait, on the date you mention. Success to you! will be my cry when the great night comes.† Excellent title to set one threading a Dramatist's maze. It must hit.—I am too busy finishing (just in the middle) a work, to go anywhere to dinner. You won't think it disrespect to a Rising Young Profession.

Please don't forget, that you and Arthur Blunt are due here to dine on a Sunday in ulterior June. As to this point, a word from you will give me repose in anticipation of pleasure.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To H. Gordon Clarke.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 2, 1894.

DEAR MR. GORDON CLARKE: I would hurry to tell you in person how your kind remembrance of me touches the hermit's heart. I am under an engagement with Scribner's Magazine to deliver a novel * in the Spring, and have to go the round of a well-horse daily. My greetings to you and all of a family I hold dear.—Yours very sincerely, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Alphonse Daudet.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *janvier* 19, 1897.

ILLUSTRE ET TRÈS CHER AMI: Vous ne savez pas, j'espère, ce que c'est que le dégoût de la plume? J'en suis horriblement affligé depuis mon retour à la chaumière. Et par malchance ma fille ne peut me servir au fait de lettres, comme d'ordinaire. Vous me pardonnez. Mon chirurgien (la main la plus habile en Angleterre) a fait de son mieux.† On m'a donné du chloroforme—c'est-à-dire que la Sainte Nymphe Nirvana s'est emparée de moi et m'a déposé aux pieds de son Dieu, et là je n'ai senti ni pensé—donc je n'étais pas. Et encore je suis, et je me réjouis de l'être en recevant votre lettre.

A Madame Daudet mes hommages les plus sincères, et je vous prie de faire souvenir Mlle. Edmée de l'ami de ses parens. C'était plaisir de voir Lucien et le plus Léonin des Léons léoninanti, dans sa pleine santé.

Toujours à vous du cœur,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To A. Sidgwick.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 18, 1899.

DEAR SIR: It is understood that your communication is confidential. I could accept most gratefully an honor,‡ of which the proposal to confer it is distinction enough. But I am troubled in having to state that my physical condition (rather crippled legs)would compel me to beg the being excused from attendance. I fancy this would be a breach of your rules, and I cannot imagine the humble novelist to have a claim for exemption under any plea.

Let me thank you for your offer of hospitality. I feel the disappointment.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* The Royal General Theatrical Fund.
† The first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

* "The Amazing Marriage."
† An operation had been undergone by Meredith at a nursing home in London.
‡ The offer of an honorary degree by the University of Oxford.

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[To A. Sidgwick.]

Box Hill, Dorking, *May* 28, 1899.

Dear Sir: I beg to express to your Council that I shall always be deeply sensible of the honor conferred on me by the proposal for the high dignity of the degree, together with my regrets that my infirmity debars me from receiving it. But the titular honor and the bruiting of it I value less than your Council's good will, which gives me some sensation of pride in such work as I have done.

I shall miss, too, the pleasant half-evening with you to discuss the course of things current and foregone. Are you of good hope, as I am? The atmosphere of Universities is rather overcharged with the calm Past, and has to be resisted.—I am, very truly yours,

George Meredith.

[To G. M. Trevelyan.]

Box Hill, Dorking, *May* 17, 1900.

Dear Mr. Trevelyan: Your letter was one to be answered. You will have known that it could not have failed in giving pleasure to the man whose works had chanced to please you. Il y a le rapport. I should have written but for a partly disabled hand—and since my son and daughter took to marriage I am without amanuensis.—When I hear that I have been of some use to young men in aiding them to see the real life and guide their steps in it, I am content to think that I have lived. So you have refreshed me; for it is just the doubt of this which now and then harasses men of my age in their retrospect.

If you are at any time near Box Hill and will do me favor to call on me, you shall be told of my politics and general views. I am rather beaten to the ground at present by the slain, wounded and sick of my friends under the brand of South Africa, in a war that a forethoughtful or even commonly prudent policy might have steered us clear of. We will leave the subject for discussion. I have been tempted to write on it, but am wiser in leaving it to the Journalists, who will say pleasanter things to our countrymen, and not see faults on both sides.—Very truly yours, George Meredith.

[To Mrs. Duff.]

Box Hill, Dorking, *July* 1, 1900.

My Dear Mrs. Duff: The loss * to me is past all count. For I see him, hear him, have him sitting in the chair beside me, as on the day before he left for S. Africa, promising to come here early on his return—and now I look at the hill that leads to Dunley, where is hollowness, a light gone out. But still it cannot be quite death for a man so good and true as he.—The unsuffering part of him lives with those who knew him. Nobility was his characteristic, and always where that is required in life, I shall have him present—I feel deeply for Violet—indeed for all related to him. . . . I remember the many times and the words, when he spoke of his sister B. God bless and comfort you. Be sure that nothing good is ever lost. Remember, too, that your brother's friend is yours.

George Meredith.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

Box Hill, Dorking.

. . . bow apart from viol is sheer naught, whereas viol is always potential music:—and she may add, if she is in the mood to whip him, "for another perhaps to play on me more cunningly." And, à propos, a writer of mark was here last week, and we laughed at recent maunderings in Reviews on Style. He and I gave definitions. Getting serious for a moment, I proposed: "A noble manner in an easy manner." He bowed to it. What inspired me but this instrument I play on now! For surely the sentence depicts her. So be reconciled to it.—You have asked concerning character: you have been reading Biographies. We cannot come to the right judgment in Biography unless we are grounded in History. It is knowledge of the world for the knowing of men. Question the character, whether he worked, in humanity's mixed motives, for great ends, on the whole: or whether he inclined to be merely adroit, a juggler for his purposes. Many of the famous are only clever interpreters of the popular wishes. Real greatness must be based

* Written, on hearing of the death of Admiral Maxse, to his sister, Mrs. Duff.

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on morality. These platitudes are worth keeping in mind. Mind while reading severely may be indulgent, unless baseness is shown. There is a philosophy of life for it to embrace—and that means the reverse of cynicism, to be tolerant of our human constitution. We have to know that we know ourselves. Those who tell us we do not know, cannot have meditated on the word Conscience. In truth, so well do we know ourselves, that there is a general resolve to know some one else instead. We set up an ideal of the cherished object; we try our friends and the world by the standard we have raised within, supported by pride, obscured by the passions. But if we determine to know ourselves, we see that it has been open to us all along, that in fact we did but would not know, from having such an adoration of the ideal creature erected and painted by us. It follows, that having come to this knowledge, we have the greater charity with our fellows—especially with the poor fellow the most exposed to our inspection. For this reason, I preach for the mind's acceptance of Reality in all its forms; for so we come to benevolence and to a cheerful resignation; there is no other road to wisdom. If I have any, it is all yours.—I could run on to you lastingly; but you would be scrupulous to read and would be wearied. This is not an enlivening letter. I might in conversing amuse a little. You will perceive that I am zealous to set you in a clear way on certain subjects, and you will know why. I am with all my heart, your most faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, 1901.

. . . Your tentative opinion as to the suffrage for woman must run counter to ideas pillared around you. Tories, it is true, have recently conceived a notion that enfranchised women would support their cause, as the clerics do—and the host of women are imparsoned. Well, I would run the risk, prepared for my mauvais quart d'heure. After some taste of active life, their minds would enlarge—that is all we want: their hearts are generally sound. —What German lyrics win your praises, to the reminding you of the many-sounding sea? Surely it must be the sonorous tongue at the drum of the ear that subdues you. "In Aachen in seiner Kaiserstadt," we could not render effective in English, and it might come out of a trumpet. But it is ordinary prose. I know Goethe and Schiller, Heine, Geibel, Freiligrath, Lenau, and as to majesty, not much more than the trumpets do I find in them. Are you thinking of George Herwegh, or of the bards of the Befreiungskrieg? They were spirited, but Campbell's battle pieces surpass them. They are deficient in great images—the majestic to the mind:—as in the opening of a Choral Ode from the Trachinian of Sophocles (Roman letters): —To the Sungod

"Ou aróla nòx enargoména
Tiktei kateunásoi te phlogesomenai."

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 19, 1902.

It must be a strain of Norman or Northumbrian or Anglo-Saxon blood in Ulrica's veins, or the mixture of them, which will not let her be friendly with Diana. Strong imagination is required in the Teuton stock for a tolerance of the Celt. Goethe would have appreciated her. Women of distinction have been heard to say that they lived in her more than with their living fellows. Read again the scene of Diana and Dacier when she comes to him from the holding of Emma Dunstane's hand under the surgeon's knife. Courage of the highest is needed for a trial like that. She was capable of uttermost devotion to an object. She was uncertain when it was presented as an abstract idea. She was astray in the shock of pressing material claims, easily bewildered when plucked at by the sleeve. She was brave to flout the world by running with Dacier, but she hated intrigue. Frigidly censorious Teutons will often consent to intrigue, that they may preserve their position in the world, and assist in condemning the exposed. Diana wanted (without the wish for) a sturdy mate in her passage through life. She found him after shipwreck, and when she would have preferred some one like to herself, erratic that she was, unbalanced, in comparison with the steady Anglo-Saxon woman not yet found out.

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For is not the solid ground firmer than the foot upon it? Honor to the Anglo-Saxon!—at least until exposure comes. I give my sympathy to the stumbling human instrument of a possible progression. Have you read the letters of Lady Sarah Lennox? The history is instructive, you will know it. The wife of an ardent fox-hunter, she quits him for an amorous lord, and after a year retires to a penitential solitude, out of which she is drawn at last by a worthy man, to become the mother of the three Napiers. I follow her and am with her throughout; Ulrica the same, I am sure. By and by the world will smile on women who cut their own way out of a bad early marriage, or it will correct the present rough marriage system. No young woman knows what she gives her hand to; she will never be wiser until boys and girls are brought up and educated together. Let me add, until English girls have wiser mothers. Such donkeys are those dames in all our classes! It is true that the upper need not to give so much instruction where knowledge is in the atmosphere. A propos of Lady Sarah's story, an old Cornish lady told me of one ending differently. A hunting Squire of her neighborhood had a very handsome wife, whom he valued less than the fox's tail. One of the Vivians eyed her, admired, condoled, desired, and carried her off. Some days after, she was taken with compunction or compassion, and about midnight the forsaken squire sitting in his library heard three knocks at the window. "That's Bess," he said, and let her in. She was for weeping and protesting repentance (here Ulrica sneers) but he kissed her, taking the blame on himself, rightly, and the house was quiet. Old Lady Vivian, like many old ladies, had outgrown her notions of masculine sentiment in these matters; she said to my friend: "What are the man's family making such a fuss about! My son only had her a fortnight!" Even young women have but a confused idea of the masculine sentiment of complete possession, down to absorption (Ulrica straightens in antagonism), and how it is to pursue them anticipatorily and retrospectively. I have tried in my time to enlighten them and humanize their males. The case of the unmarried young woman having to enlighten the suitor she loves concerning antecedents, and bravely doing it, I have treated in a ballad. But there are men who would behave more handsomely than this fellow did. Except in early youth, the confession is needless, the one question being: Does he love the woman. If he does, he has her nature and enough of her character in his grasp, and takes her for what she is, untroubled by facts. I am not speaking of the very young man. But see the Egoist. "He takes her for what she is": that is, for her soul's worth, as a Lady Sarah, who has weathered some early gales and issued the stronger, to be mother of heroes. Those early gales, bred by nature within, as well as assailing from without, are common to all save the frigid or the tepid, and the austere in principle may resist, the motherly protected and the secluded escape them. The happy accident of the absence of opportunity has helped to the rescue of many eminent virgins at critical moments. There are forms of courage; Diana's was not of the steady and aye ready order, hers was elastic, uncertain in response except when facing extreme visible peril, of the call of devotion to a friend or to a lover. The courage elastic can be stretched to any length; but also it contracts, it may wear the appearance of craven, may be so now and again. The woman who must have a lover is of this kind. Has Ulrica sympathy to bestow on her? In the matter of love my benevolent Ulrica is indisposed to speak her mind, she is double dumb. She has known—must—something of it. That she will ever know, may be doubted, what a lady spinster of sixty, questioned by me, pronounced to be her predilection in poetry, bawling over shoulder "Passion." Much liking, warm liking, even wildish, but not passion. Hence, it may be, her coldness to the woman capable of it. So good-by to Diana. She is one of the women dear to me, and I have tried to expound her to another much dearer. How comes it? I can only say that on the day of my friend's burial she sat beside me and he gave me to her. Primrose Day. The association of primroses and Disraeli and the origin of the League (between Borthwick-Glenesk and Drummond Wolff) could have risen solely among people so grotesque as the English. But Dizzy's

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wit has the wonderful quality of being picturesque. A man related to me that he was in the House one night when the Parliamentary bore Chisholm Austen had been on his legs half an eternity, and he met Dizzy coming down the gangway, and said: "You turn your back on your supporter?" Dizzy replied: "I've had enough of that Saracen's Head creaking in the wind." Saracens' Heads used to be common as Inn-signs, and many a traveller must have heard them creaking through the long night hours. Could any illustration better describe the bore? I have not seen this printed and it should be.

I wish I were about in the world to give you communications more petillantes. You should be in London now, and will hear and see and will excuse my staleness. I trust that your father's health has improved. Mine drags on as usual. No coup de foudre of late. I have had the vision of you shining salt in the sea-breeze and inspiring a gray Triton with the passion to enfold and bear you to his domain.

I have been reading some French novels, impishly slimy. A book to be recommended, I shall finish next week. It is on Tiberius,* whose character I have long thought was falsified by Tacitus. Please let me send it. I fear you think I rain books on you, and I want you to read History.

> My Lady has Diana's brows,
> Diana's deer-like step is hers;
> A goddess she by every sign,
> Then wherefore is she not divine?
> She has no ears for lovers' vows,
> For lovers' vows she has no ears.

Not to be outdone in the formalities, I beg to subscribe myself, with the utmost sincerity, yours affectionately,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 11, 1902.

MY DEAR LESLIE: We two have looked at the world and through men, and to us the word consolation is but a common scribble, for there is none under a deep affliction that can come from without, not from the dearest of friends. What I most wish for you I know you to have, fortitude to meet a crisis, and its greater task, to endure. We have come to the time of life when the landscape surrounding "haec data poena diu siventibus," the tombstones of our beloved and the narrowing of our powers, throws a not unpleasant beam on the black gateway, as we take it to be in the earlier days. And those young ones, whom Nature smites with the loss of us, she will soon bring into her activities, if they are the healthy creatures we wish them to be. I find nothing to regret in the going, at my age, and only a laughing snarl when I look about on the deprivations, which make the going easy. So I see things in your mind as well. If you can come in perfect certainty that the journey will be harmless, prescribe diet (soups and light puddings, I suppose), and don't kick when I say my fly shall be sent for you.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Autumn* 1902.

. . . Some young men of the Universities show signs of life. G. M. Trevelyan writes for my stated approval of a new Review that will speak boldly upon England's needs and deficiencies, and be patriotic, as he implies, by taking a wider embrace than common patriotism. We have to think beyond the purse and the hearth if we would have them secure. Of course I wrote the words he wanted. The lucky fellow is off by way of Tyrol to the Carpathians, and takes, he says, the Duel in the Pass, in "Vittoria," en route. How I could pray to show you the scenes of Vittoria's wanderings with Angelo Guidascarpi over the sub-Alpine heights from Brescia to Bormio, and away to Meran in the Adige valley. I was there when though liking the Austrians, I burned for Italy. I fancy I did justice to both sides. The young poet Laurence Binyon has written to me for permission to make use of the story of the Guidascarpi for a drama he has been commissioned to compose for Mrs. Patrick Campbell: prose, a harder task in English than in French. Few Englishmen can write a resonant prose dialogue that is not blatant; and when avoiding those alarms, they drop to flabbiness. It is merely to say that Style is rarely achieved here. Your literary hero,

* "Tiberius the Tyrant," by J. C. Tarver.

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lecturing on Style, may have a different opinion. The prose in Shakespeare and in Congreve is perfect. They have always the right accent on their terminations. Apart from Drama, Swift is a great exemplar; Bolingbroke, and in his mild tea-table way, Addison, follow. Johnson and Macaulay wielded bludgeons; they had not the strength that can be supple. Gibbon could take a long stride with the leg of a dancing-master; he could not take a short one. Matthew Arnold was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonized for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding. However, although I consider it unlikely that I am in accord with your lecturer, I will own that I am beside the mark in addressing you upon a thing he will have handled more effectively. I dread the presentation of any of my works on the stage. Here is another American actress applying for permission to dramatize "Diana." I must let her know that Ulrica dislikes the character. Ulrica, she will say, is very English. Yet Ulrica says of herself, that she has imagination. Then she ought to be able to enter the breast of a passionate woman, a wife widowed, in love, much needing to be on her guard against the man, ready to fly with him, hating to intrigue; and while she totter in this juncture, assailed by monetary needs, vain of her touch on political secrets subject in a crisis to a swoon of the mind—mark that, O imaginative lady! for there are women and noble women, who stand unpractised and alone in the world, liable to these attacks, driven for the moment back on their instincts: cannot Ulrica compassionately, if not sisterly, realize the position? No, I see her affecting meditation upon it with the bosom of a rock under her balancing air, or say a person called on by his Lord to be just toward one who has impugned his creed. "She behaved basely." But she was physically and mentally unaware of the importance of the secret. "She ceases to interest me from that instant, and in the comparison of her deeds, her consideration for her virtue sickens me." Better if that had broken down, by the accident of things, and obviated the other; but be charitable and accept the good in her—"I can't." Even so the parson with the infidel. I had intended writing a lecture this time on one of the deep themes of Life, that might help to rational views. It shall come. You are not to be bothered about replying. Evidently you find it a burdensome duty. Just now with your Coronation robings and arrangements, it would task you; the reading of letters as well, till the panting fortnight after England's greatest event has gone by. I have to trust you will bear the fatigue of the day.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 2, 1902.

MY DEAREST LESLIE: There is a report that you will be in the hands of Treves this week. You could not be in safer, and I am sure of your courage. But if some one of the family will send me word of your state I shall be thankful. You know how much my heart is with you. We both know enough of the accidents and the tenure of life to be able to bear a cheerful front to whatever may befall us. I remember making my good man laugh weapon in hand the moment before he went to work. Think of your Alps and Surrey hills, and of me with arms outstretched to greet you—as I trust they will be on a day having you in sight.—Ever your most loving,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sully with perspiring brow digging for the source of Laughter is provocative of his theme.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 30, 1902.

DEAREST LESLIE: . . . Morley dined with me the other day, and was in grand condition: close at the end of his Gladstone. One of the books to read, at all events. Gladstone divides me. Half of him I respect deeply, and the other half seems not worthy of satire. We may anticipate that Morley will hold his balance.

I shall not look for answers to letters. One of the girls or Gerald or Mrs. Leo

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Maxse will keep me informed. Riette calls for news of you on Wednesday or Thursday. She hardly hopes to be allowed to see you. I would I had only the chance of knocking at the door.—Yours with all my heart,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[Leslie Stephen to George Meredith.]

22 HYDE PARK GATE, S. W.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I must make the effort to write to you once more with my own hand. I cannot trust to anybody else to say how much I value your friendship, and I must send you a message, perhaps it may be my last, of my satisfaction and pride in thinking of your affection for me. Your last bunch of violets is deliciously scenting my prisonhouse.—Always your L. STEPHEN.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 14, 1904.

MY DEAREST LESLIE: Your letter gave me one of the few remaining pleasures that I can have. I rejoice in your courage and energy. Of the latter I have nothing left. Since last September I have not held a pen, except perforce to sign my name. It seems that I was near the end—"within view," my London doctor said. A meddlesome fellow thought himself professionally bound to practise an injection on my arm, and the heart was roused to resume its labors. So here I am, of no use to any one—even unable to take the chance of seeing you. I have been at Givons with Mariette for four months and more, and return to Box Hill in March. Vanessa's reports of you have kept me in touch with the house. We who have loved the motion of legs and the sweep of the winds, we come to this. But for myself, I will own that it is the Natural order. There is no irony in Nature. God bless and sustain you, my friend.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Vanessa Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 23, 1904.

MY DEAREST VANESSA: Heaven has blest us by making the end painless. It was inevitable, I knew, and I had the shock of my grief when I was told of the malady. One of the most beloved of my friends has gone from sight, and though I feel that he remains with me and has his lasting place in our literature, this day's news darkens my mind. Last Autumn I was near to going. The loss of my friend spurs the wish that I had preceded him. He was the one man in my knowledge worthy of being mated with your mother. I could not say more of any man's nobility. If it were possible for me to move I should be among you to-morrow. May you be sustained. My prayers are with you all.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Oct.* 11, 1904.

MY DEAREST FRIEND: Again it is "Farewell to you," and after so many years the love and the trust are the same. I see the misty river, the bespattered wharf, the tug and the Looming steamer about to bear away a treasured life into the unknown. May the return be as before. There is no reason why not, but apprehensions are always active at such a time. Roosevelt may have much within him. He is largely on the outside, so that there does not seem a world to study within. He and Porfirio Diaz have my chief admiration as rulers of men—States. You will see Mr. John Hay and appreciate him as one of the noble Americans. I met him once at Maxse's table, and remember with regret that I talked more than he did. I hope that now I am not so led away by the fiery moment.—It will be a great experience for you to walk over America instead of under it. All blessings of earth be with you, and a safe coming back to him who loves you, and would give up a good part of his time for breathing to see you here safe. My thoughts and feelings will be the same as your wife's. GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Hugh W. Strong.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 1905.

DEAR SIR: Since I began to reflect I have been oppressed by the injustice done to women, the constraint put upon their natural aptitudes and their faculties, generally much to the degradation of the

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race. I have not studied them more closely than I have men, but with more affection, a deeper interest in their enfranchisement and development, being assured that women of the independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They will so educate their daughters, that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men, because less muscular, and need not have recourse to particular arts, feline chiefly, to make their way in the world. I have no special choice among the women of my books. Perhaps I gave more color to "Diana of the Crossways" and "Clara Middleton" of the "Egoist," and this on account of their position.—Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 24, 1905.

GOOD FRIEND: When the communication came I had vision of an enormous misty mountain that had been in some odd way benevolent to me, and I was mystified until I detected the presence of an active mouse, assuring of a living agency in the strange matter—anything but a ridiculous birth. For evidently it had fretted at the ear of the Premier and caused A. B. to cast eye on a small a. b., long a workman in letters. Was I not right? I wished for no distinction. A title would have sunk me. But I could not be churlish in this case.* Besides, I am to be ranked with and near you.—Yours at heart, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To his granddaughter, Joan Sturgis.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 15, 1905.

MY BLESSÈD JOAN: Tell Dorothy to remind you to tell Mary to tell your Mummy to tell your Daddy to tell Jack that Sandie won't hear of his having a second Master, and says he comes to Box Hill only because he likes a change, but a Sunday's bunny hunt with his real master is one of his great joys, though he can make himself happy enough here during the week. He rather complains of being made too much of here, and says he prefers not to be treated as one of the family and talked to about events of the day when his mind is on his bunnies and his ball. He has no wish to be called a Learned Dog and held up in the newspapers.

And tell Dorothy to remind you to tell your Daddy that I have just finished Parkman's book on The Conspiracy of Pontiac—after keeping it for more than a year—and that I want the second volume, which narrates the end of the siege of Detroit. Mummy will bring it.—Your loving GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Edmund Gosse.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *July* 2, 1905.

DEAR MR. GOSSE: Your letter was among the pleasantest ones, and said the most to me. For you are that rare thing in our country, a critic—and the something more which is needed for the office,—or else we have a Gifford or a Jeffrey.

Hardy was here some days back. I am always glad to see him, and have regrets at his going; for the double reason, that I like him, and am afflicted by his twilight view of life. He questioned me as to "The Dynasts." I spoke (needlessly) in favor of his continuing it now that it had a commencement. It was useless to say, as I think, that he would have made it more effective in Prose, where he is more at home than in verse, though here and there he produces good stuff. Of much of Browning I could say the same.

Pray give me a chance of conversing with you some day after August.—Faithfully yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Emile Legouis.*]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *July* 30, 1905.

DEAR SIR: The Review containing your article on my novel "The Egoist" has not come to me, and I regret it, for I hold strongly to the value of French criticism, whether in praise or blame. The latter is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vanitous person; and the eulogy confers green laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste. I have seen many

* The offer of the Order of Merit.

* Of the University of Paris.

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reviews, not one criticism of my books in prose or verse. The name and date of the Review would enable me to get it through Hachette of London. I am staying for some weeks by the sea, at Aldeburgh, Suffolk.—Very truly yours.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Dr. H. Anders.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 5, 1906.

MY DEAR SIR: The fractured leg has been attended with complications incident to one in his seventy-eighth year, and I pray you to let this be my excuse for the delay in replying to your very pleasant letter with the gift of the Shakespeare Book. I might have called my married daughter to serve as amanuensis, but there is a coldness in dictated letters, and I held myself in reserve until I could take pen in hand, trusting to your indulgence. What superior power of patient investigation and conjectural acuteness is it that enables your countrymen to throw new light upon the work they undertake, although many laborers have gone before them. This you have done in the case of Shakespeare, and we are indebted to you for it. I remember reading in my youth Otto Jahn's Memoir of the great Philologer Hermann and his indefatigable devotion to work, with a sigh of regret that he who had his rivals at home, had so few if any among us. As for me, you ask of my readings of the formative kind. They were first the Arabian Nights, then Gibbon, Niebuhr, Walter Scott; then Molière, then the noble Goethe, the most enduring. All the poets, English, Weimar and Suabia and Austrian.—I have the honor to be, your much obliged,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Forgive my ignorance of your titles in addressing you.

[To G. M. Trevelyan.]

May 20, 1906.

DEAR MR. TREVELYAN: I am glad of the trouncing occasionally bestowed on me in your book,* for it serves to counterbalance a degree of praise hardly digestible by reviewers. I fear most that which you will be indisposed to consider—the chances of a success as a reward for your pains. As to the exposition of my meaning, it is made clearly and has my approval. I could contest one or two objections. Where is the author who could not? The reviewers, if the book should be noticed, are likely to maintain a hereditary opposition to my mind and work, or else they will disappoint my ready enjoyment of them. Let us hope that the Princess Mary * will have a brother presented to her whom she will be maternal with in the earlier days, that he may become an Arnold-Trevelyan. The cause of my not seeing her is too good for me to regret it. But come when the mood is on you.—Most truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith."

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING *July* 16, 1906.

MY DEAR LADY ULRICA: . . . Never attempt to dissociate your ideas from the real of life. It weakens the soul; and besides it cannot be done—and again it is a cowardly temporary escape into delusion, clouding the mind; through which is our only chance of seeing God, the God so much obscured by the Churchmen supplicating the Divinity's interposition. Look for the causes of evil; they are always to be found, and easily to the resolved seeker, both in our personal and the public history.—Be sure that the Spiritual God is accessible at all moments to the Soul desiring him, and would live in us, if we would keep the breast clean. Only we cannot ask him to strike between us and his Laws. The petition, with the failure of it in absence of a reply, is a main source of general disbelief. You are not one who plays at life, so you will submit to the homily. . . .

[To Dr. H. Anders.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Nov.* 9, 1906.

DEAR SIR: My reply to you will not give you complete satisfaction, I may fear. For I have not made any estimate of the value of my books in prose. I see many faults in all of them, and though I have not striven for perfection, as that would

* Mary, daughter of G. M. and Mrs. Trevelyan.

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have cramped my hand in writing, something nearer to it would have pleased me. "The Egoist" comes nearer than the other books to the proper degree of roundness and finish. In "Diana of the Crossways" my critics own that a breathing woman is produced, and I felt that she was in me as I wrote. "Rhoda Fleming" is liked by some, not much by me. "Richard Feverel" was earnestly conceived, and is in some points worthy of thought." Beauchamp's Career" does not probe so deeply, but is better work on the surface.—I have treated my books of prose as the mother bird her fledgelings.—(I like well your illuminating notes on Shakespeare, and feel my debt for your gift.—Know me most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. M. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Nov.* 23, 1906.

DEAR WILL: I knew Whistler and never had a dissension with him, though many bouts between us were frequent. When I went to live in the country we rarely met. He came down to me once. He was a lively companion, never going out of his way to take offence, but with the springs in him prompt for the challenge. His tales of his student life in Paris, and of one Ernest, with whom he set forth on a holiday journey on next to nothing in their purse, were impayable.

The death of Thoby Stephen has much clouded me.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 20, 1907.

MY DEAREST MORLEY: Attributable to your talk with President Roosevelt, or to Bryan, I have a letter from the great man, cordial, touching my 80 years in February, and mentioning the poems he likes. I must reply, and the superscription of the letter addressing him bothers me. You may be able to help. I shrink from an appearance of ignorance as to the formalities. Cela donne trop l'air d'être hors du monde—one of the weaknesses of the civilized.—All the welcomes await you here, cellar, table, open arms, as ever. But the uncertain weather has held me from entreaties. And now comes Parliament. Decide as early as you can, avoiding nights of frost.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Sept.* 7, 1907.

MY DEAREST MORLEY: There could be no anticipation of your coming to see me after the close of your heavy work, and with the "Unrest" on your mind to be thrown off partly or wholly for a time by mountain air and scene. Nor did I expect to hear. I rejoice to think of you as on the heights and share your nostril sniffs of that pure wine of life given us in the upper air—Nature's aristocratic region. For she insists on aristocracy, as we shall gladly own when we get it of the right kind. Of myself is little to be said. Now and then I write some little verses, and the thing done, confess it to be only another form of idleness. Or to vary my growls when I am out on the road with Picnic,* I hire a motor and have a spin of a hundred miles, a way of ensuring appetite and prolonged sleep. Your Secretary of State for War and he for Foreign Affairs dined here some days before the break-up. I had a cheering report of you from them. Oh that I were footing the sweet herbs with you now! I have lived all my time in imagination and do still, fully enough, but in this case there's an unsatisfied yearning. Come to me if possible when you return. Shall be eager for the note, near the end of the month. And give my love to the Mountain Maid now in her home.—Ever with the whole heart, yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. Clark Russell.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 24, 1908.

DEAR SIR: A kind word to me in my ripe age from a brother of the Pen, whose descriptions of blue water scenes have often given me pleasure, is very welcome. Quantity in production certainly we have, but I notice here and there good stuff, and promise among some of the younger men. Besides, you know the seventh wave. There must be a gathering of the waters

* The donkey which drew his bath-chair.

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before a big surge is thrown on shore. And my observation tells me that the minor work of the present day is altogether superior to that of the mid-Victorian time—and before V. The hour is usually unjust to its own.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Sir Francis Burnand.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 10, 1908.

MY DEAR FRANK: It is hard that one should strike the solemn peal of 80, and not be able to caper with the legs though the mind and heart are elastically harlequin. However, good things come at this big age, and among them your reminder that the old days are not forgotten by you. As to the calculation of the years, I think it is pretty correct. And would either of us have thought when walking the Esher roads, that we should look back with mortal eyes over such a stretch of time—and you a burnished Knight, and I receiving Deputations.—And there is Hyndman wielding the Socialist baton, to ravishing discords! What will be uppermost 80 years hence? Upon that I muse. Certainly not we two. Meanwhile I trust that you will continue to take breath heartily up to the final one.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. Viscount Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 4, 1908.

DEAREST MORLEY: When I heard of the Coronet, or rather saw it in the political heavens, poised above your head, my feelings at first must have resembled your own.

After some turmoil, I decided that it was good for you and the country. It saves you from the heckling of the ignoramus in the Commons, and more, you will not have to raise your voice for an address to constituents. The state of your throat has caused me anxiety. As for the Rose of Petterdale, her Coronet has been too long withheld. She won it on the Westmoreland-Cumberland hills and fells. I shall rejoice to see you both wearing it bridally.

So then Saturday will be a merry day for me. Distinctions are a small matter to seniors whose heads have been among the stars, but it is as well, pour savourer bien la chose, to imagine us for a moment juveniles and seeing the Pleiades descend on a head——? Tell me your hourly train that my fly may meet you.—Love to the Viscountess. Heartily,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To C. E. Hecht, The Rational Food Reform Association.]

June 19, 1908.

DEAR SIR: I am unworthy to be among you, for I drink wine and I smoke. How preach to sinners when one is guilty of these vices and unrepentant? Eating of meat has never been to my taste. But an English cook who can make vegetables of good savor will not come to a country cottage even on liberal wages. So I have in some degree to conform to the national habit: excess in which accounts for numerous maladies, to say nothing of captious tempers. Therefore I wish well to your crusade, though unfit to join in it. —Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To C. E. Hecht.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 25, 1908.

DEAR SIR: You can enroll me, seeing that you accept my disqualification. The excess of flesh-eating ministers to the Doctors as much as drink. I have never cared for it.—Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Holman Hunt.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Dec.* 17, 1908.

DEAR HOLMAN HUNT: Your gallantry in going to Burlington House * had been mentioned to me, and I envied you—not as being one of the audience, but for proving legs and hearing. At the same time I remember sadly that you are now sharing Milton's woe, most grievous for a painter. That you bear the affliction with fortitude, I can believe. It is nevertheless a cutting away from the world. This is the state of age for us. You touch me deeply in your kind letter. Probably your wife reads this, and I beg

* This refers to the Milton celebrations.

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her to accept my respects and regards. As to us two, we will say that the Gods may rob us of everything except the heart to endure.—Ever warmly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Wilfrid Meynell.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 3, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. MEYNELL: The love of all the Meynells, let all the Meynells know, is precious to me. And the book of the Poems * was very welcome, though a thought of the poet's broken life gives pain. What he might further have done hangs at the closing page. Your part in his history should help to comfort you. What we have of him is mainly due to the Meynell family.

Our Portia, I may suppose to be now in Italy, and Italy seems to me her natural home. For me, I drag on, counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful. Though I see little of my friends, I live with them.—Ever to be counted yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Herr Eugen Frey.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *Feb.* 19, 1909.

DEAR SIR: You are fully at liberty to quote from my works as the occasion may require, and I have to thank you for your trouble in doing so. As to the Library Edition of the Poems, I have to say that I was careless about it, as the English, unlike the Americans, have not accepted me in the form of a poet. I had to pay for the publication of my books of verse. Indeed, the run of the novels started from American appreciation.—I have directed my publishers to send you the book of my "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History." They will need to be read twice—and that is much against them in this country.—Believe me to be yours most truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* Francis Thompson, "Selected Poems."

[To Thomas Hardy.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 2, 1909.

DEAR MR. HARDY: The French Review herewith comes to my address and is, as you see by the superscription, intended for you. I am reminded that you are among the kind souls who thought of me on my 80th, and have not been thanked for their testimony of it. The book * was welcome all the more as being a sign that this big work was off your mind. How it may have been received I cannot say, but any book on so large a scale has to suffer the fate of Panorama, and must be visited again and again for a just impression of it to be taken. I saw that somewhere in your neighborhood it was represented in action. That is the way to bring it more rapidly home to the mind. But the speaker of Josephine's last words would have to be a choice one.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Theodore Watts-Dunton.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 13, 1909.

MY DEAR THEODORE: The blow was heavy on me.† I had such confidence in his powers of recovery. The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realize it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.—But if I feel the loss of him as part of our life torn away, how keenly must the stroke fall on you—and at a time of prostration from illness! Happily you have a wife for support and consolation. That helps to comfort me in my dire distress of mind on behalf of your stricken household, which I see beneath the shadow.—I will hire a motor and be with you when I know that you are in better health, and we can talk. My respects to your wife.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

This was George Meredith's last letter.

* "The Dynasts."
† The death of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

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On Sunday night, the sixteenth of May, 1909, he was taken ill, and on the Tuesday following, at the hour of dawn, he passed away, conscious almost to the end. Dr. Hearnden, to whom he already owed recovery from a dangerous collapse, devotedly attended him: his son and daughter and his faithful nurse Bessie Nicholls were with him to the end. All that was mortal of George Meredith was laid to rest, as he had desired, beside his wife's grave at Dorking.

THE LEAVES GIVE THANKS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ALL the cheerful little leaves
  Were lying mute and slain,
Their tender summer faces
  Marred with age and pain.
Through the thread-bare forest
  Strode the wind and rain.

I wept because the sky was gray,
  Because the leaves were dead,
Because the winter came so fast,
  And summer's sweet was sped;
And because I too was mortal—
  "All flesh is grass," I said.

But while I was lamenting
  The woods began to sing,
The voice of all dead leaves came up
  As when they sang in Spring;
"Praise God," they sang, "for Winter
  And stormy harvesting:

"Praise God, who uses old things
  To serve the new things' need
And turns us into earth again
  That next year's roots may feed;
Roots but for us and our decay
  Would shrivel in the seed.

"To the thousand thousand summers
  Our summer has been thrust,
But the snow is very gentle
  Above its rags and rust.
Lie down, lie down, oh, brothers,
  With the thousand summers' dust."

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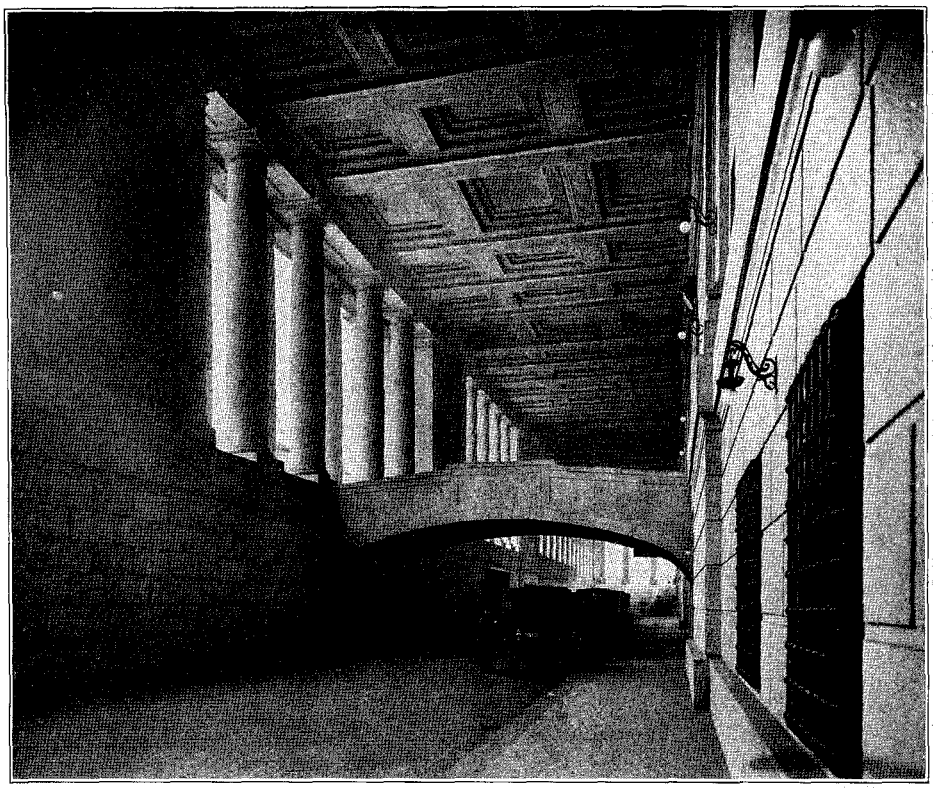

Pennsylvania Station, New York. Thirty-third Street carriage driveway, looking east.

THE TERMINAL—THE GATE OF THE CITY

BY W. SYMMES RICHARDSON

IN this article a terminal is considered as not necessarily the end of a line, but as the distributing-point in any city of the first magnitude, and in this sense stations in such cities as Dresden and Cologne, Germany; Milan and Turin, Italy; Lyons, France; the proposed station at Cleveland, Ohio, and even the station at Albany, New York, are quite as effectively terminals from the passengers' point of view as any of those stations which form the ends of lines proper, as at Frankfort, Germany; Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, the Grand Central Station in New York, and the stations in Chicago, Boston, etc. In fact, with the constant increase in the development of connecting lines, many stations which now have the stub-terminal plan are being changed into ones with facilities for handling through traffic, and it will undoubtedly be only a question of years before such stations as those in Boston, Broad Street, Philadelphia; Saint Paul, Minnesota; the Soo-Milwaukee station in Minneapolis, and many others, will be rearranged upon through traffic lines.

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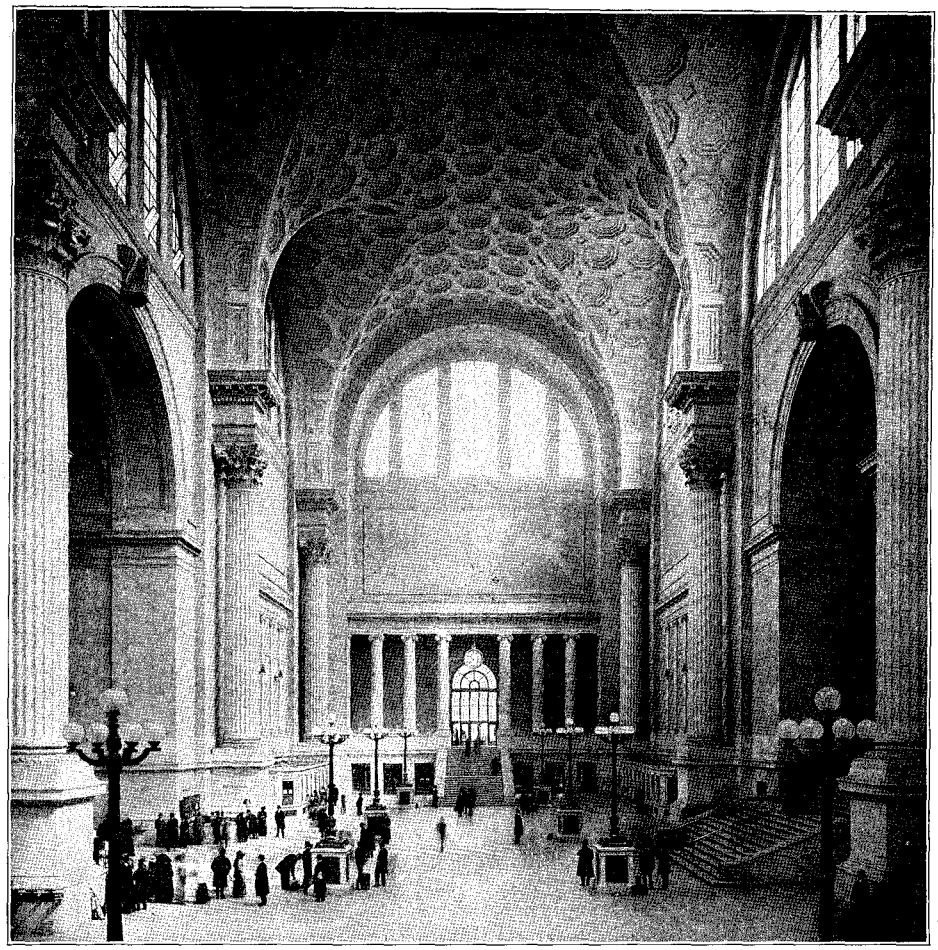

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The main waiting-room, the largest room of the kind in the world.

Where the terminal proper or end-of-the-line conditions prevail in the very largest cities of all, as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, and Chicago, demands for the rapid interchange of traffic are developing connecting lines, both on the surface, overhead, and underground, thus bringing all the traffic of a great city into a ring, or endless chain. London has long had this arrangement in a crude form through its Metropolitan Line, so that it is possible for a passenger living in the suburbs to the south to buy tickets and label all luggage and to travel through on suburban trains to outside junction points on the trunk lines to the north, east, and west. In Paris this has been developed, but to a lesser extent, in the ring of tracks outside the city, which permits the transfer of railway carriages and passengers from the north and from England to the lines to the south. In fact, tracks permitting such movements of railway cars exist in all our large cities, but in the United States the development has been practically limited to freight rather than to passenger traffic. Even in New York the growth of traffic demands is already suggesting the joining together of several terminals rather than any further increase in present individual developments, and it seems as though the union station would, in a certain sense, before long cease to exist.

In Europe the development of railway passenger travel has been in proportion

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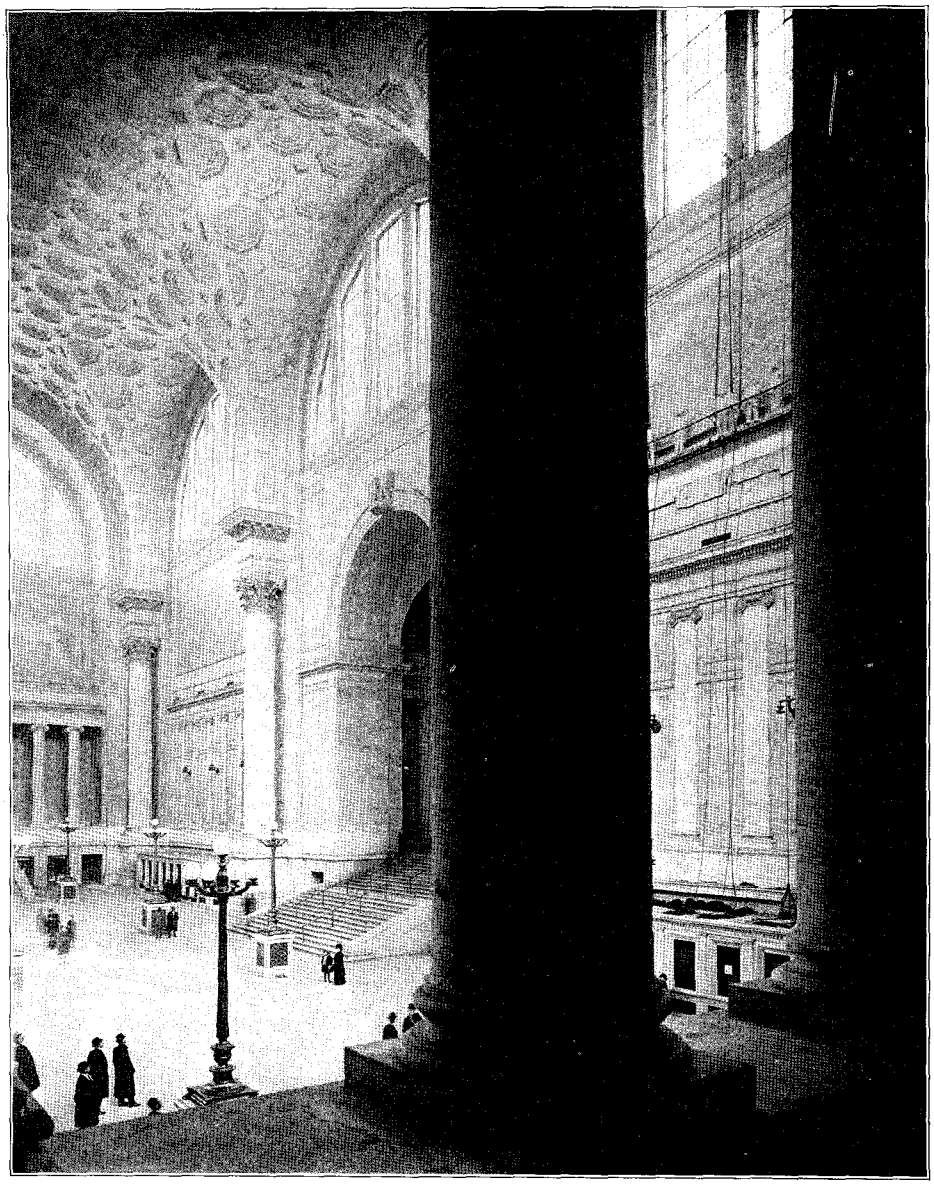
to the social developments of the country, and consequently comparatively slow as is inevitable in communities the life of which has been forming for centuries. Accordingly, the types of stations which have been developed have in many cases followed the lines of least resistance, and we find, for instance, in London, England, that the terminal stations are aggregations of many small units rather than a large single development. Such stations as Paddington, Euston, Saint Pancras, Liverpool Street, and Charing Cross are in reality each a collection of several little stations operating more or less independently. The relative cheapness of labor



Pennsylvania Station, New York. Another view of the main waiting-room, 315 feet long, 108 feet wide, 150 feet high.

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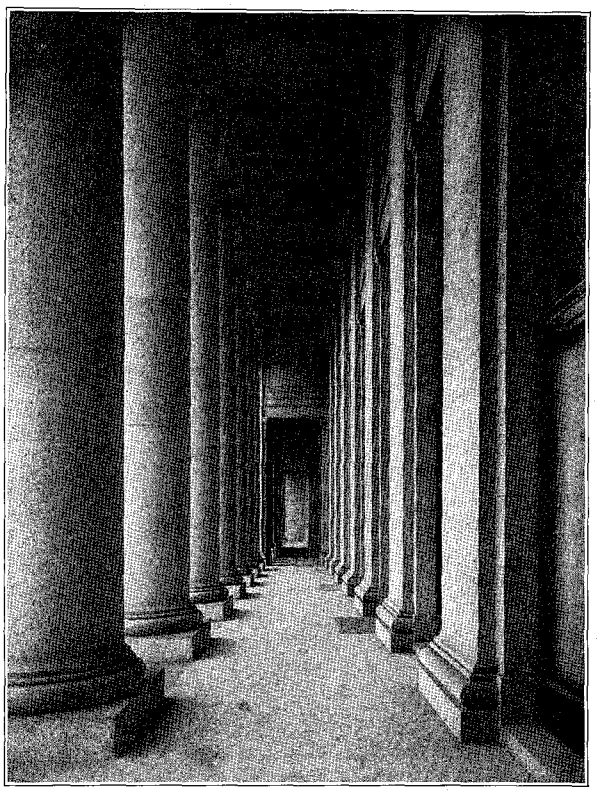
in Europe has also given strength to this tendency, and, similarly, we find that a great many of the English trains are merely the aggregations of several little trains, with baggage vans, restaurant cars, etc., directly adjacent to the passenger coaches. This system results in great freedom and facility of individual movement, a passenger arriving at a London terminal finding his luggage on the platform almost adjacent, and, if coming from the Continent, customs examination service, cabs, express, etc., only a few steps away. Here in America, where the development of a new land has been very rapid, and operations frequently the result of individual minds in control of large interests, the result has inevitably been the opposite, until as an extreme contrast to what might be called the London village group stations we arrive at such large units as the Union Station at Saint Louis, with its thirty-two parallel stub tracks, and the South Station in Boston, with twenty-eight, with ticket-offices, parcel-rooms, baggage-checking rooms, telegraph offices, etc., so widely separated from each other that a large amount of time is consumed and a great deal of distance traversed by an individual passenger before embarking on or arriving from a journey.



Pennsylvania Station, New York. The columns on the Seventh Avenue front.

Even in our through trains this tendency toward centralization of operating management has been carried so far that it is not unusual for a passenger to be obliged to pass through ten or twelve Pullman sleeping-cars before reaching a dining-car, and where the number of passengers requires more than one dining-car in a single train, these cars are frequently attached together in one place rather than distributed at convenient points. The instances cited are, of course, extremes, and between lies every possible variation and gradation of operating efficiency and convenience. The ideal station will probably never be true to any one type, but like everything else in life which is effective, will result from a carefully balanced compromise of interests.

The chief lesson which we can learn from Europe in the operation of our great terminals lies in the constant effort to separate traffic along its logical lines, even at an increased expense of operation, as against the tendency in this country to mass all of the people together; for instance, those who are checking their luggage at one moment, quite irrespective of their destination, while at another moment the same set of people bound for different sections are again brought together for the purchase of tickets, etc. Contrast this with the ease with which a passenger can leave Charing Cross, London, for the Continent on a crowded Saturday afternoon. Arriving perhaps less than ten minutes before the time of the departure of the Continental

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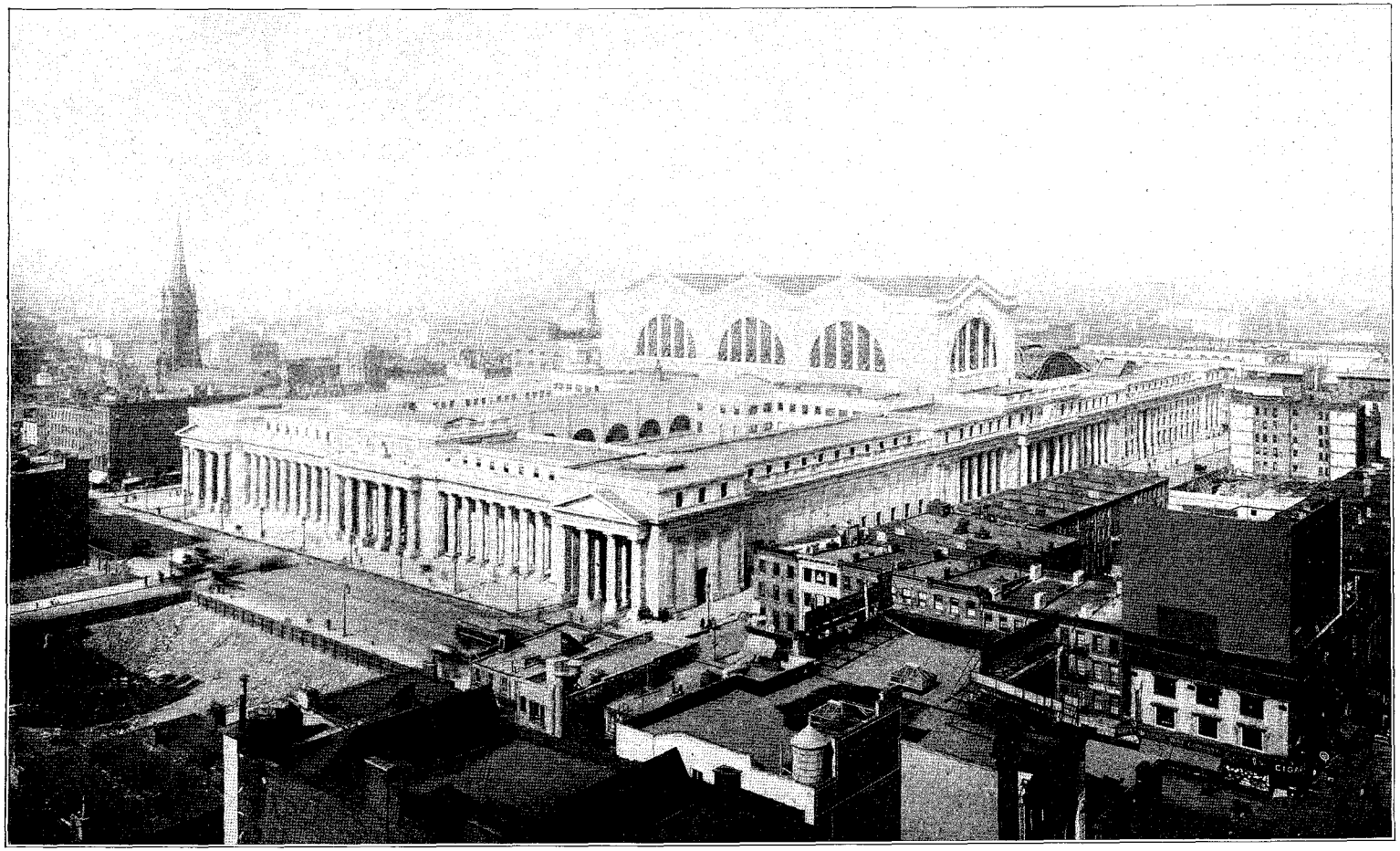

Pennsylvania Station, New York. General view, showing the east and north fronts, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street.

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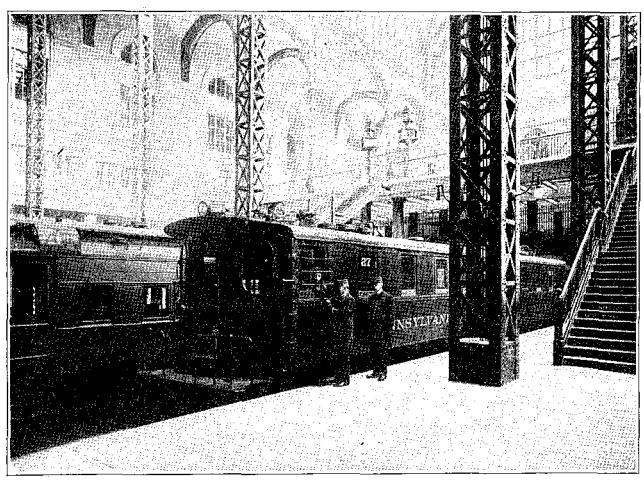
Express, with a cab full of luggage, the system of porterage permits of that which is intended for the luggage van to be placed on one truck and that for the railway carriage on another. The truck for registered luggage will be wheeled over a weighing platform almost directly in front of the ticket-office, weight ascertained, charges paid, and tickets bought while the small luggage for the carriages proceeds on its way to the platform. There is no duplication of movement, no time lost, and the great crowd moves on without friction, unhindered, like a steady stream. The amount which is thus accomplished in a limited time, apparently without effort and without consciousness except to the acute observer, is really marvellous. Consider our Grand Central Station, for instance, on a hot afternoon in August—the hurry, the confusion, the tensely drawn faces, the imprecations, the failure of luggage to reach its train, and, even in the case of those who are foresighted and plan hours or days in advance, the absolute impersonal nature of the transaction by which luggage and passengers are so widely separated, that it is only by a miracle of management that they usually come together at the appointed time and place.



Pennsylvania Station, New York. The track platforms on a level with the floors of the cars.

It might be of interest here to give some comparative figures of the approximate average distance required to be walked by a passenger taking a train in several of the large stations in this country. In such a station as the South Station, in Boston, it is necessary for a person purchasing a ticket and checking baggage to walk approximately 1,100 feet from the main entrance before entering an express train, and in the Grand Central Station, in New York, about the same distance; in the new Chicago and Northwestern Station, in Chicago, about 940 feet plus a 20-foot stair climb; in the Union Station at Washington about 1,200 feet, and in the Pennsylvania Station at New York from 480 to 950 feet, according to the entrance used.

Passing now from general considerations, let us see how some of these operating theories are accomplished. In Europe the division into many classes is an assistance in the avoidance of confusion, which in this country can only exist in a modified form through the Pullman, or parlor-car traffic. The great general distinction, however, which applies to practically all the prominent stations of Europe is the separation of the incoming and outgoing traffic, the "Arrivée" and "Départ" of France. This is apparently regarded as essential where traffic conditions permit, and is seldom departed from, and the saving in confusion is enormous. I have been told, although I have never verified the fact, that the suburban traffic out of Paris through Saint Lazare Station is one of the largest in the world, yet to the casual observer the departure side of the station gives frequently an impression of almost emptiness.

In this station the separation of traffic is perhaps carried further than anywhere else, in that the arrival platforms lead not only to different, but to comparatively disconnected city streets from those of departure. Most of the other Paris stations are arranged on the same plan. Like all good things, however, such a system can

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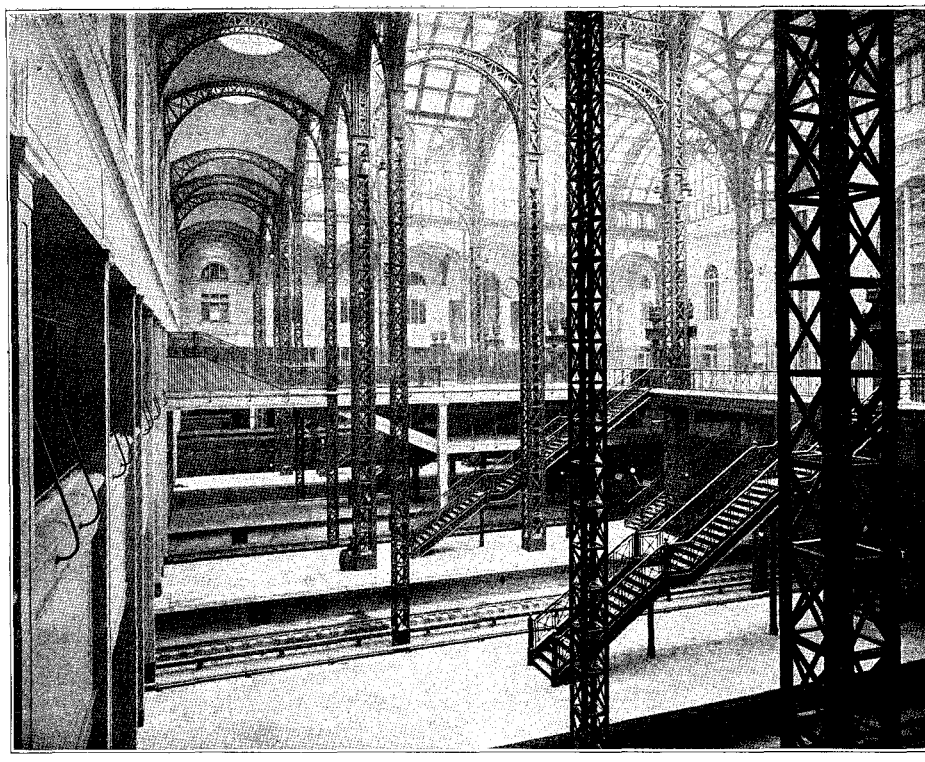

Pennsylvania Station, New York. A general view of the concourse and track platforms. Three levels are visible in this picture: the train level, the concourse from which passengers descend to trains, and the middle level reached by passengers leaving trains.

be overdone, and the writer distinctly remembers arriving in Brussels, Belgium, from Holland one evening and (desiring almost immediately to continue his journey toward France by a train leaving on an adjacent platform) being obliged to leave the station on the arrival side, pass completely around the building through the streets with much heavy luggage, reenter on the departure side, and finally reach a train only a few feet away from the one which he had just left. In America this separation of arrival and departure traffic has until recently not been attempted, and the conditions of our train operations make it exceedingly difficult if not frequently altogether impracticable. In Europe the terminal track plans and platform areas, as well as station plans, are usually so ample that it is possible for the railway management definitely to arrange its train schedule for the arrival and departure of trains from special platforms throughout the day. In America, the rapid increase in traffic and number of trains, together with the high price of land and congestion in our cities, has made definite prearrangement of the movement of trains exceedingly difficult, and, with the improvements in terminal signal towers and electric switchboards, the arrival and departure of trains is frequently automatically arranged at the last moment, a train being sent to any track which happens to be clear at that particular time.

The Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, is, so far as the writer knows, the first instance in America of any serious attempt at such a division of traffic, and there not, as in Europe, to different *sides* of the station, but to different *levels*. In this station, where all the tracks are below grade, stairways from different levels lead to each individual platform and the separation is arranged by means of these different stairways.

The modern terminal divides itself naturally into three classes of stations:

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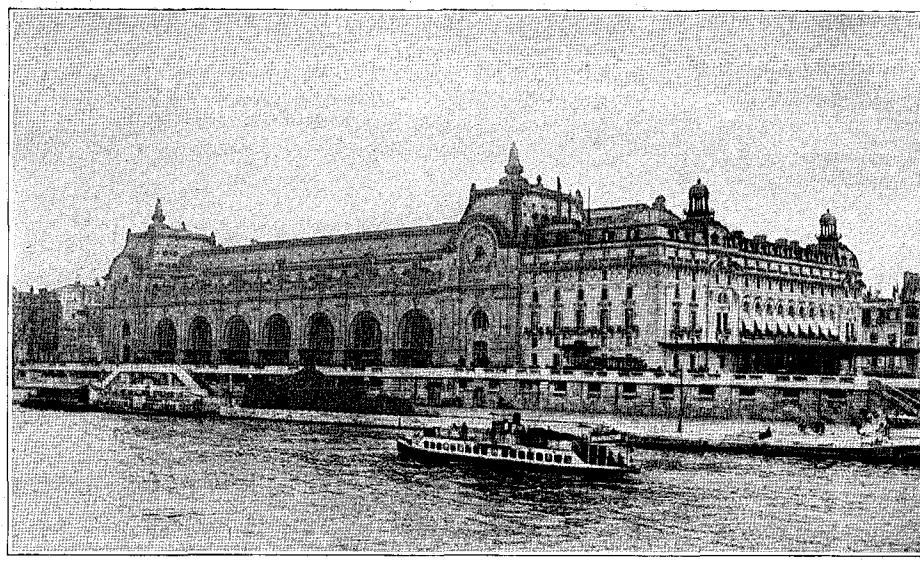


Orléans Station, Paris, as seen from the Seine.

(1) That in which all of the tracks come to an end or stub.

(2) That in which all of the tracks are through tracks, but in which the importance of the city requires practically terminal operation in the arrival and departure of trains.

(3) Those stations in which the tracks are partly stub and partly through.

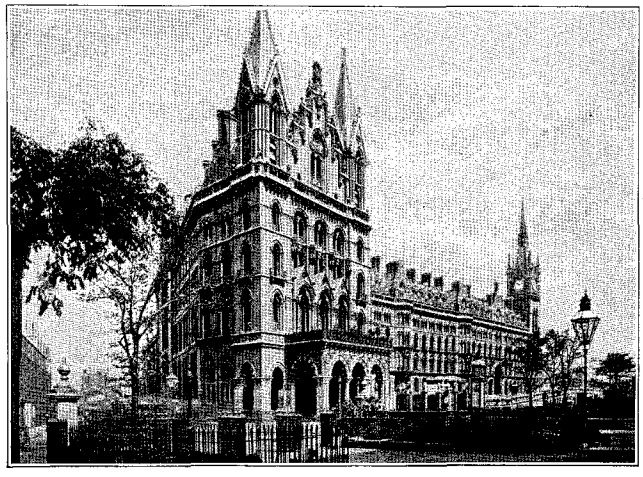
These again subdivide themselves into three classes:

(*a*) Those in which the tracks are at grade.

(*b*) Those in which the tracks are elevated.

(*c*) Those in which the tracks are depressed.

Typical stub stations are the Broad Street Station at Philadelphia, the Gare de Lyon at Paris, and the stations at Frankfort, Germany, and Rome, Italy. Typical through stations exist in Milan and Turin, Italy; Lyons, France; Cologne, Germany; Providence, Rhode Island; Cleveland, Ohio; New Haven, Connecticut; Waterbury, Connecticut, and at Albany, New York.



Saint Pancras Station, London.

One of the best types of combination station is in Dresden, Germany, where the through tracks are elevated, and in Washington, D. C., where the through tracks are depressed and carried under the city through a tunnel. The Pennsylvania Station at Pittsburgh is also of this type.

Of terminal stations with depressed tracks, some stub and some through, the Orléans Station, in Paris, was the first noteworthy example. It was fol-

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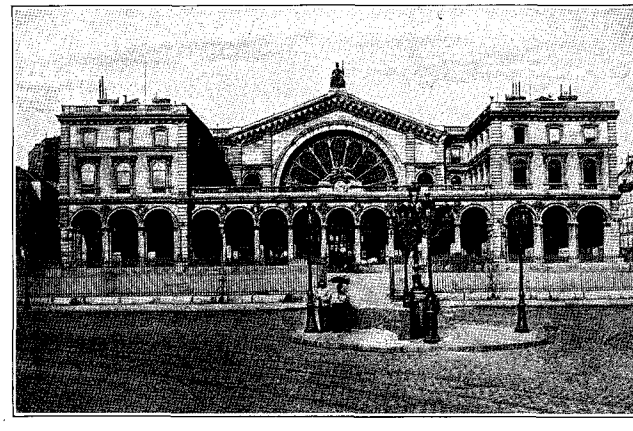
Orléans Station, Paris, showing depressed tracks and track platforms on a level with the floors of the cars.

lowed some years later by the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, which, with the completion of the New York Connecting Railway, will be operated as a through station from New England points to the South, and which depends for its effectiveness of operation and train capacity on its through facilities by which all terminal trains, as far as passenger traffic is concerned, are carried under the East River through to Long Island to extensive yards for switching, cleaning, etc.

The relation of a terminal station to the street plan of a large city is also of great importance, not only from the practical, but also from the æsthetic point of view. In Europe, the terminal stations have been placed with due reference to the principal thoroughfares, thus insuring ease of access, and the station buildings themselves have almost always been regarded as of semi-public importance, and attractively placed, facing large squares and surrounded by important streets and boulevards. Much money is spent on the exterior design of these buildings, which have been regarded as monumental gateways of approach quite as much as points of distribution of traffic. It is only in very recent years that this idea has taken hold in America, many of our stations being located in out-of-the-way back streets, and more with reference to convenient freight terminal facilities than for easy access for passengers. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, has been until recently the most noteworthy instance in this country of the attempt of a large



Eastern Station, Paris, at the end of the Boulevard Strasbourg.

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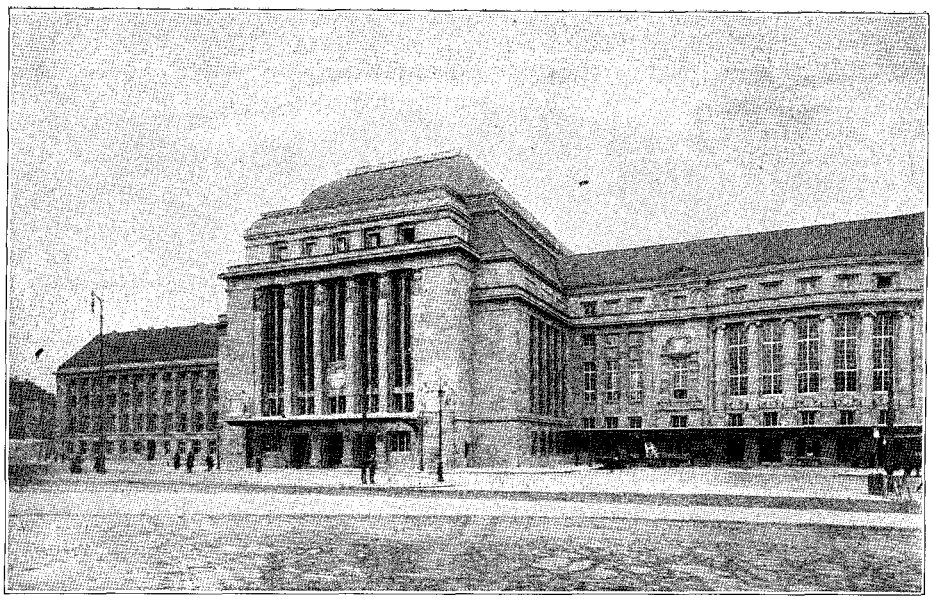
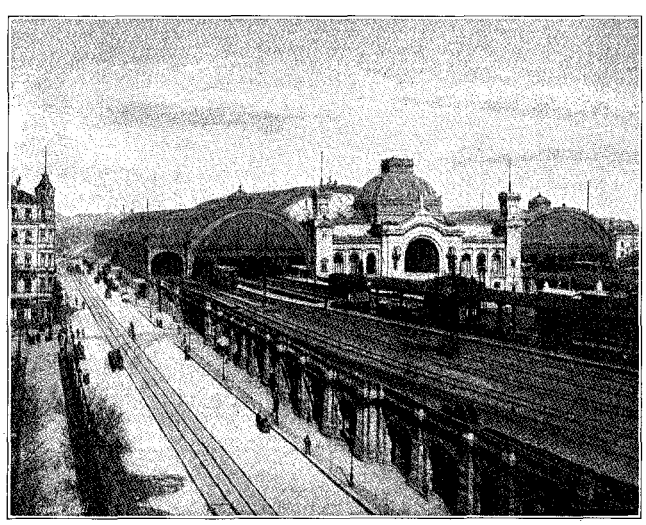


The New Leipzig Station—To be opened in 1913.

railroad to bring its passengers into the important part of a city. This development is perhaps all the more striking because of the fact that Philadelphia is geographically a through point rather than a terminal, and the logical place for a station is at West Philadelphia.

In spite of the frequently heard modern cry that a building should exclusively express its uses, and that in consequence a station should typify the movement of large crowds and the power of steam and motion, many of the finest stations in the world to-day stand more for the expression of the majesty of a great city and a welcoming portal where at last one has come to rest, in pleasant surroundings, after a tedious journey. One of the most charming railway stations in existence, in a small way, is that in Genoa, Italy, the façade of which is hardly more than a triumphal archway and portico on the beautiful little Piazza Acquaverde.



Dresden Station.

In Milan, Rome, Frankfort, Dresden, Paris—in fact, almost everywhere in continental Europe—the stations are pleasingly located and designed. In Paris the introduction of electricity and depressed tracks and smokeless tunnels has made possible the beautiful Gare d'Or-

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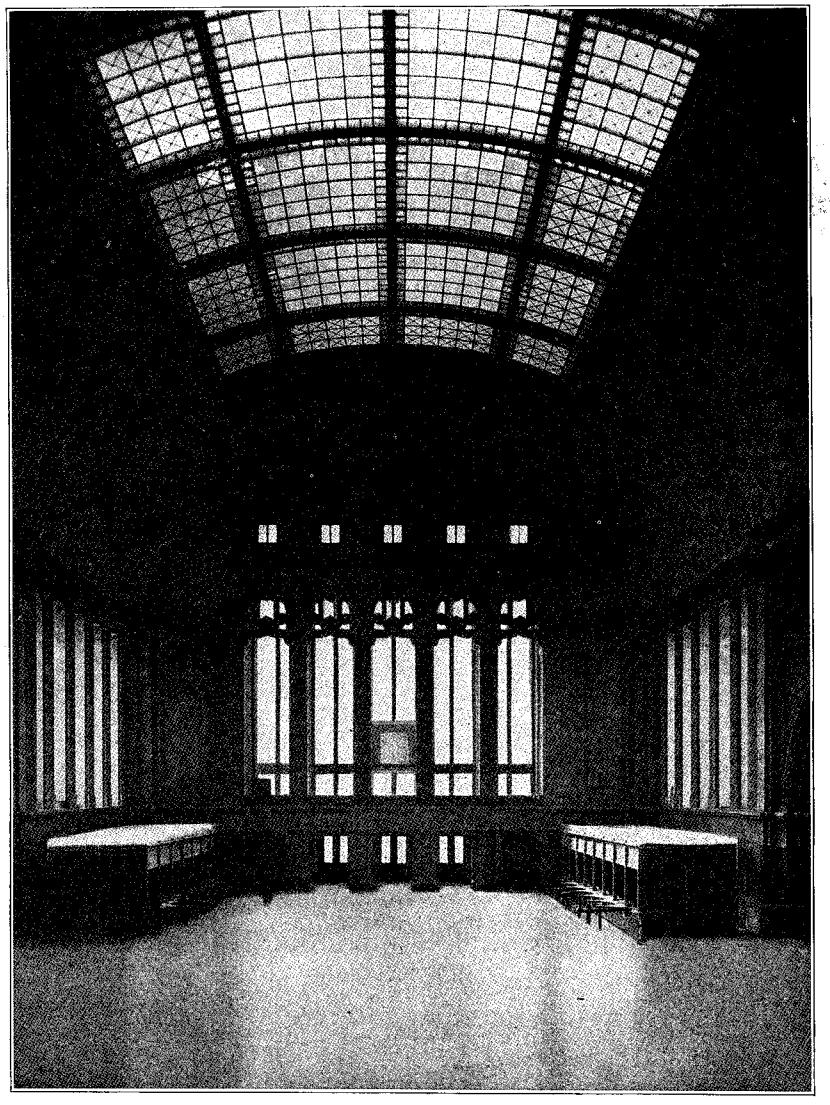
léans, situated on a quay of the Seine, directly opposite the historic Louvre—in some respects the best railway entrance to any city yet achieved. Here in America attempts are being made, and the new station at Providence, Rhode Island, is worthy of mention, in spite of its many defects, as representing the recognition and birth of an idea, although greatly marred by the absolute neglect of any beauty of expression in the ingenious and otherwise effective trolley track arrangement adjacent and by the incongruity of the magnificent marble Capitol on its hill frowning upon the smoky freight-yards beneath.

In Waterbury, Connecticut, a similar movement is in progress, the new station there facing a considerable area of condemned land which is to be parked; and the new Grand Central Station, in New York, will owe its interest more to its relation to the adjacent streets and buildings than to the excellence of its individual plan.

In Omaha, Nebraska, the Burlington



The New Leipzig Station. Main waiting-room and ticket-offices.

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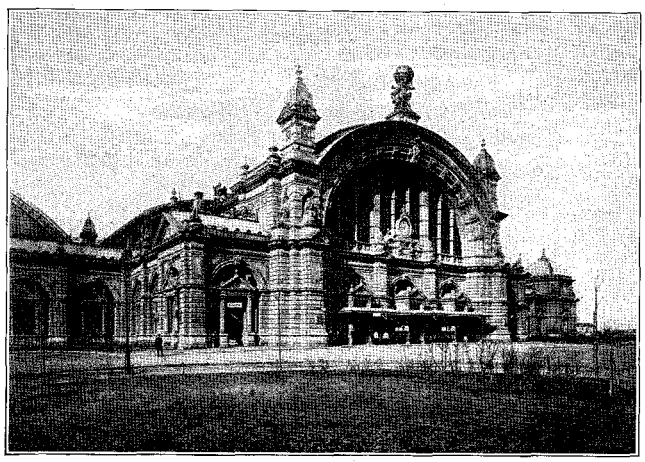


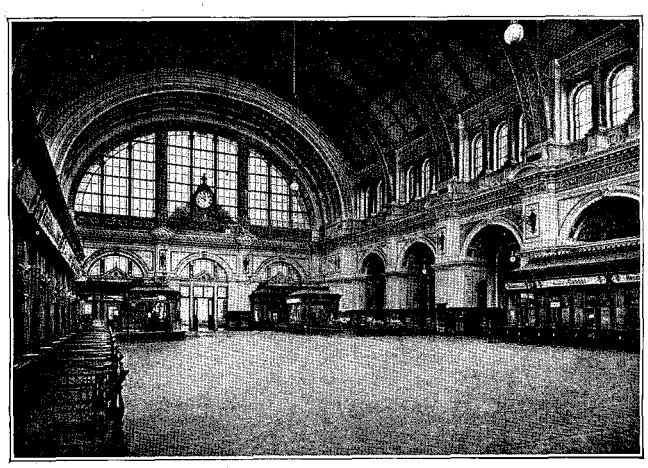
Frankfort Station, Germany.

Railway has built a small terminal with a classical colonnaded portico, suggestive of a noble gate, but also unfortunately marred, as in Providence, by the purely utilitarian character of the adjacent track, street, and viaduct arrangement.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Union Station has a court-yard and portico which is worthy of mention, and in Cleveland, Ohio, there is a general plan for city development which is perhaps the most comprehensive and successful of any yet attempted in America, and if carried out along the lines contemplated will provide a station which will be worthy of any city.

As has already been stated, the Orléans Station, in Paris, and the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, are to-day the latest expressions in the terminal transit problem, practically all other terminal stations being relatively simple in arrangement and obvious in design. A more detailed description of these types is therefore appropriate, and the Pennsylvania Station is selected in this article as including all of the characteristic features of the Orléans Station and others besides.

Any building which is successfully designed and worthy of note should express as far as possible, and in an attractive and beautiful manner, its use in its external appearance, and, architecturally, an ideal station would be a building of monumental and beautiful character, forming a suitable gateway to a large city, and at the same time suggesting the idea of transportation and traffic. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, the problem involved, as in the Orléans Station, in Paris, was unusual, for the tracks in both cases were situated far below the street (in the case of the Pennsylvania Station, over fifty feet), and it was, therefore, not possible to adopt any of the types of station buildings familiar in modern architecture. The exposed train-shed, with its large, semicircular ends of glass, has become during the last century a form recognized by the layman as a railway type, and such features at the ends of the avenues of our modern cities suggest a great terminal even to a stranger when seen for the first time. Of such a character are the Gare de l'Est, the Gare Montparnasse, and the Gare du Nord, in



Frankfort Station. The waiting-room.

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Paris, the stations at Frankfort and Dresden, and, in fact, most of the principal stations of continental Europe, as well as the splendid train-shed of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Jersey City, New Jersey.

While the track conditions above referred to made the problem one of especial difficulty from the point of view of securing an adequate architectural expression, from the stand-point of railway operation the plan is ideal, as the station becomes practically a monumental bridge over the tracks, with entrances and exits on the main axes and on all four sides of the building at both street and subway levels. In this respect the building is unique among the railway stations of the world, affording the maximum amount of entrance and exit facilities possible.

Frankfort Station. The train-shed.

The Orléans Station, in Paris, is not a very large station, and with the tracks only a slight distance below the level of the street, the great row of arches of the concourse filled with glass, together with the glass ends of the main roof, are unusually successful in their expression of architectural design; and while the building may possibly be somewhat over-ornate for the average Anglo-Saxon taste, when seen from across the Seine, and particularly at night, it is not only singularly appropriate and expressive of its use, but gives an impression of real beauty which it is a pleasure to remember. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, the areas involved were considerably greater and the tracks were so far below the level of the street that any external expression was regarded as peculiarly difficult of attainment, if not altogether impracticable, and, moreover, the conditions of the plan required that main entrances of the magnitude of streets should lead from all points of the exterior to a central distributing-point or waiting-room. A simple, direct arch effect, as in the Orléans Station, in Paris, was obviously impossible, and, instead, a colonnade of many porticos was created around the entire exterior. The walls of the central area were made as high as possible to form a background to the external colonnades, and were treated with large, semicircular openings to give as distinctive a railway expression as was possible considering the limitations of

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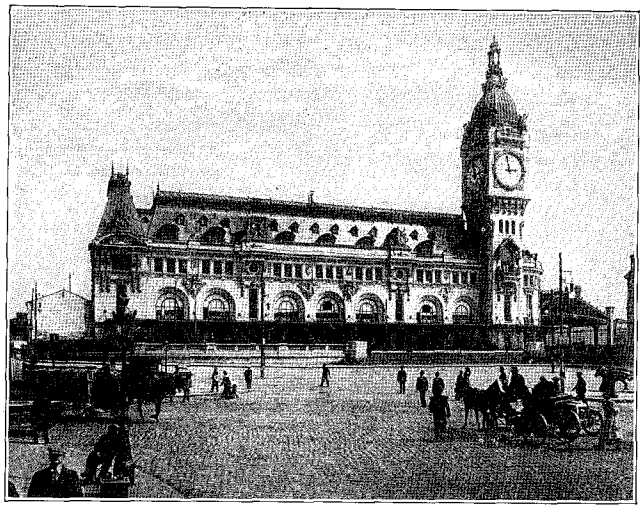
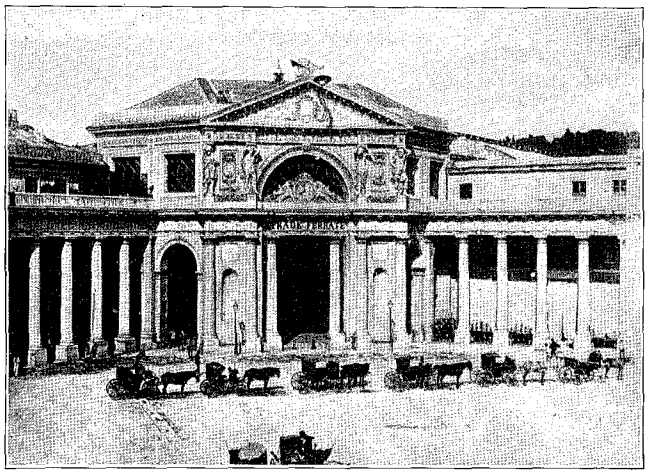


Lyons Station, Paris.

the problem. The style of architecture for a building of such importance and magnitude was carefully considered, and for inspiration the great buildings of ancient Rome were studied, and in particular such buildings as the baths of Caracalla, of Titus, and of Diocletian, and the Basilica of Constantine, which are the greatest examples in architectural history of large, roofed-in areas adapted to assemblages of people. Moreover, the conditions of modern American life, in which undertakings of great magnitude and scale are carried through, involving interests in all parts of the world, are more nearly akin to the life of the Roman Empire than that of any other known civilization. It seemed, therefore, fitting and appropriate in every way that the type of architecture adopted should be a development from Roman models, and while the building is of necessity, on account of the requirements of its uses, different from any building known to have been previously built, its inspiration can be directly traced to the great buildings of the Roman Empire.

A distinctive feature of this station is the inclined driveways by which passengers are carried under cover to the level directly above the tracks. These driveways are of considerable height and as wide as ordinary city streets, the entrances being through great porticos between the columns of which the carriages pass in the same way as in the Brandenburg Gate, in Berlin, through which a great part of the traffic enters that city.

In the modern terminal are to be found practically all the attendant conveniences of travel, not only the familiar ticket-offices, baggage-rooms, telephone and telegraph offices, news-stands, restaurant, and barber shop, but shops in which can be purchased drugs, books, and many of the other necessities of life. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, the main foot entrance is in the centre of the Seventh Avenue front, opposite Thirty-second



Genoa Station, Italy. The façade and Piazza Acquaverde.

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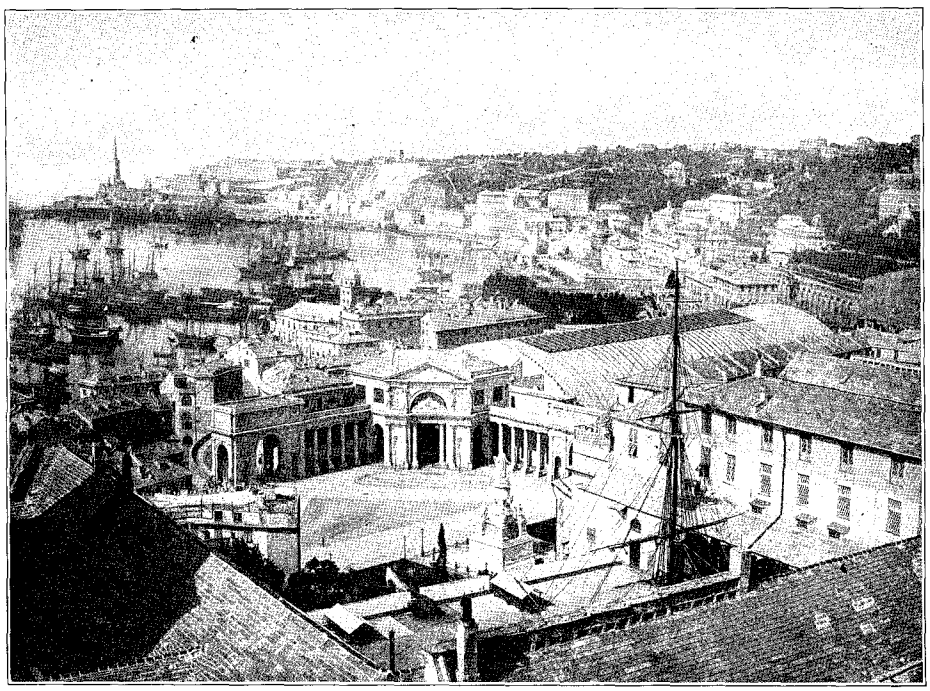
Street, and consists of an arcade of shops somewhat similar in scale and idea to the famous arcades in Milan and Naples, Italy, where can be purchased practically everything from a box of candy to a Persian rug. This arcade is also interesting as being one of the means by which the public is unconsciously led to the lower levels with as few steps as practicable, for here not only the floor slopes, but the tage in a station with tracks below grade, as practically eight feet of vertical stairs (four up and four down) are thereby eliminated and the rapid handling of large crowds is greatly facilitated.

In each new station the attendant conveniences of the modern terminal continue to multiply, and the Northwestern Station, in Chicago, is equipped not only with private baths and dressing-rooms



Genoa Station. General view.

walls and cornices as well, there not being a right angle in the entire structure. The general waiting-room of this great station is worthy of mention, it being probably the largest and most monumental single room in the world to-day. It is 315 feet in length, 108 feet wide, and 150 feet high, comparable in dimensions to the nave of Saint Peter's Cathedral, in Rome, and about 15 feet wider. In this station there has also been adopted, for the first time by any trunk line in this country, a high platform level with the floor of the cars. This platform is frequent in continental Europe and practically universal in England, and it is of particular advan- open for the use of passengers by the payment of a nominal fee, but with a full suite of hospital rooms as well, with nurses and attendants and physicians and surgeons in ready call. This is a particularly useful and attractive feature in such a city as Chicago, where there is much through travel and transfer of passengers from one station to another, frequently with waits of many hours between trains; and it is thus possible for an invalid arriving, for instance, in the early afternoon from New York and leaving for California in the evening to be well cared for without the discomfort and annoyance of going to a hospital or hotel.

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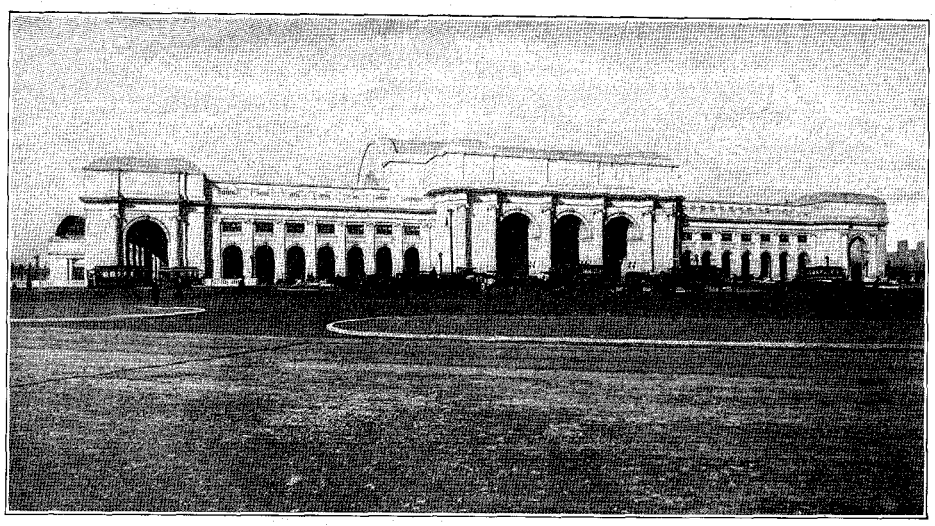
It is in America that the luxury of modern travel has made the greatest advances, and it has been merely the outcome of our hurried national growth that the development of individual conveniences has dominated the larger questions; but with the expansion of this country to a world power, with international relations of magnitude has come a similar expansion in our internal relations and a demand for logical development along the broadest lines, with collectivism and not individualism as the dominant key-note. The widespread interest and general study in city planning is but one of the many instances of this advanced point of view, and in our latest modern terminals we see only the beginnings of a movement by which all communities of a continent will not only be developed to their highest perfection, but will be linked together in the most effective and comprehensive manner possible.



Union Station, Washington, D. C., larger than any other building in Washington except the Capitol.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN TERMINAL

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE railway terminal is the gate-way of the modern city. No walls now make the people enter and depart through certain portals. But the compulsion of modern conditions of living and transportation is as effective as was that of ancient walls. Constantly there come and go through some gate-way terminals armies of peace exceeding in a day most of the great armies of war, equalling in a week the inhabitants of great metropolises, rivalling in a year the population of great nations. No other structures serve the convenience of such numbers. Rising to the needs of these multitudes, the engineers and architects of American railways are dotting the country with terminals surpassing in size, in cost, in the comforts they afford, in monumental beauty, any others in the world.

Viewed casually, these great gate-ways may seem to mean no more than other large structures. Considered with penetrating and reflecting eye, they are seen

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Union Station, Washington, D. C. The Concourse, area 97,500 square feet, said to be the largest room of any kind in the world; designed to meet the requirements of the crowd every four years.

to be the resultants, the steel and stone personifications, of some of the most characteristic and important tendencies and conditions of our country and time. They bespeak the increasing of engineering skill. They express the progress of architectural taste. Their size and capacity reflect the wonderful growth of great cities and of travel. The elegance of their manifold conveniences mirrors the same luxury, and even extravagance, which caused an advance of one thousand two hundred per cent in eight years in the American demand for automobiles. They declare the rise of civic spirit. They tell of the increase of the influence of the opinion of the public over the great quasi-public corporations that serve the public; for it is as much in response to the demands of public sentiment as of business that splendid structures such as those of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central in New York City, and the Chicago and North Western in Chicago, and the Union terminals at Washington and Kansas City, have risen, or are rising, and that many other stations, smaller, but equally adapted to the needs of their communities, have been recently, or are being, built.

In Chicago, just west of the river, between Madison and Adams Streets, stands the old Union Station, used by five of the leading railways of the East and West. Within a stone's throw, at the corner of Madison and Canal, is the new terminal of the Chicago and North Western. More than adequate when it was finished some thirty years ago, deemed then a good type of terminal, but low, dingy, crowded according to our modern standards, the old brick Union Station presents a striking contrast to the stone and marble structure of the North Western. Nowhere else, by buildings serving so closely together the same purpose, are the old and new in terminal architecture, and the material and æsthetic tendencies causing the old to give place to new, so well exemplified.

The contrast will not remain for long. The old station is marked for the executioner. And so it is all over the coun-

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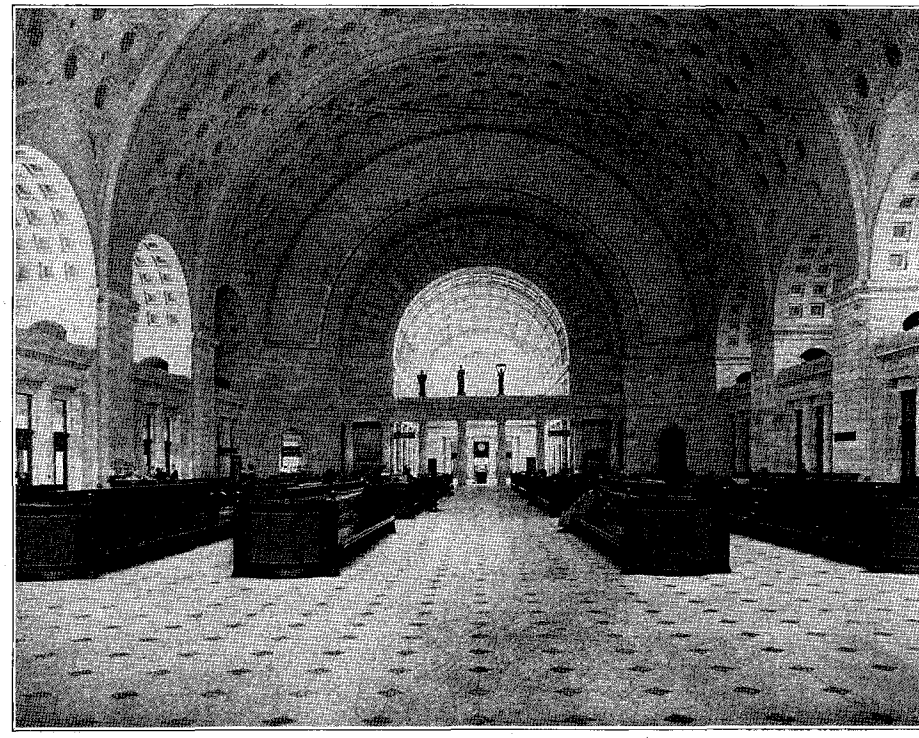
try. The old Grand Central Station in New York is gone and a new one is rising. New stations are planned for Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis. A new one has just been opened at Baltimore. The present Union Station in Kansas City will soon disappear, followed by the Dearborn and Park Row stations in Chicago, the Union Station in Saint Paul, and numerous other old terminals. They served their purpose in their day. But their day is almost done.

Other tendencies that have been working would have made the older and cruder terminals give place to newer and finer. But the tendency that is exercising the most influence is the growth of cities. Twenty years ago there were only twenty-six cities in the United States with a population of a hundred thousand souls; to-day there are fifty. Twenty years ago the united population of the cities now the twenty largest in the United States was eight millions; to-day it is sixteen millions. Two decades ago only three cities had over five hundred thousand people; now eight have. Three decades ago only one had more than one million, now there is one city with a million and a half, one with two and a quarter millions, and one with five millions. Modern transportation enables people to work in the heart of New York, Boston, or Chicago and have their homes miles away, and around the cities there have clustered many suburbs with large aggregate populations. Because of the centripetal and centrifugal forces of business and of pleasure that the growth of these great centres has set in motion, there daily pour into and out of their business districts, their suburbs and the surrounding territory, hundreds of thousands of people. Many of those from the residence districts, most of those from the suburbs, all from other cities, and from the towns and farms, pass through the large terminals.

The new North Western terminal handles fifty-one thousand people a day, the equivalent in forty-four days of the whole population of Chicago. Over sixty-six thousand use daily the New York Central's Grand Central terminal in New York, at which rate every inhabitant of



Union Station, Washington, D. C. The waiting-room.

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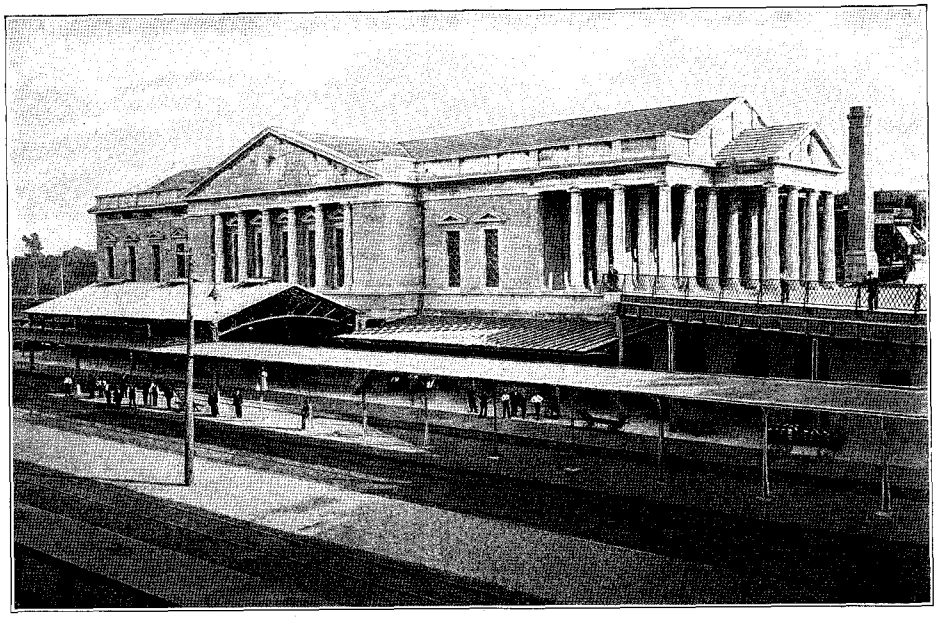

Burlington Route Station, Omaha, Nebraska.

the metropolis would pass through it in seventy-five days. About eighty thousand daily use the Pennsylvania's Broad Street station in Philadelphia, the equivalent in nineteen days of the city's whole population. The number using every day the New York, New Haven and Hartford's South Station in Boston is over one hundred thousand. At that rate the entire population of Boston would pass through it in a week, the whole dense population of New England in two months, and more than one-third of all the people of the United States in a year. Greater even than this, perhaps, is the number handled by the Southern Pacific at its unique Oakland Pier terminal at San Francisco. To deal with the traffic at the North Western terminal requires three hundred and fifteen trains a day; to handle that at the Grand Central terminal, four hundred and thirteen a day; to handle that at the Broad Street station, five hundred and forty-three a day. To handle the traffic at the Boston South Station requires seven hundred and seventy-nine trains every twenty-four hours—an average of more than one every two minutes. During the busiest hour—from five to six o'clock P. M.—eighty-three trains enter and leave the South Station, or one every forty-three seconds. There leave and enter the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific about one thousand two hundred trains a day, or not far from one every minute. The only terminal in the world with a business exceeding that of the largest in this country is the Gare Saint Lazare at Paris, where there are said to be handled forty-five million persons a year, or one hundred and twenty-three thousand a day.

Some terminals, such as the South Station at Boston, the Broad Street and the Philadelphia and Reading stations at Philadelphia, the North Western station at Chicago, and the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific, have a business in which suburban traffic greatly preponderates. That of others, such as the union terminals at Saint Louis, Washington, Chicago, Kansas City, Saint Paul, Denver, is almost exclusively through business. The Illinois Central at Chicago handles its suburban business, amounting to about fifty thousand people a day, at three down-town stations located at intervals on the frontage of Lake Michigan, while it and its tenant lines deal with their through business at the Park Row station. Both the suburban and the through classes of traffic have been grow-

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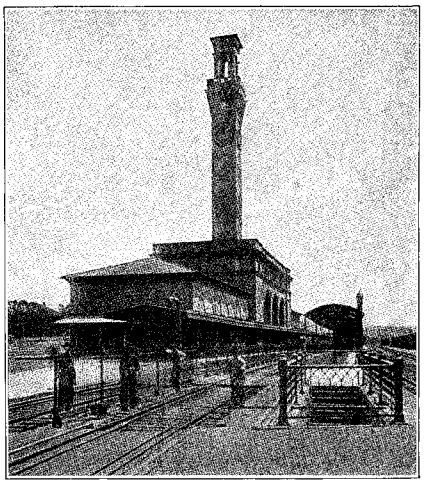
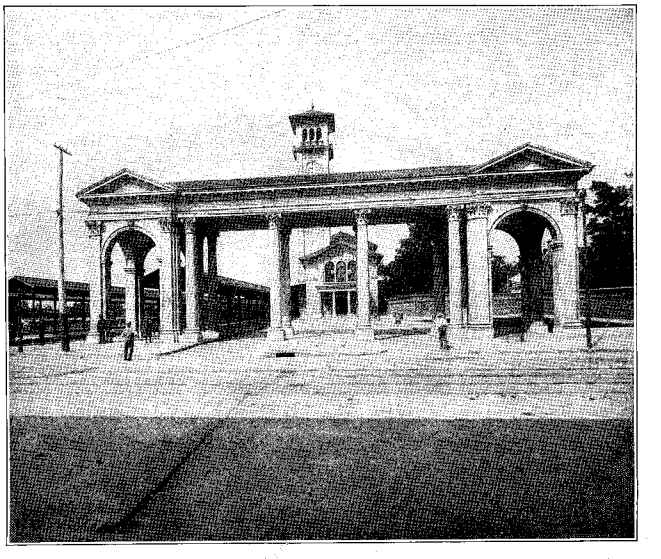


The new station at Waterbury, Connecticut.

ing, throughout the country, at a rate defying the prescience of the most far-seeing, and defeating the prevision of the most resourceful railway managements.

Ten years ago when the New York Central rebuilt the Grand Central terminal, used by its lines and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the increased facilities were expected to be enough for a quarter century. The old Grand Central Station already is gone. The traffic of the Pennsylvania's Broad Street station, at Philadelphia doubles in less than twenty years, and it may soon be given over entirely to suburban business. This has been about the rate of increase at other terminals handling a large suburban traffic. One of the greatest of almost exclusively through terminals is the Union Station at Saint Louis. It is owned by fifteen, and used by twenty-two, railroads—more than use any other terminal in the world; and daily there enter and leave it over three hundred through trains moving toward more different points of the compass than those using any other terminal in this country. Opened seventeen years ago, after an outlay very large for that time, deemed adequate to the needs of an indefinite period, it was necessary, in less than eight years, to spend a million dollars on sweeping changes to enable it to cope with the traffic of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. During the fair it handled as many as two hundred thousand people in a day. But, while with its massive granite head house it is still a notable type of modern terminal, it is becoming crowded, chiefly because of want of sufficient yard room for coach storage. The real estate for the yards was bought long ago; but the city has withheld the ordinances necessary to its use.

As fast as these increases in the traffic of large terminals have come, they are proceeding even more rapidly, and may go on yet more rapidly hereafter. The railways, in their new terminals, are trying to anticipate remote future demands, and are building them with more capacity than any terminals ever before possessed. The new North Western terminal at Chicago could handle five times as many people as now use it, or a quarter of a million a day; the capacities of the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad terminals in New York are yet larger; either of the three could, in a year, accommo-



The portico of the Union Station, Dayton, Ohio.

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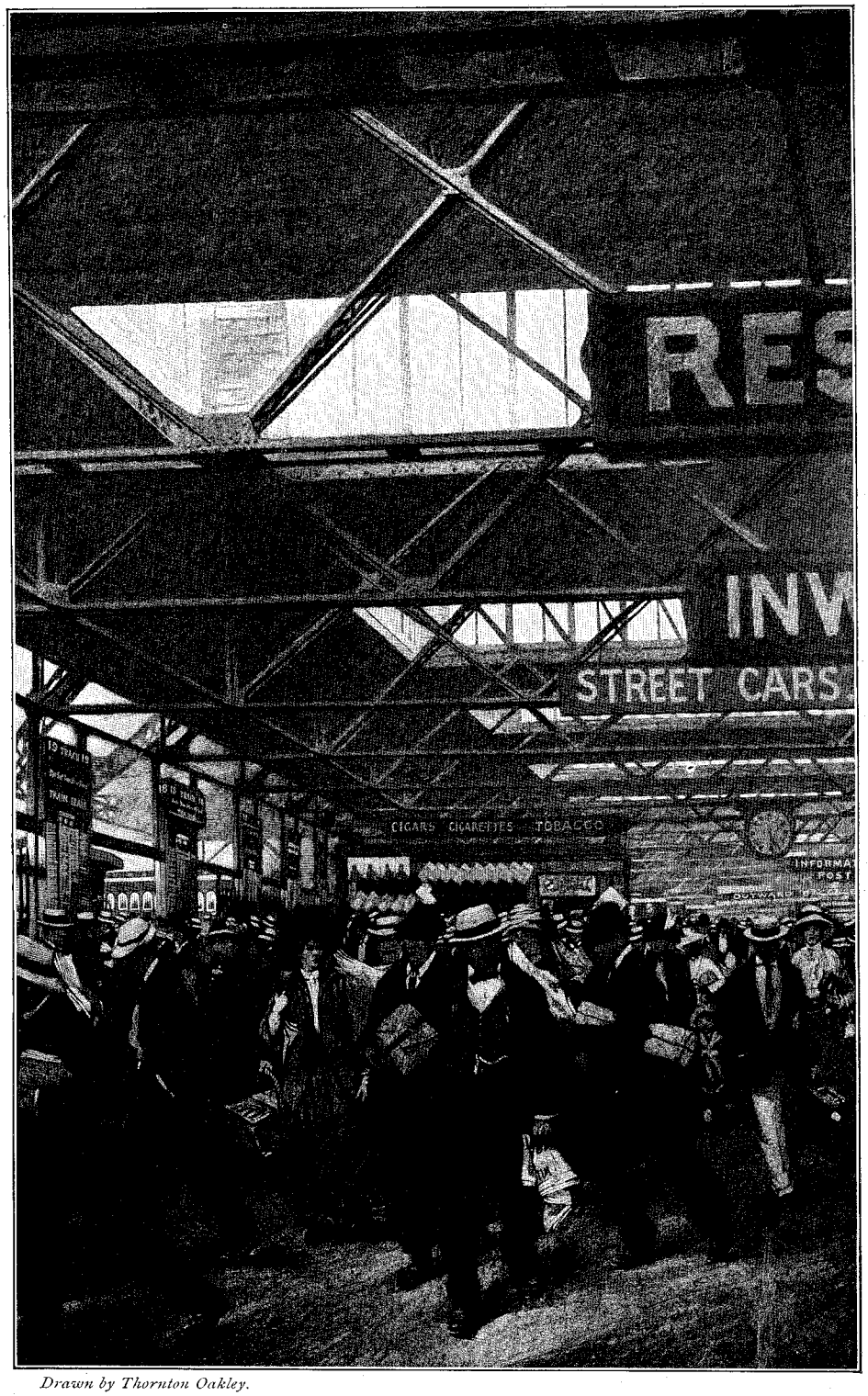

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

South Station, Boston.

From five to six o'clock P. M. eighty-three trains enter and leave this station, and over one hundred thousand people use this station daily.

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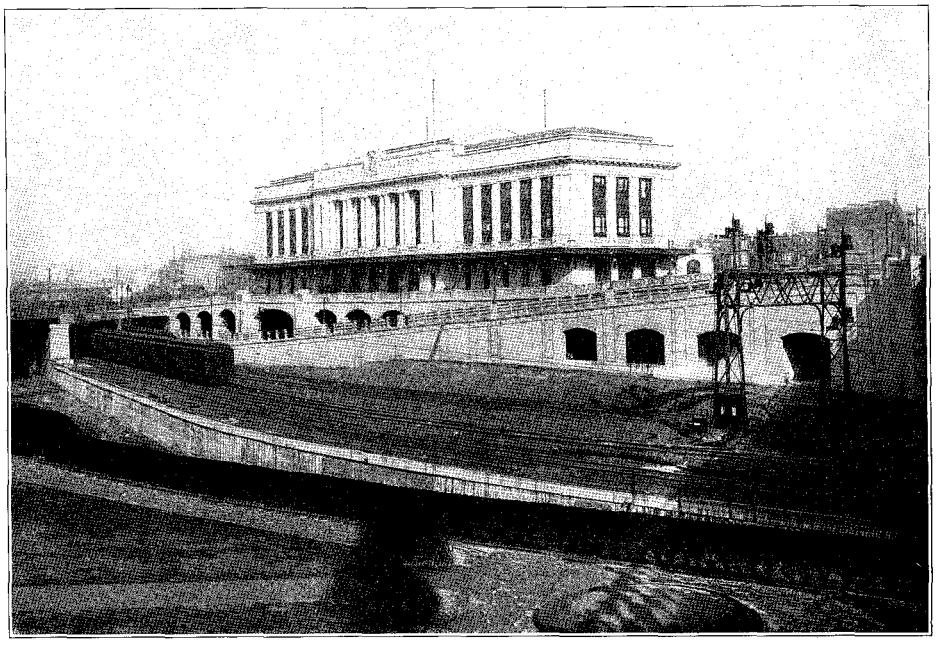
date the entire existing population of the United States.

Such impressive figures give some idea of the size and complexity of the engineering, architectural, operating, and financial problem the modern terminal presents. But it remains an inadequate idea until we consider some of the many conditions that must be dealt with in determining the terminal's location, capacity, design, and methods of operation; and these are matters about which most of us never bother our busy heads.



Union Station, Baltimore.

Few of us have ever thought, for example, after, while hurrying to a train, we have blessed the convenience, or imprecated the inconvenience, of a station's location, of what had to be considered in deciding where it should be put. The choosing of the site for a terminal is a harder task than the choosing of the site for any other kind of a structure. For a terminal is more than a building. Most of us, when we speak of a terminal, mean the station building and perhaps, also, the train shed. But there must be also many approach tracks for the trains to enter on, to stand on while waiting, and to leave on. There must be a big interlocking plant to direct and control train movements. There must be yards for storing and cleaning coaches and for making up trains. There must be commissaries for stocking dining and buffet cars, and providing Pullmans with clean linen. There must be a round-house for making light repairs to locomotives, cleaning them, and getting them ready for their runs. There must be a power-house to furnish light and power for all the terminal machinery and buildings. There must be places for handling quantities of mail and express; usually at a large terminal there is a big post-office substation. In the Pennsylvania's New York terminal there are sixty-four buildings given solely to terminal uses. The station building, however handsome and imposing, contains but the dressing-rooms and wings of the theatre. The real stage for the drama of the terminal is out under the train shed and in the yards; and the real stage manager is not the brisk station-master in his neat uniform, but the train director in his shirt sleeves away out in the interlocking plant at the throat of the yard, ordering the never-ending manipulations of his many levers. The area

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covered by the buildings, the interlocking plant, the yards of a modern terminal is from thirteen to thirty-five acres, and the new Grand Central terminal covers eighty acres, the biggest area occupied by any terminal in the world.

To find, in the congested part of a large city, in or near its business district, such an area suitable for any purpose would be hard; to buy it, very costly. The purpose of the terminal aggravates the problem. It must be readily accessible by operating tracks; and the topography of a city may make almost inaccessible by tracks a location otherwise most suitable for a terminal. Where a terminal may best be put also depends on the nature of its traffic. If this be chiefly suburban the terminal must be situated in or near the down-town business district; commuters object to paying more than one fare between business and home. If it handles through traffic almost exclusively, its patrons, laden with luggage, will come in street-cars or taxicabs, anyway, and it will do little harm if it is situated farther out. The railway station is becoming recognized as a public edifice, and, therefore, in some places its location is much influenced by the desire to give it a suitable place in city plans.

Its relation to intramural transportation is of moment. A station accessible from all parts of a city by street-car lines will best serve the public convenience; and if there be more than one terminal, a railway using a station thus accessible will have an advantage over those using others less favorably situated. In the city of London there are many terminals, some in the heart of the business district, some distant from it. But most of them are connected with each other and with various parts of the business and residence districts by the underground railway system encircling large portions of the city; and some of the trunk lines run trains over the tracks of this system. A number of the roads use several different terminals. In Paris and Berlin, the two great railway centres of the continent, arrangements more or less similar exist. Unfortunately, in the United States good relations between street-car systems and railway terminals are exceptional. Two of the best and most advantageously located terminals in the United States for the kind of business they chiefly handle—preponderately suburban—are those of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Philadelphia & Reading in Philadelphia. Both are located in the down-town business

Providence, R. I., New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Station.

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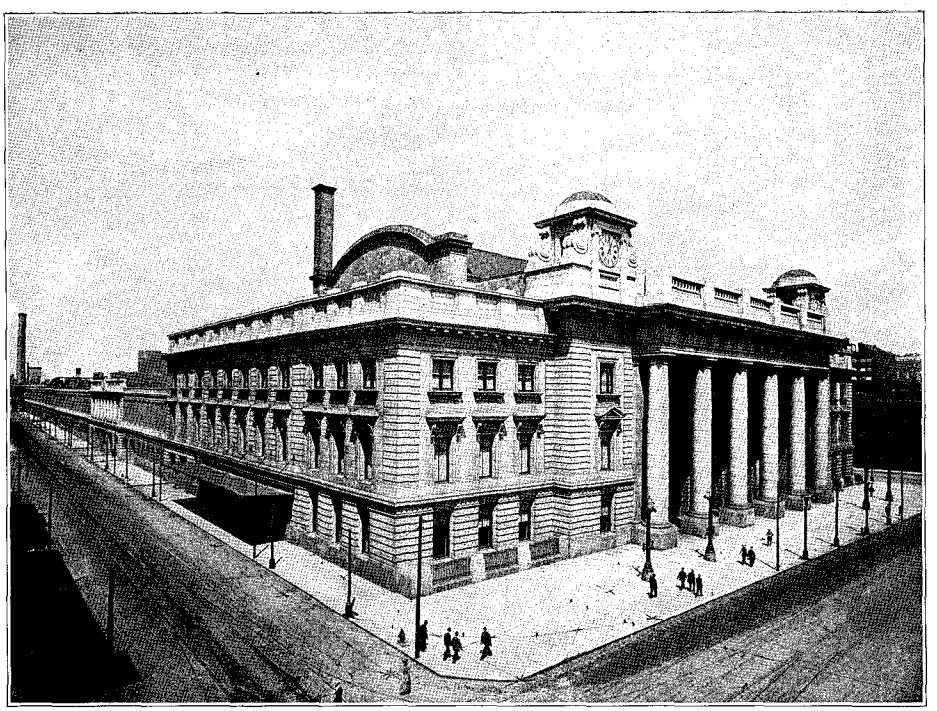

Chicago and North Western Railway Station, Chicago.
Four hundred and fifty-five buildings were razed to make room for this terminal.

district; and both are readily accessible by intramural transportation lines; but unfortunately the very excellence of their location has the drawback that it gives little opportunity for expansion to care for a large and fast-growing business.

In topography, as in many ways, New York is unique among American cities. Bounded by the Harlem River, by a great harbor and by the North and East Rivers, streams broad, deep and really arms of the sea, Manhattan Island long was considered almost inaccessible by railway except by bridge over the Harlem. Over this stream the only railways for long entering the island—the New York Central and its tenant, the New York, New Haven and Hartford—reached the only terminal for long on the island, the Grand Central, on Forty-second Street.

The first Manhattan terminal was opened in 1832 at Centre Street, near the present City Hall, by the New York and Harlem road, now leased to the New York Central. Trains were run by steam as far south as Fourteenth Street and pulled from there by horses. A new station was opened in 1857 where Madison Square Garden now stands. Fourteen years later the original Grand Central Station was opened on Forty-second Street. Between 1898 and 1900 it was enlarged; but it was soon inadequate; the discomfort and danger of running trains through the Park Avenue tunnel grew intolerable; and plans for rebuilding the terminal and electrifying south of the Harlem were well advanced when, in 1903, a State law required electrification and authorized the city to arrange for the use by the railway of the subsurface of streets near the station. All the subsequent extensive and expensive reconstruction operations, including electrification, the rearrangement, enlargement and rebuilding of yards and station, the erection of a large group of buildings on the right of way that are not to be used for transportation purposes, are really a single gigantic terminal improvement.

The new terminal will occupy the site of the old. There was no need for change. In the midst of the hotel district, verging on the theatre and shopping district,

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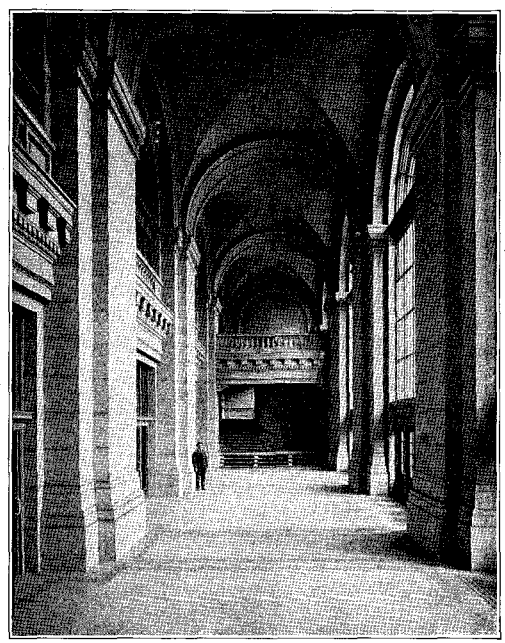
but a step from Fifth Avenue, only a few blocks from Broadway, accessible from all parts of the city by subway and surface lines, the Grand Central terminal, for both suburban and through traffic, is one of the best located terminals in the world. While the old site will be used, striking, indeed, will be the transformation. Nowhere else are the wonders workable by railway electrification so exhibited. More space was needed. To get it the engineers within nine years removed one hundred and forty buildings and fifteen miles of pipes and sewers. But it was not necessary, as formerly, to keep open over trains a space to permit the escape of smoke, and the tracks and yards of the new terminal, roofed with steel and concrete, will be in a subway, over which will rise two large hotels, an opera house, several office buildings, clubs, and apartment houses. Down through them will run a broad, new avenue. Buildings on Park Avenue will be limited to six stories; others may rise to twenty stories; but along all will run a uniform cornice line, below which the same material will be used, thus creating a harmonious group. The busy activities of the new terminal will be, in effect, carried on in the basements of sky-scrapers. Unique among all the terminal developments of the world, this great improvement of the New York Central will cost one hundred and fifty million dollars; and yet the rentals from the buildings that are to be erected to utilize the air space over its tracks are expected to offset the heavy increase in fixed charges involved.



Chicago and North Western Railway Station, Chicago. The vestibule.

In 1896 the railways reaching the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite New York City, brought to their terminals there destined for New York City ninety-four million people. In 1906 the number had increased to one hundred and forty million people. And not one of them could the trains take into New York City. All had to transfer and be ferried across to New York, which took twelve to twenty minutes when the weather was good and twice as long when it was bad, and even then only landed the passenger on the margin of the city. The possession by the New York Central lines of an admirably located terminal in the heart of Manhattan Island made their great rival, the Pennsylvania system, look with ever more and more longing eyes in that direction. The project of bridging the Hudson had long been mooted, but the railways ending on the Jersey shore could not be got to act together, and a franchise for a bridge for only one would not be given. Tunnelling also had been suggested, but Samuel Rea expressed the view of engineers when he said in his book, "The Railways Terminating in London," published in 1888: "The underlying strata of the North River will not permit the construction of a tunnel on admissible gradients for heavy traffic and for fast trains, which, of course, would be essential requisites." But the Pennsylvania acquired the Long Island Railroad. Brooklyn, the terminus of the Long Island, was a city of one and a half million souls that had never been tapped by a

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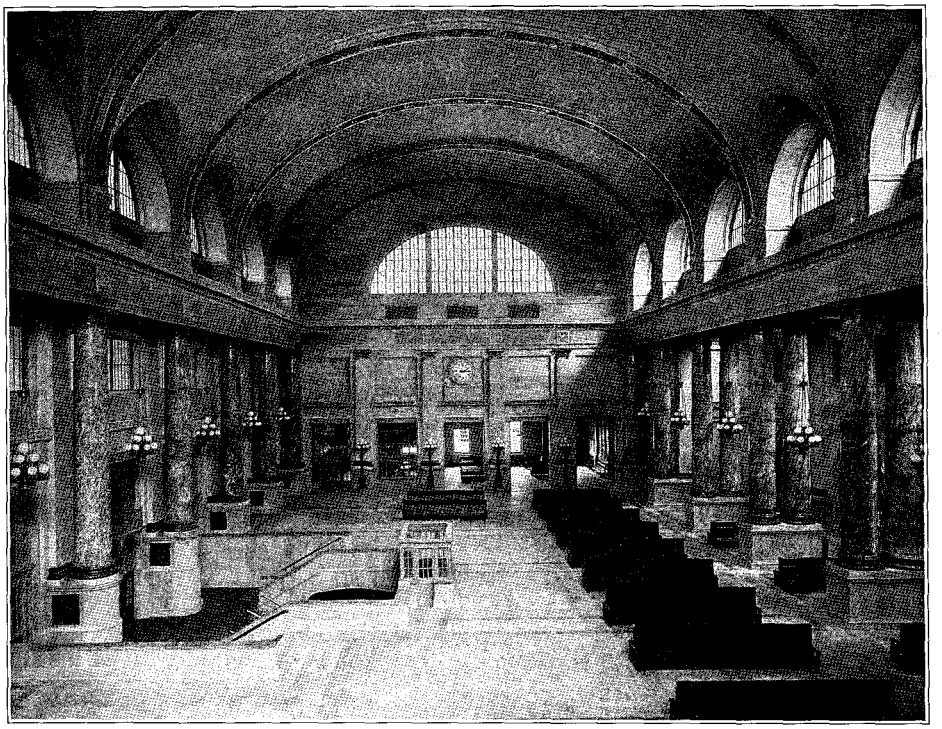

Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The main waiting-room.

trunk line. Annually there crossed the East River between Manhattan Island and Long Island three hundred millions of persons, not including pedestrians. The extension of the Long Island Railroad from the East and of the Pennsylvania Railroad from the West into Manhattan would enable the Pennsylvania to land its passengers in New York, would enable the Long Island to share in the enormous traffic across the East River, and would also give the Pennsylvania a short and direct connection with the railways running up into densely populated New England. The Pennsylvania at last in 1902 decided single-handedly to plant a great electrified passenger terminal in the very heart of the up-town hotel, theatre, and shopping district of Manhattan. The impossibility of the engineers and engineering of yesterday is their achievement of to-day; it was also decided to secure entrances to the terminal for both the Pennsylvania and the Long Island by tunnelling under the North and East Rivers; and the man who, as vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was placed in charge of the entire work and executed it, was that same Samuel Rea who had soberly written that tunnelling under the North River was not practicable! The Pennsylvania extension into New York ranks among the great engineering feats of all time. It is the greatest ever done to get a suitable location for a passenger terminal.

While the Pennsylvania has forced a way for its lines under two rivers, carried tunnels down as deep as ninety-seven feet below high-water-mark, and spent one hundred and fifteen million dollars to overcome the geographical disadvantage of having its terminal in Jersey City, the intramural transportation system of New York City has to the present denied it much of the benefit it expected from this great work of terminal relocation. The railway was justified in expecting the city immediately to build a subway to the main entrance of its new station on Seventh Avenue. This has not been done. It is still a considerable walk to the station from any elevated, surface, or subway line. But the Seventh Avenue

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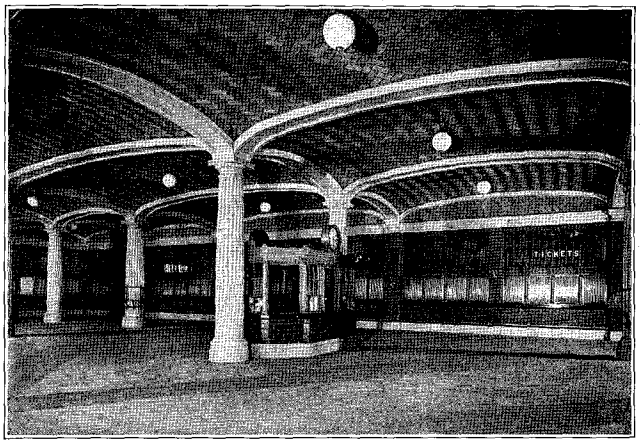

Chicago and North Western Railway Station. Lobby and ticket offices.

subway now appears assured. The subway station will be connected with the terminal on the underground levels, which will enable passengers arriving at the terminal to go up or down town without going up to the street level. This will make the use of the terminal convenient for both through and suburban passengers, and will doubtless cause a heavy increase in its business. This last year amounted to ten million passengers handled by one hundred and twenty thousand trains, or three hundred and thirty a day, while it has a capacity of one thousand two hundred trains a day.

As the architecture of the Union Terminal at Washington was designed to harmonize with that of the public buildings in the national capital, so its location was chosen mainly to fit it into a plan for the city's beautification. A commission of distinguished architects, including Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmstead, Augustus Saint Gaudens, and Charles F. Mc Kim, was employed by the government to visit European cities, make a complete study of the District of Columbia and of the papers of Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who made the first plans of the city of Washington for President Washington, and then recommend a policy for city improvement. They reported that L'Enfant's original layout should be followed. To do this the Pennsylvania Railroad would have to abandon its station and tracks across the Mall. "The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, A. J. Cassatt," said Senator Benton McMillan on the floor of the United States Senate, "looked at the matter from the stand-point of an American citizen, saying that he appreciated the fact that if Congress intended to make the Mall what the founder intended it to be, no railroad should be allowed to cross it." Therefore, the Washington terminal, built by the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania but used by all the lines entering the city, and exceeding in size all other Washington buildings, save the capitol itself, was built facing on the same plaza which is faced also from another direction by the capitol. Unfortunately, the same power

Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The train shed equipped with the latest methods of ventilation and light.

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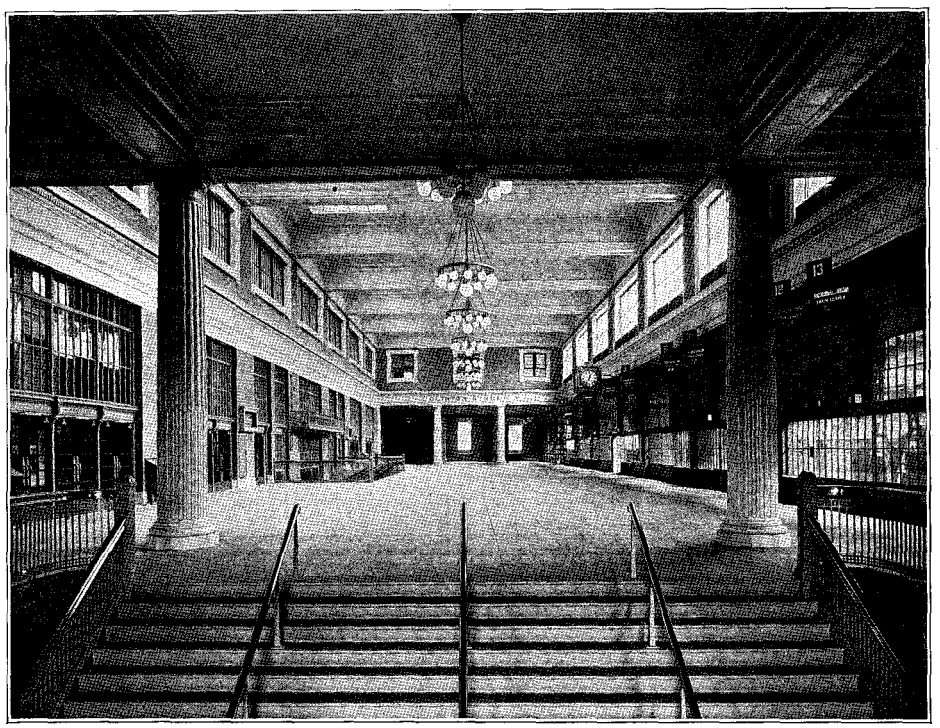
of government which influenced the location of the station has not caused a rearrangement of street-car lines to suit the convenience of the traveller.

The topography of Chicago, with its flat surface—like that of hardly any other American cities but Detroit and Buffalo—



Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The train concourse.

makes it possible for railways to enter almost any place. The generosity of nature has been abused. The twenty-five trunk lines using the six passenger terminals, representing thirty systems spreading out like a fan, come in from every direction and have no harmonious relationships. Their two thousand six hundred miles of track within the city make a map of Chicago look like a railway yard. No system of intramural transportation connects the various stations. No train passes through Chicago. Passengers going through must transfer by bus, taxicab, or disconnected street-car lines. The most favorably situated terminal is the La Salle Street, owned by the New York Central Lines and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. It is on the "Loop," which encircles the congested down-town district, and on which the elevated railways radiating every way turn all their trains.

Frederic A. Delano, the public-spirited president of the Wabash Railroad, recognizing the impracticability of uniting in one terminal all the numerous roads annually carrying, perhaps, fifty million people in and out of Chicago, many of them through travellers, long advocated a plan for erecting a group of five or six large stations side by side on Twelfth Street. Five were to be just east of the Chicago River, the sixth just west across it. He would have brought the passenger trains in on elevated tracks, and used the space beneath, from Twelfth to Fourteenth Streets, and from State Street to the river, for handling baggage, express, mail, and less-than-carload freight. The Illinois Central would have continued to handle its suburban traffic through its existing down-town stations, and the North Western its suburban traffic through its Wells Street station.

This novel and ambitious project, of the

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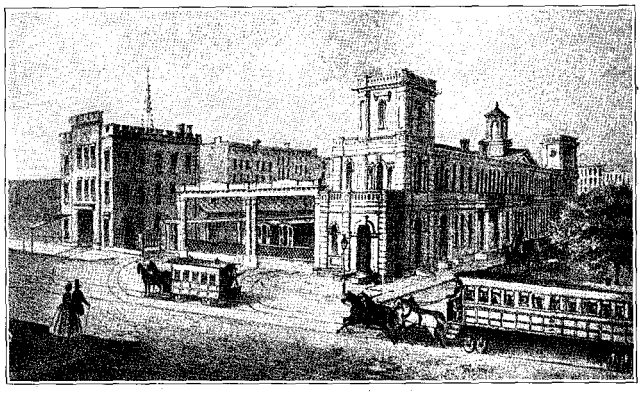
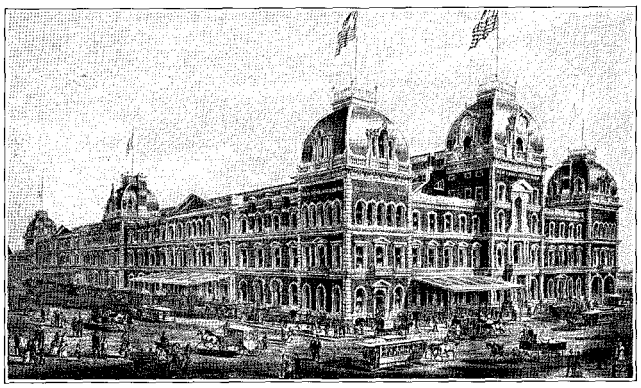
details of which space will not permit even a mention, was much discussed, but no steps were taken to carry it out. Meantime, the North Western, its old terminal congested and hemmed in by the Chicago River, by Wells and Kinzie Streets, went on with plans for the construction of a new one at a different location. One of the main conditions compelling relocation was that the throat of the old terminal was carried over the North branch of the Chicago River on a two-track bridge. The operation for years over this narrow bridge—often opened to let boats pass—of over three hundred trains a day, almost without accident, was one of the feats of modern railroading. The most available site for relocation was afforded by three blocks a short distance west of the river readily accessible from the "Loop" district. Here, fronting on Madison Street, the terminal was erected. Before construction could begin four hundred and fifty-five buildings had to be razed, of which sixty-six were four or more stories high; and fifteen thousand people had to find new places for homes or business. The acquisition of real estate cost eleven million five hundred and sixty thousand dollars out of the total terminal expenditure of twenty-three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

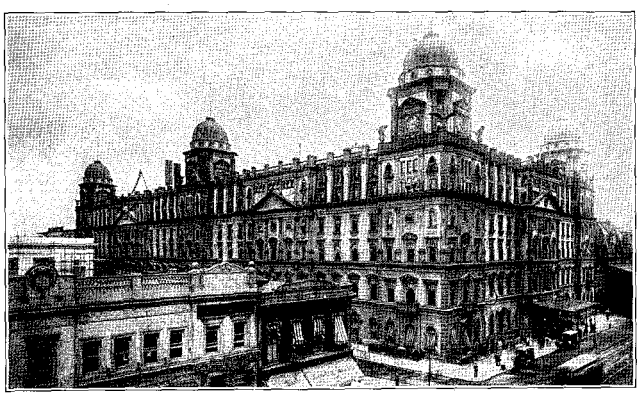


New York and Harlem Station on site of Madison Square Garden, New York, opened in 1857.

The second station built by the company.



Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, opened in 1871.



Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, as enlarged in 1898–1900.

No less than three large passenger terminal projects are now planned in Chicago, one by the railways using the Union Station, another by those using the Dearborn Station, the

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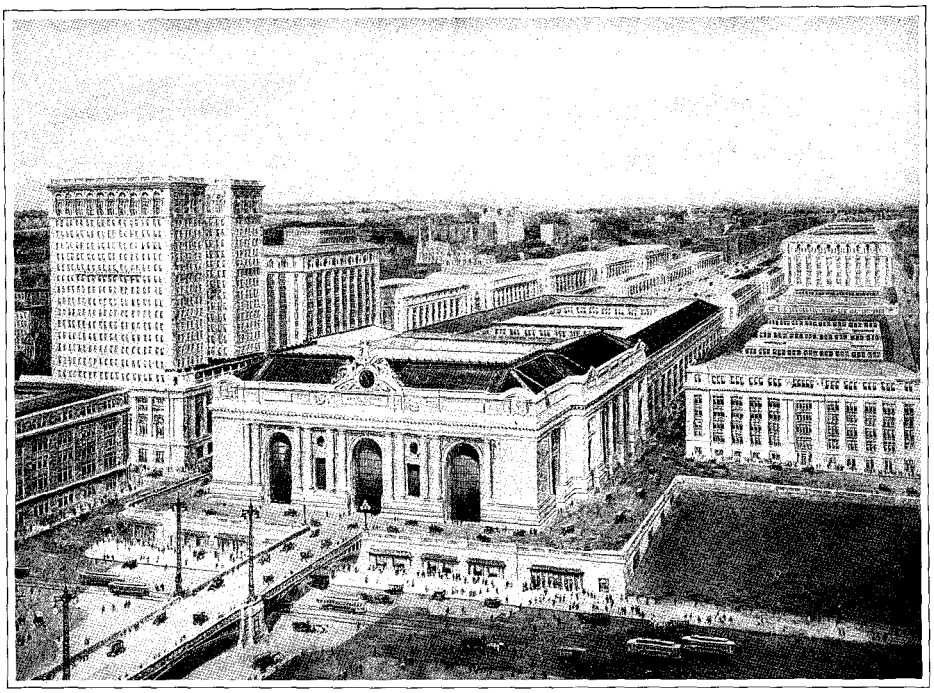
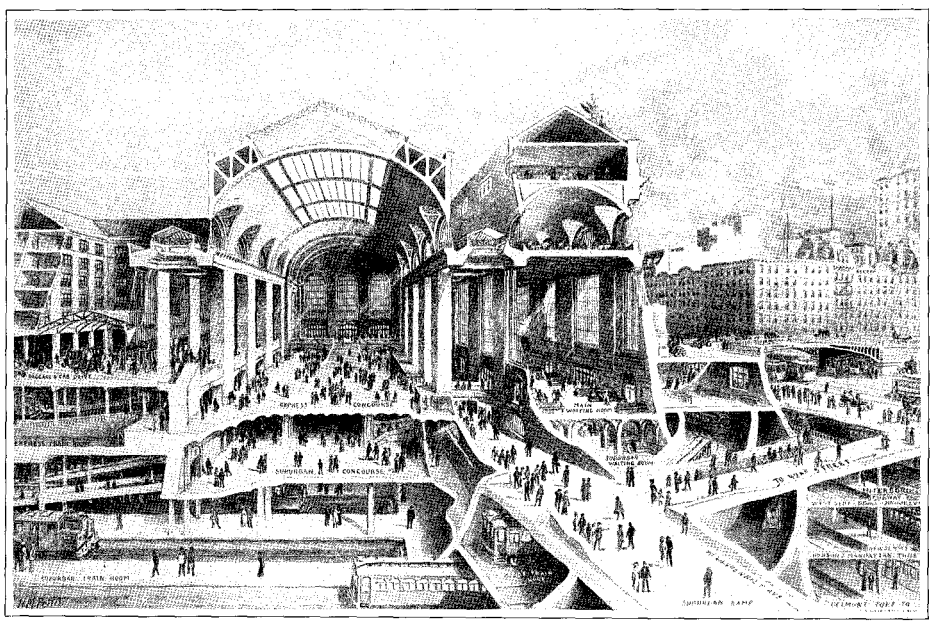


The new Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, looking north.

The group of buildings above the track levels includes hotels, an opera house, office buildings, clubs and apartment houses. The new Grand Central terminal covers seventy acres.



The new Grand Central Station, New York.

A drawing showing the various levels and ramps, looking east.

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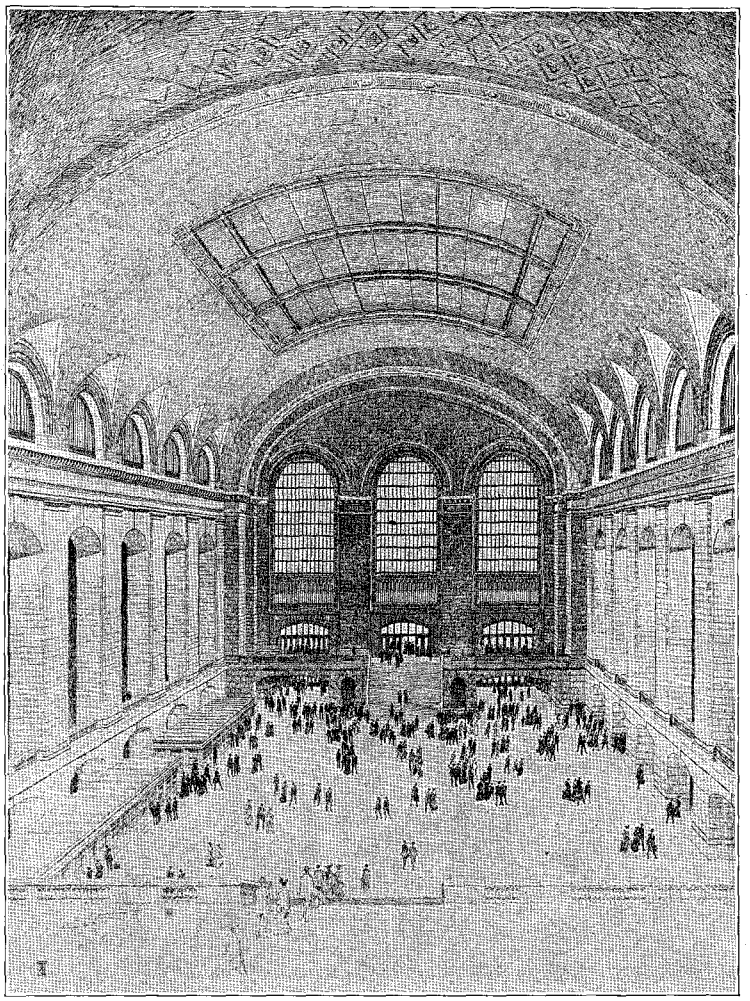
third by the Illinois Central, whose Park Row terminal is used by it and several tenant lines. Each would cost from thirty million dollars to fifty million dollars. It is possible only two will be carried through. The Illinois Central has arranged with the Board of South Park Commissioners for an exchange in which it cedes to the commissioners its riparian rights to the shore of Lake Michigan and the site of its present Park Row Station, and receives in return a wider right-of-way below Twelfth Street. The South Park Commissioners will raze the Park Row Station, add its site to Grant Park, which lies directly on Lake Michigan, extend the park out into the lake, and erect in it a large and handsome building for the Field Museum, founded by the late Marshall Field, and now in the old Art Building of the World's Columbian Exposition, at Jackson Park. The Illinois Central will erect a new terminal on Twelfth Street and Michigan Boulevard facing on Grant Park, and one or two other large buildings, all similar in architecture to the new Field Museum, with which they will form an imposing group. This scheme has the support of the Chicago Plan Commission. Its execution will be a long step toward carrying out the commission's plan for the creation of a "city beautiful," and it may lead to the roads now entering the Dearborn Station and the La Salle Street Station going into the Illinois Central's station. This would make the Illinois Central's terminal—admirably located on beautiful Michigan Boulevard, which every one visits who visits Chicago, and but a short distance from the club, hotel, and theatre district—one of the greatest of terminals devoted almost solely to through passenger business. It would be used by fifteen railways, and into and out of it there would pass daily about



The new Grand Central Station, New York. The express concourse.

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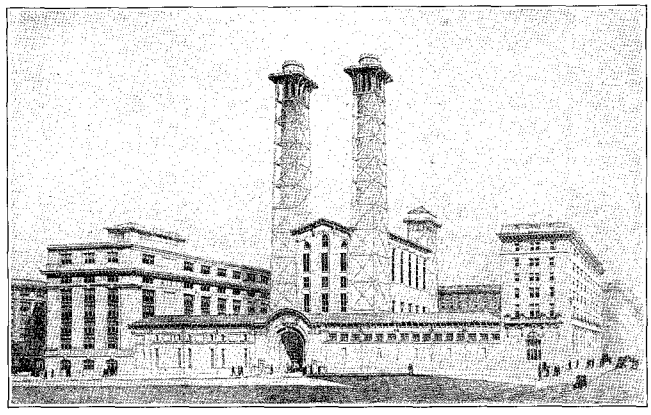
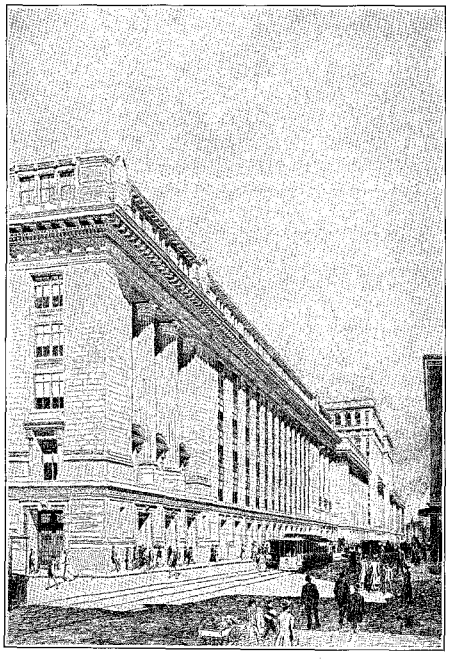
seven hundred through trains.

The new Union terminal in Chicago will doubtless be located near where the old one now stands, and is expected to be a fine station. The increase of the business at the old station, which is now badly over-crowded, illustrates the rapidity of the growth of the demands on modern terminals. It has always been used by the same roads—the two Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg, the Burlington; the Chicago, Milwaukee & Saint Paul, and the Alton. It was opened in 1881, and in 1886 was being used by 125 rains daily. It is now used by 261 trains, and handles 45,000 to 50,000 passengers every twenty-four hours—a large traffic when it is considered that a great proportion of it is through business.



The new Grand Central Station, New York, showing Fiftieth Street between Lexington and Park Avenues.

The buildings are: at left, Adam's Express Company; centre, power station; and at right is the Y. M. C. A. building.



The new Grand Central Station, New York. Office buildings on the Lexington Avenue side.

Strikingly different from the topographical conditions at Chicago are those at cities such as Kansas City, Seattle, and Cincinnati. Situated at the confluence of the Missouri and Kaw Rivers, on hills rising sharply to great heights above the river valleys, Kansas City is accessible to railway tracks only through the valleys of the two large rivers, where the space for terminal yardage is limited, and along a little valley cutting the city east and west somewhat below the down-town district. The passenger business of the ten roads using the old Union Station in the "west bottoms" long since outgrew it. The site gave little chance for expansion. Far from the business district, subject to floods—one of which on a historic occasion filled the station with water almost to the ceiling—affording to the eye no prospect but that of a forbidding height to the east dotted with ragged little shanties, it was an undesirable location. Many trains have to enter and leave through a narrow throat to the north of the station, called the "goose neck," and there are chronic delays. The people of Kansas City began years ago to demand a new terminal. The railway managements agreed they ought to have it, and prepared to spend forty million dollars. But the demands of the city so far exceeded the inclinations of the railways that it took a seven years' wrangle to reach an agreement. It was long debated whether the new terminal should be

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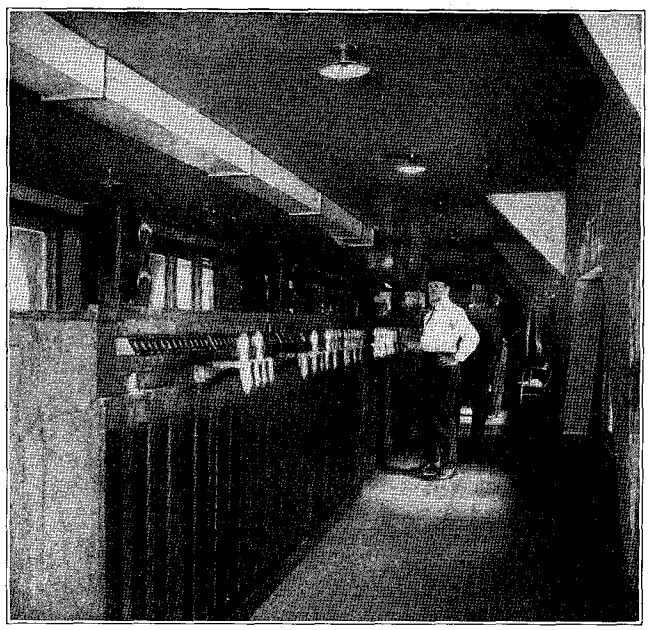
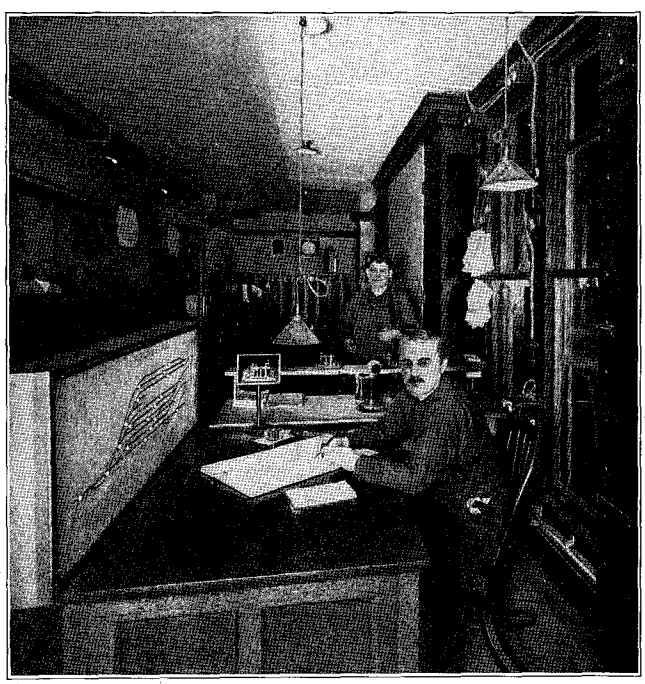


Grand Central Station, New York. Interlocking plant at the throat of the yard.

on the north side water frontage, where it would be accessible to the roads along the valley of the Missouri River, or near the site of the small Twenty-second and Grand Avenue Station, where it could be reached along the little valley cutting the city east and west. The latter, and much the better, although also much the more expensive, location was chosen. Situated between the down-town business district on the north and a large residence district on the south, it is readily reached by street-car from both directions. The railways are spending three hundred thousand dollars on a park facing it which passes to the city in perpetuity. As all the fourteen roads entering Kansas City will use it, the new terminal will be as truly a union terminal as is that at Saint Louis.

Somewhat alike in their rugged topography, Kansas City and Seattle have railway situations very unlike. The Northern Pacific reached Puget Sound at an early day and acquired valuable property adjacent to the present business district of Seattle; and the King Street station, used by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, is easily reached by pedestrians from the business district and by street-car from the residence districts. When the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, a Harriman line, built to



Grand Central Station, New York. The real stage manager who orders the manipulation of the many levers of the interlocking plant.

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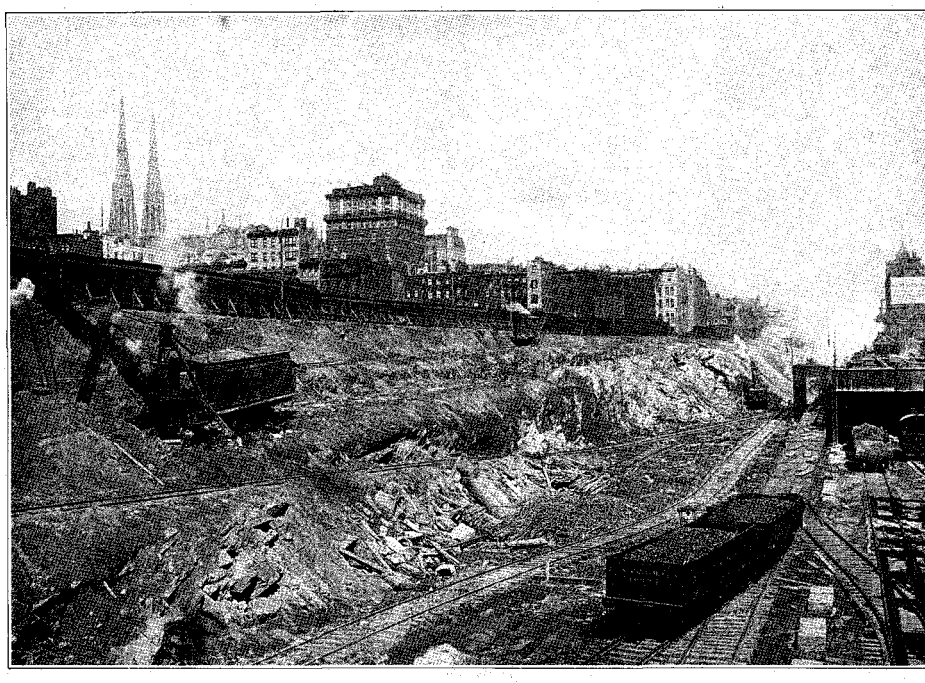
Seattle, it had, for competitive reasons, to get a good location for its terminal, and, at large expense, it got it by buying land adjacent to the King Street station. To get a suitable location at Spokane, Wash., the Harriman lines bought the site of the city hall!

Unique in location, as well as in the number of trains using it, is the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco. This road has a station in San Francisco for its coast division, but most of both its through and suburban business is handled on the Oakland Pier, running far out from Oakland into the Bay of San Francisco. On the pier are eight tracks, four for through and four for interurban electric service; and on and off it there run daily more than one thousand two hundred trains, exceeding the number using any other terminal in the country. Passengers pass between it and San Francisco on ferry-boats which leave every twenty minutes; the movements of the trains are largely governed by the movements of the boats; and if a through train runs behind so that it cannot make the boat with which it should connect, it is slowed down so that it will reach the pier just about when the next boat arrives. Thus, except in unusual circumstances, there is no accumulation of passengers on the pier. To tunnel under the bay into San Francisco is not considered feasible. But it is only a few years since tunnelling under the Hudson into New York was similarly regarded.



Excavating for the yard of the new Grand Central Station. Looking north from Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Beautiful, and in some cases monumental, as is the architecture of the modern terminal, even more characteristic is its provision for room, comfort, and safety. To accommodate the masses of people using big terminals without crowding and confusion, great spaces are required; and the main waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station in New York is the largest room of its kind in the world. With an area of ninety-seven thousand five hundred square feet, the concourse of the Washington terminal is said to be the largest room devoted to any purpose in the world. The Washington terminal is the only one ever designed to meet the requirements of only one crowd every four years. Its regular business, although it is the portal of a city that is becoming the

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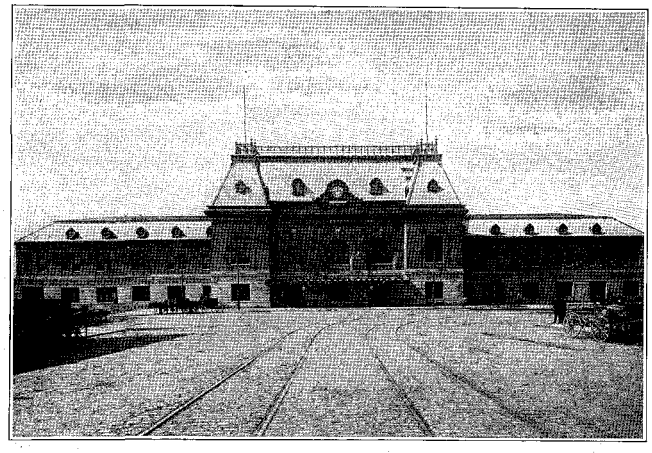
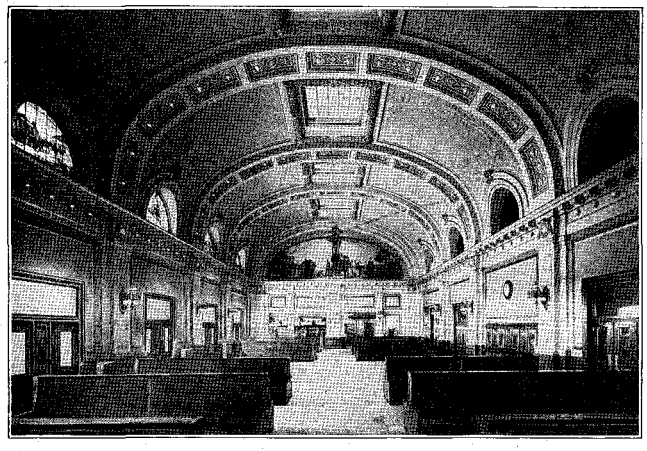


Union Station of the Oregon Short Line, Salt Lake City, Utah.



Union Station, Salt Lake City, Utah. The waiting-room.

An architectural detail of the Oakland Station, California.

Mecca of America, is smaller than that of several other terminals; it was given its great capacity to enable it to care for the quadrennial multitudes that gather for the inauguration of the President of the United States. Special accommodations for royalty are common in European terminals. The Washington Station is the only one in this country having a special entrance and a "state suite," including a President's room, for the use of the President, foreign diplomats, and high officials, so that they may enter, wait, and depart without coming in contact with the general public.

In the North Western's terminal at Chicago there is a suburban concourse on the street level from which passengers may go upstairs directly to the train shed without passing through the main waiting-room and concourse, which are intended for through passengers, and which are located on the second floor level, and open directly to the train shed. In the Pennsylvania's New York terminal the segregation of different classes of passengers has been carried farther. The north side of the station is set apart for the suburban business of the Long Island Railroad; and in that portion devoted to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad there is not only the main con-

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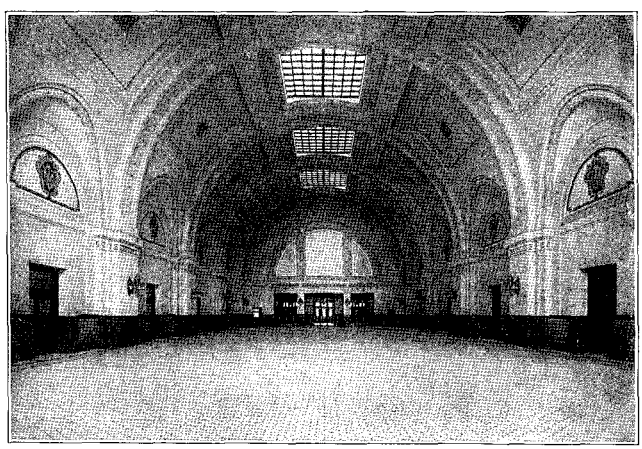
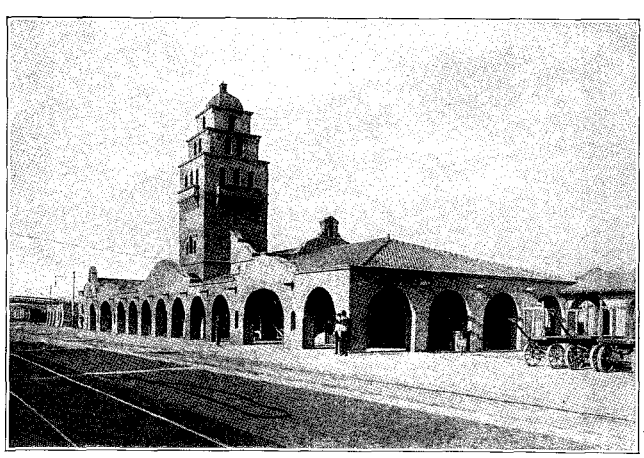
course on the street level for the use of passengers entering, but also directly beneath it is a separate concourse for those leaving the station. The value of this arrangement, which prevents streams of passengers moving in opposite directions from colliding with and hindering each other will become more apparent as the traffic increases. At the new Grand Central terminal there will be an entirely separate suburban concourse on a level below the main concourse.

Another important improvement introduced at the Pennsylvania terminal and adopted at the Grand Central, is that of raising the track platforms level with the floors of cars instead of only about nine inches above the top of the rail. The former practice has obtained in England, the latter heretofore in the United States. The additional expenditure required on the main level alone of the Grand Central terminal by the higher platform was one hundred thousand dollars. It also made necessary changes in all cars running into the station. But the high platform, saving a climb of three feet and three inches, is a convenience to the passengers. And it is of value to the railway. The New York Central has found that it reduces the average time required for

Station of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, Seattle, Washington.



Station of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, Seattle, Washington. The waiting-room.



Station of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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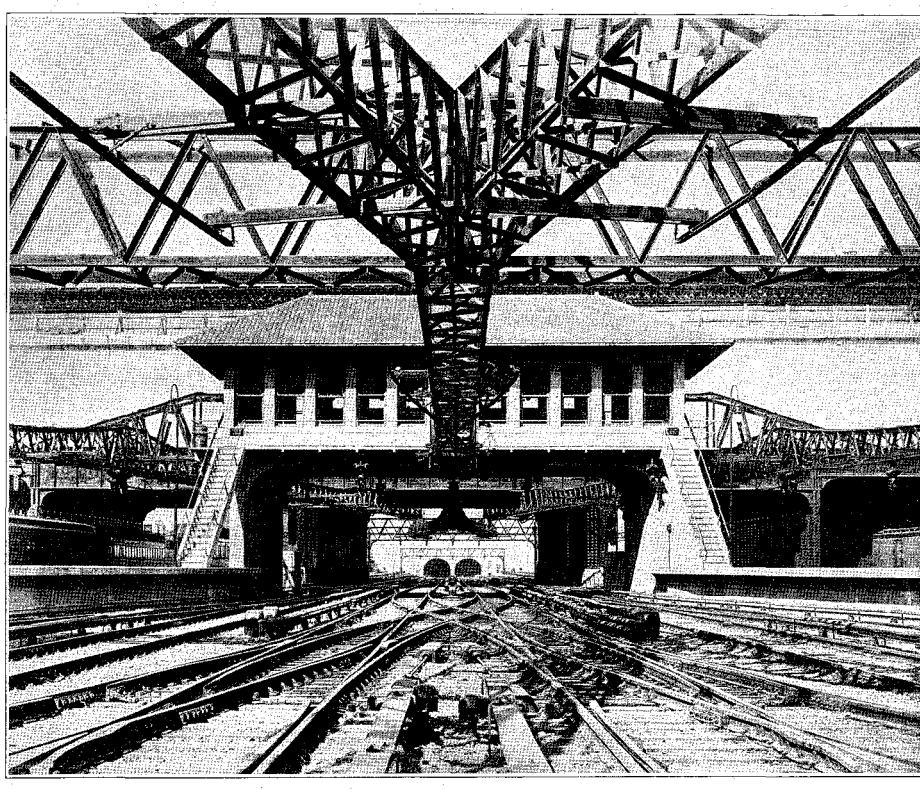
unloading a suburban train from over a minute to forty seconds, or thirty-five per cent. Where hundreds of trains arrive daily this is important.

A most prominent feature of the older terminals that is disappearing is the high, vaulted train shed in which smoke and gas accumulate to the discomfort of passengers, and which in hot weather is one of the hottest of all hot places. Electricity, where introduced, makes the high train shed unnecessary. The Pennsylvania's terminal has three levels. On the street level are the entrances, the chief of which is a long arcade lined with shops; on the intermediate level are the great concourse, the main waiting-room, the retiring-rooms for men and women, and the ticket offices; and the tracks are on the third level, thirty-six feet below the street. In other words, the station building is its own train shed. Trains likewise enter the Grand Central Station in a subway, but here there are two train levels, one below the other, the upper devoted to through and the lower to suburban business; and the trains on the one will be operated directly beneath and twenty-seven feet below the trains on the other. A single monumental head house will serve both levels. The Pennsylvania runs its trains straight through under the station, thence through the tunnel under the East River, and into the Sunnyside yard on Long Island, where they are cleaned, restocked, and prepared for another trip, while trains entering the Grand Central Station, after unloading their passengers at the incoming station, will run around on loops to the storage tracks on the easterly side of the coach yard, which, unlike that of the Pennsylvania, will be in the heart—or underneath the heart—of Manhattan.



Pennsylvania Station, New York.

The signal and switch tower in the yard at the west end of the station, showing overhead rails which supplement the third rail on the ground for carrying over switches. Entrance to the tunnels under Hudson River can be seen in the middle distance.

It is not merely from electrified ter-

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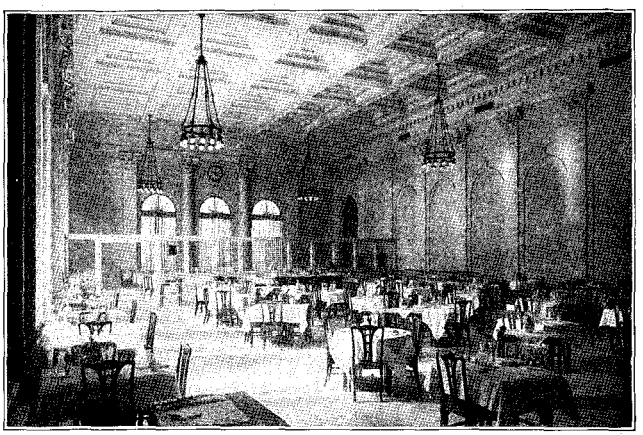
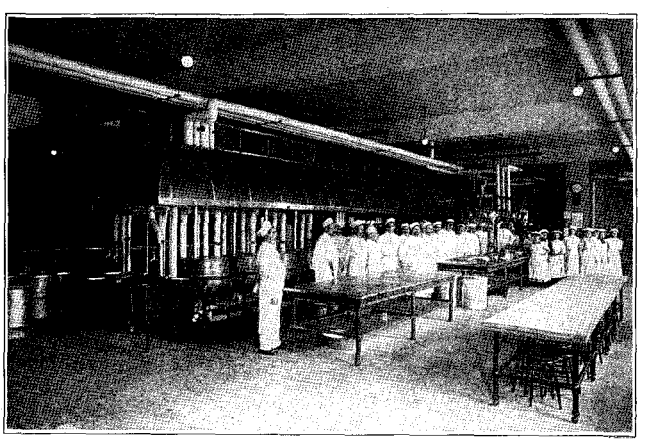
minals that the high train shed is disappearing. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western recently built at Hoboken, just across the Hudson from New York, a large and handsome terminal to handle its New York business. It introduced there a train shed, invented by its chief engineer, whose top was barely higher than that of the locomotive smoke-stacks, and which was slotted just over the stacks to emit smoke and gas. This design, so much simpler than the old, has been adopted at several terminals, notably that of the Chicago and North Western, whose train shed is the largest of this type yet built, and at the Kansas City Station, now under erection. The protection afforded to passengers from the weather is complete; yet smoke, soot, and gases are carried away.

The needs of through and suburban passengers are widely different. This, where both have to be handled, complicates terminal design. The simple, but imperative, requirements of the commuter, with a newspaper under one arm and a package of garden seeds under the other, are satisfied when he has an ample concourse through which he can race to a train whose schedule he knows to a second. He buys a commutation ticket once or twice a month; he has no bag-

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The arcade, a continuation of Thirty-second Street. It is flanked by shops and leads to the main waiting-room.



Pennsylvania Station, New York. The dining-room.



Pennsylvania Station, New York. The kitchen.

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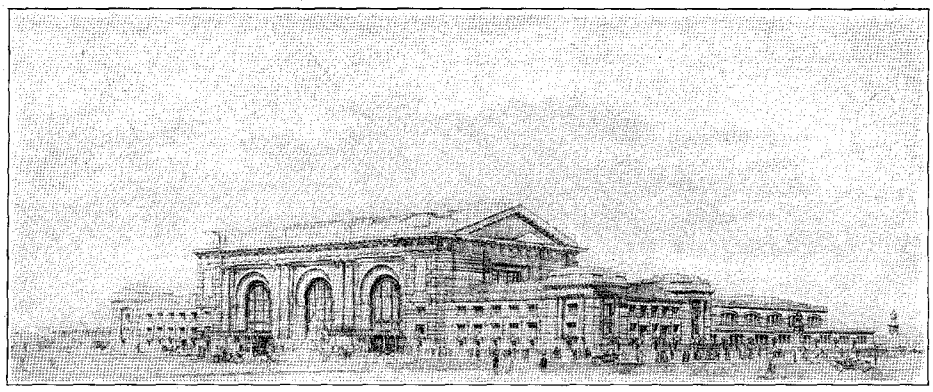
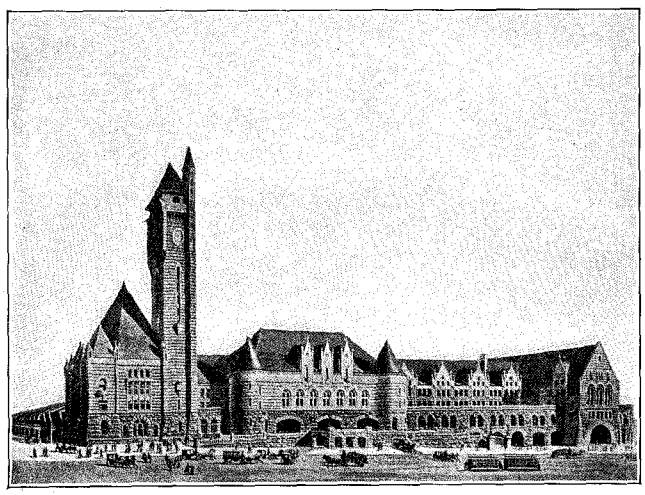


The approved design of the new Kansas City Union terminal, now under construction.

gage to carry or check; and, if the railway will furnish him the means of getting home to dinner comfortably and on time, he will be pretty well pleased. But the railway man knows that if a single suburban train is late on a single evening the railway management will be eviscerated at twilight in the bosom of many commuting families. Therefore, if you shall note two trains racing for a cross-over, one a splendid limited pulled by a leviathan Pacific locomotive, and equipped with all the modern luxuries of maid, valet, barber, bath, and music-box, and the other a humble suburban train hauled by an engine of the "teakettle" type, you shall see the Pacific slow up and give the sprinting teakettle the right-of-way.

While the number of suburban is sometimes much greater than the number of through passengers using a terminal, the large station buildings are designed and equipped chiefly to minister to the through passengers, whose needs are numerous and complex. Each must buy a ticket, and even in large cities, where ticket offices are sprinkled everywhere, about one-half of all through tickets are sold at the stations. Therefore, large ticket offices, with as many as thirty or forty windows, have to be provided. The through passenger usually carries hand baggage and often checks a trunk, and for him there must be a parcel-room and large baggage-rooms. The railways of Europe make regular charges for hauling baggage, just as for freight or express. The railways of the United States carry free a maximum of one hundred and fifty pounds for each person. This causes the baggage traffic here to be very heavy. The number of pieces checked through the Pennsylvania Station at New York last year was one million five hundred and twenty thousand, or four thousand two hundred a day; through the Boston South Station, one million eight hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-three, or over five thousand per day; through the Kansas City Union Station,



Union Station at Saint Louis.

Built some years ago, this is still one of the greatest terminal stations in the country.

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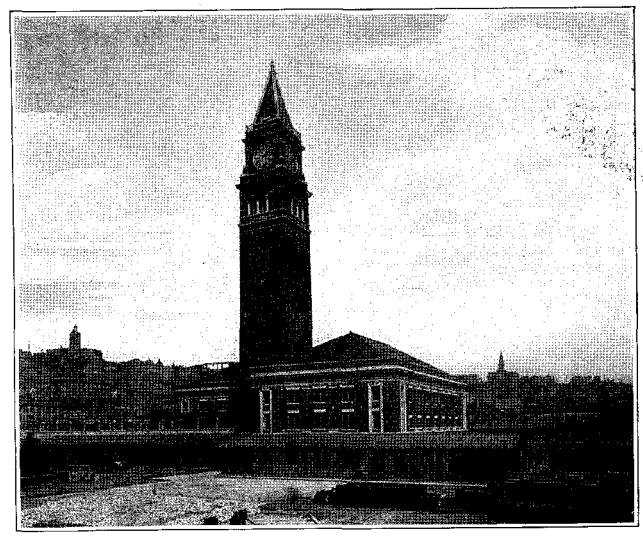
two million two hundred thousand, or over six thousand a day. While the Kansas City Station handled only two-fifths as many passengers as the Pennsylvania Station, and only one-ninth as many as the South. Station, it handled more baggage than either. This was because, while the large Eastern stations handled millions of commuters, practically all using the Kansas City Station were through passengers, many of whom changed trains; and it illustrates the difference between the requirements on stations handling different kinds of business. In modern terminals two large baggage-rooms are provided, one for inbound, the other for outbound traffic. They are usually on a level below the waiting-room and train shed, baggage being transfered to and from trains by elevators opening through the train shed floor, this avoiding trucking on train shed platforms, and incommoding passengers.



Union Station, Seattle, Washington.

Many through passengers arrive at the station a considerable time before their trains leave; many transfer there from one train to another; and it is chiefly for them that large waiting-rooms are provided. The Pennsylvania Station at New York has no seats at all in its main waiting-room, although it has them in its smaller waiting-rooms. The North Western in the main waiting-room of its Chicago terminal went to the opposite extreme, and not only has seats, but has them numbered so that persons can more easily find each other.

Chiefly for through passengers, most American terminals provide lunch-rooms and large and handsome dining-rooms; the dining-room in the Washington terminal is the largest in the capital. This is in marked contrast to the English practice. In a country of such short distances as England, the traffic is much like our suburban business, and the English terminals, although suited to their business, and some of them very large, are hardly more than big sheds where passengers can transfer between trains and cabs and street-cars. However, they usually have connected with them large, and sometimes fine, hotels owned by the railways. The Canadian Pacific has followed the English practice in its Place Viger station and hotel in Montreal; while at its large Windsor Street terminal in the same city there is no hotel. The French terminals are somewhat more, the German terminals much more, like the American terminals in point of accommodations as well as architectural treatment than the English stations.

The North Western in its Chicago terminal made some interesting departures. Chiefly for its large commuter traffic it provided retiring-rooms with baths; and a suburbanite, coming in from his home in the morning, can check his suit case at the station, and in the evening return there, bathe, get a shave, change into his evening clothes, meet his wife, dine in the big dining-room, and go directly to the theatre. The only hotel or club accommodation not provided is a place to sleep. On the basement, or street level, floor are special quarters for emigrants where they can wait between trains, eat their lunches, and, if they like, wash and dry laundry with tubs and driers especially provided for their use. There are also bath-rooms, with maids in charge, connected with the

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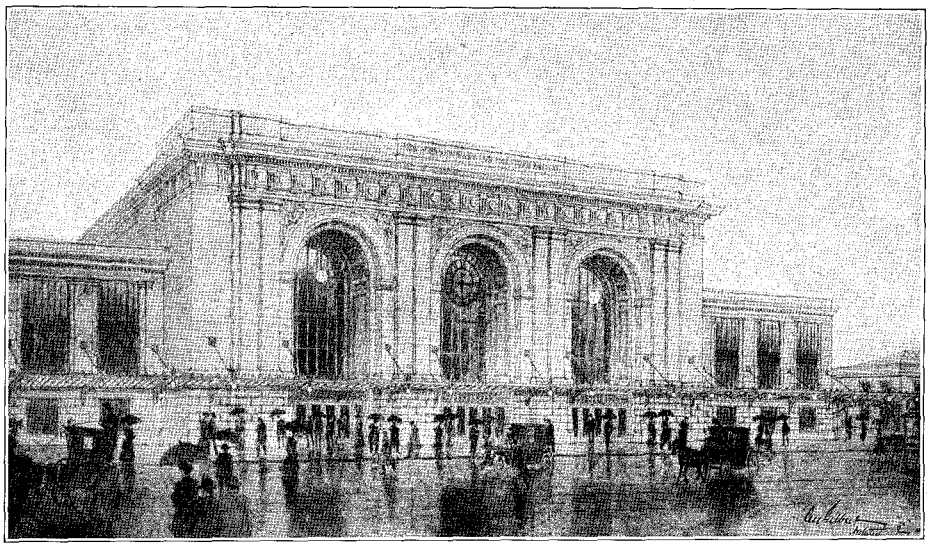

Approved design for the new station at New Haven, Connecticut. New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway.

women's waiting-room; and there is in the station even a small hospital where emergency cases can be treated.

The nature of the traffic influences even the number of approach and station tracks required. The through trains have more cars for the passengers they haul than the suburban. Because through passengers do not know so well as commuters the exact time when their trains leave, are less accustomed to using the terminal, and always have baggage, the through trains must also be backed into the train shed longer before their departure. On the other hand, the greater number of trains constantly rushing in and out of a station having a heavy commutation traffic necessitates a large proportionate number of approach tracks. Therefore, while the South Station at Boston, with its immense suburban traffic, has eight approach tracks and twenty-eight station tracks, the Union Station at Saint Louis, with its large through business, has only six approach tracks, but thirty-two station tracks. The Union Station at Washington, which handles mainly through business, has six approach tracks and thirty-three station tracks, while the North Western station at Chicago, which handles mainly suburban business, has six approach tracks and only sixteen station tracks. The new Grand Central Station in New York, with twenty-nine station tracks on the main level and seventeen on the suburban level, a total of forty-six, will have more station tracks than any other terminal in this country.

At the outer end of the train shed the station tracks begin to converge into a throat composed of the two to eight approach tracks; and this throat, both for facility and safety of train movement, is really the vitally important part of the terminal. Here is located the interlocking plant, the brain of the terminal, governing the movement of all trains as the human brain governs bodily acts. Ordinarily there is but one interlocking plan at the throat, but in the Grand Central Station at New York there will be one for each track level; and the one on the lower level will be the largest ever built. In the early days of interlocking the man in the tower watched the trains and merely gave signals for switchmen to set the switches. In modern terminals, having hundreds, and even thousands, of train movements daily, most of which occur very rapidly in certain rush hours, such a mode of operation is not practical. The train director in the large interlocking tower seldom sees trains or tracks at all. In the tower before him is a ground glass on which the entire terminal yard layout is depicted. Part of it is dark, part light.

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The former indicates the occupied, the latter the unoccupied, tracks. When a train is approaching the throat to leave or enter, the train director is notified either by telephone or code signal, and then, on a word from him, an operator pulls levers which so set the switches as to open the track the train is to use, and lock all other tracks on which conflicting train movements could be made, and also display signals which indicate to the engineman that he may proceed. The interlocking plant is designed to permit trains to move between any approach and any station track; and switches and signals are so interlocked as to allow the maximum number of safe movements simultaneously. The interlocking plant of the Saint Louis Union terminal can guide the movements of thirty-two trains at the same moment.

The development of power interlocking has contributed more toward making practicable many train operations in a restricted area in a short time than all other things. Without it terminal yards would needs be much larger and employ many more men, and even then operation would be unsafe. On the capacity of the interlocking plant depends the capacity of the throat of the terminal; on the capacity of the throat depends the capacity of the terminal; on the capacity of the terminal depends the capacity of the railway; so it is not far from true to say that on the terminal interlocking plant depends the capacity of the railway. The almost uncanny performance of a large interlocking plant—whether by day when its many fingers can be seen silently and deftly manipulating the innumerable switches and semaphores, or by night, when its bridge, covered with variegated, blinking, changing lights, looms out of the darkness—makes it the most human and fascinating of transportation mechanisms.

The construction work on a large terminal (especially when, as in the case of that of the Pennsylvania in New York, it is necessary to build tunnels and electrify in connection with it, or when, as in the case of the Grand Central terminal, the site of the old is also that of the new station, and traffic must move without interruption), is of unsurpassed magnitude and difficulty. One of the largest parts of it is the excavation. There were removed from the site of the Pennsylvania terminal two million two hundred thousand cubic yards of earth and rock. When the Grand Central terminal is finished there will have been taken from its site three million one hundred thousand cubic yards of materials. This piled up in Fifth Avenue in New York would make a ridge fifty feet high from Twenty-third Street to One Hundred and Tenth Street. The blasts of dynamite weigh from seventy-five to five hundred pounds, and up to the time this article was written there had been used seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. One morning a small piece of rock at the bottom of a cut was shot, and a rock weighing one hundred thousand pounds unexpectedly fell from under the track where the outbound locomotives were kept lined up. The operating department got the engines out at the north end of the tracks and kept the traffic going without serious delay. That, in spite of incidents such as this, trains have been kept moving in and out of the Grand Central Station throughout the construction operations without troublesome interruptions is proof of the highest engineering and operating care and skill.

The study of large modern passenger terminals suggests, among others, two very interesting questions. One is as to whether so much money ought to be spent on the station buildings. The station building of the Chicago and North Western terminal cost six million three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The station building of the Pennsylvania in New York cost ten million dollars, including nothing for excavation and retaining walls. The station building of the Kansas City terminal probably will cost five million dollars. The station building and north approach of the Washington terminal cost thirteen million dollars, of which probably eight or nine millions was for the station building. These are large figures. The needs of travellers, merely as travellers, could be met with much less expenditure. Even where steam power is used additional stories for offices can be erected over the station proper from which a large revenue can be derived; and, as the New York Central is showing, where electricity is used, the space over the tracks—amounting in the case of the

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Grand Central terminal to over twenty-five acres—can also be very profitably devoted to commercial purposes. Such station buildings as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York, of the Union terminal of Washington, of the North Western at Chicago, and of the Union terminal under erection at Kansas City, occupying large areas of valuable ground, utilizing much less space above the station proper for railway and other commercial offices than might be devoted to them, and in which the most costly materials are used, are designed and built as much for æsthetic as for utilitarian reasons; and their artistic and monumental character both greatly increases their cost, thus adding to fixed charges, and reduces their earning capacity. Whether one will favor the artistic or utilitarian design will depend on how his tastes run. The economist condemns these magnificent buildings on the ground that they involve economic waste—which cannot be controverted. The artist and art lover defend them on the ground that they delight the eye and improve the taste of all the millions who use them—which is equally incontrovertible. The expenditure on the station buildings, while large absolutely, is a relatively small part of the total cost of large terminals, and therefore, any economy made in their construction would not materially reduce the total cost in rendering the terminal service.

The second question referred to is whether such large terminals ought to be built at all. In London there are about twenty stations. Certainly the convenience of most persons in going to and from trains, especially when, as in London, the railway stations are connected by underground lines, is better served where there are so many stations than where there is but one or a few. Therefore, some railway men who have given much attention to the subject believe that future development will be along the line of the construction of more and smaller terminals located in various parts of a city and connected by subways. Perhaps when all railway terminals are electrified the roads will run their own trains through such subways and make each of several stations a union station, so that, regardless of where a traveller lives, he can go to a station located conveniently for him and catch a train for any destination.

Whether the station buildings of the future shall be more or less beautiful and monumental than the new ones now being erected, whether the number of stations in each city shall be few or many, the cost of providing for transportation into and out of our large cities, already very great, seems sure to grow more and more. The total cost of the Washington terminal was about twenty million dollars. The total cost of the Kansas City terminal will be forty million dollars. As we have seen, the cost of the North Western terminal was twenty-four million dollars; that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one hundred and fifteen million dollars; and that of the New York Central, one hundred and fifty million dollars. The average capitalization per mile of the railways of the United States is sixty-two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven dollars. If we assume this represents their cost, then the cost of these five terminals is equal to the cost of an average railway extending from New York to San Francisco, and thence back to Cincinnati. The fixed charges, taxes, and operating expenses of one of the largest terminals for each train run in or out of it are nine dollars and nine cents; for another eleven dollars and fifty-five cents, for still another, fourteen dollars and thirty-five cents; and for a fourth, eighteen dollars and forty-five cents. These figures may not on first thought seem large. A little consideration will show they really are very large. The earnings from running a passenger train one mile in the United States average but one dollar and thirty cents. On this basis a train leaving one of these terminals must run from seven to fourteen miles before it earns enough to pay the mere terminal expense involved in operating it. This is as far as many suburban trains ever run. It is hard, or impossible, on any basis of computation, to show that the railways earn any profit on most of their big terminals. But, whatever the cost of the terminal service, it is a service that must be rendered; therefore, the money to pay for the big terminals must be, and is being, found; and the improvement in the way in which the terminal service is being rendered is one of the most pronounced features of contemporary transportation in the United States.

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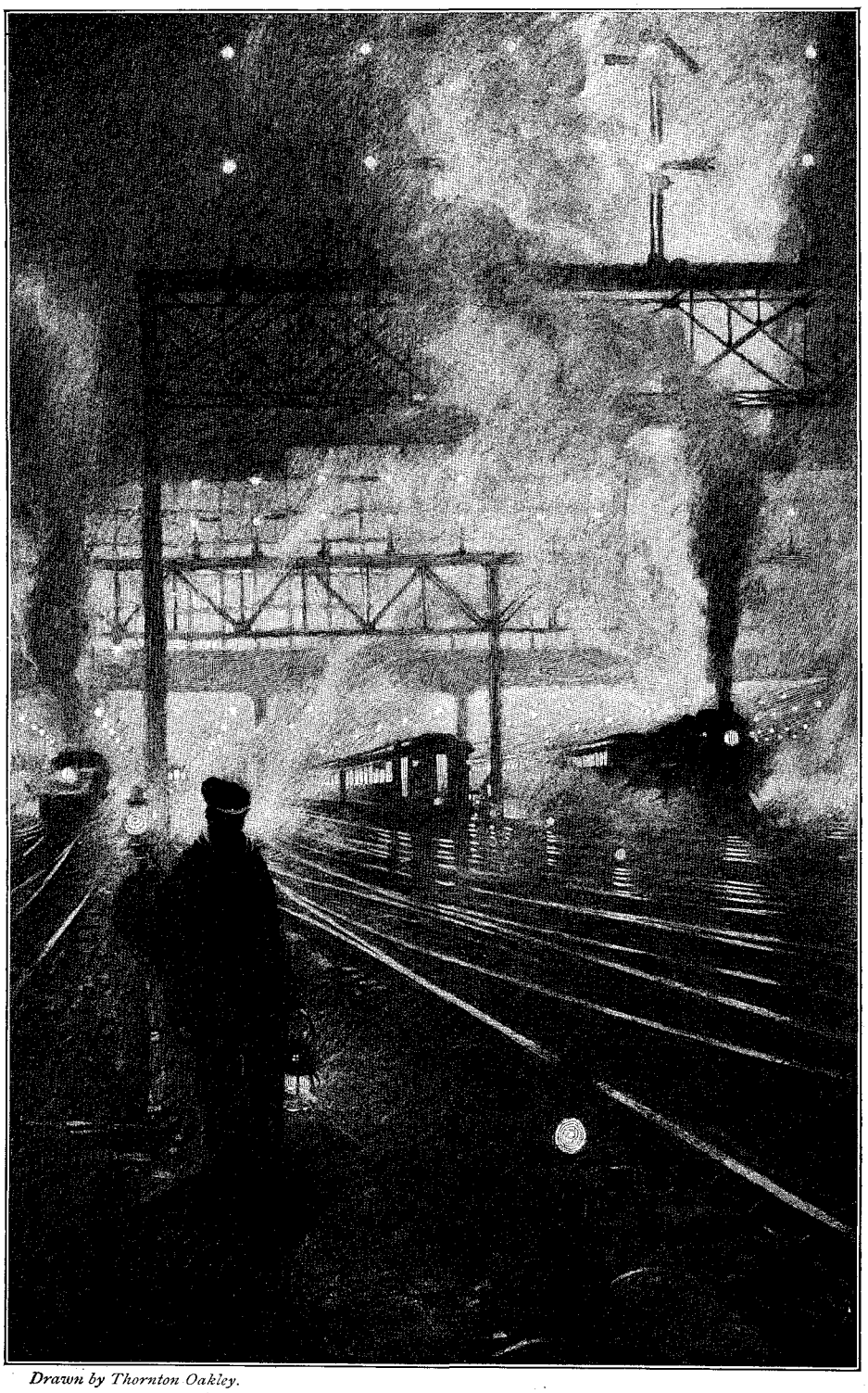

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

South Station, Boston. Looking out from the station shed at signal bridge and lights.

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THE HACIENDA

By Molly Elliot Seawell

Illustrations by David Robinson

THE passage through the deep, dark, and frightful Pass of the Vultures, and the sudden opening upon the broad, bright valley and the hacienda of La Gioja, with its lovely gardens basking in the May sunshine, its fair orchards, and the great, billowy fields of green wheat was like the passage from Hell to Paradise. The Pass was like one great cleft of the hammer of God down into the inferno. In its glooming depths, upon which the sun had never shone since the primeval dawn, a river as black as the Styx dashed over the bowlders, making a cry that sounded like the wail of a lost soul. Over it vultures were ever hovering, a strange thing, considering that men and animals rushed through the dreadful Pass, not halting long enough even to die. It was the highway between the rich Mexican valleys, but on this May day three men chose rather to ride over the mountain peak where they could look down upon the Vulture Pass, or, if they chose, turn their gaze to the heavenly valley and the beautiful hacienda. Two of these men, the Gonzalese brothers, Luis and Giorgio, were good types of the high-class Castilian—Mexican, dark, handsome, lithe, and soft spoken. The third man, who rode between the brothers, was Charteris, an American, fair-skinned under his tan and sunburn, and was clean-shaven and close-cropped.

Giorgio Gonzales kept his hand upon Charteris's bridle rein, while Charteris's own hands were tied behind his back.

When they reached the highest point of the peak, they dismounted, and Luis Gonzales tethered the three ponies, while Giorgio unbound Charteris's hands and tied his knees together instead, conversing amicably with him meanwhile. They then sat down on the ground, lighted cigarettes, Charteris puffing away cheerfully, while Giorgio explained matters.

"Women," said Giorgio, "are strange creatures——"

"You bet they are," interrupted Charteris.

"And the Mexican woman of Castilian blood is the strangest on earth, and the strangest of the Mexican women is my aunt, Doña Josefa Maria Belina Rodriguez de Gonzales, who lives at La Gioja."

"Ah!" said Charteris; "any relation to Don Enrique de Rodriguez, whom I had the pleasure of delivering a month ago to the warden of the Texas penitentiary to serve a twenty years' sentence for robbery and murder?"

"Her husband," replied Luis Gonzales, with a grin; "and we are taking you to La Gioja by the orders of our aunt, the wife of Enrique Rodriguez. I never heard he was a Don. Don means gentleman."

"It is a trifle awkward," remarked Charteris, trying to ease a little the leather strap around his knees.

"More so than you think, perhaps," answered Giorgio. "We may as well now tell you of the circumstances. When you captured Rodriguez and carried him off and had him tried and sentenced, my aunt offered a reward of ten thousand American gold dollars for your capture. The men who caught you a week ago and brought you across the border have got that ten thousand dollars in gold and divided it among them. We, my brother and I, gave

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them the money and took charge of you. By the orders of that strange woman, Doña Rodriguez de Gonzales, we are to take you to the hacienda and to keep you there until her son Pedro arrives from Vera Cruz, which he cannot do for a week yet."

"Rather an embarrassing visit," said Charteris, coolly. "And what will happen when Pedro arrives?"

"He will shoot you," replied Giorgio, with equal coolness. "Doña Rodriguez did not require of us that we should kill you, because we are but nephews, and she has a son, and it is his duty, not ours, to do the shooting."

Charteris's heart stopped a moment, as a man's will when he hears this kind of news, and although the blue air was warm, he suddenly felt an icy coldness from head to foot. But his eye remained indomitable, and his hand unshaken as he reached out for another cigarette.

"A little startling," he said; "I am afraid your aunt is a revengeful person."

"If you had killed Rodriguez, it would not have been so bad," replied Luis. "It is the putting him in the penitentiary, the horrible disgrace of it, and, worst of all, the coming true of the predictions of Doña Rodriguez's family and friends, that has brought you to this pass. She was born a Gonzales, very rich, and married a Covarrubias, also of great fortune and Castilian ancestry. When she was a widow with two children, Pedro and Luisita, she first saw Rodriguez in the bull ring and fell in love with him as never lady did before with a matador, and married him in spite of the protests of all her family and friends. She even contrived so that the two Covarrubias children were legally adopted by Rodriguez, and has never allowed any one to tell them that they were not the children of their stepfather. Everybody predicted that Rodriguez would come to a bad end, and it is that which so infuriates his wife. What a pity that you ever meddled with him!"

"I couldn't very well help it," answered Charteris, "as the sheriff of Alfalfa County. Rodriguez and his crew were simply a terror upon the border. I was elected sheriff with the understanding that I was to clean out the gang. When I finally bagged Rodriguez on American soil, with a full set of American naturalization papers on him, to use, if necessary, against the Mexican authorities, there was nothing for me to do but to put a pistol to his head and escort him to the nearest railway station, and I never left him until I landed him at the Austin penitentiary. After all, it was a big thing, because three sheriffs preceding me had died with their boots on from Rodriguez's revolver."

"How did you ever get into Rodriguez's camp?" asked Giorgio.

Charteris, still cold, and his heart still beating low and feebly, answered in his usual cheerful voice.

"Oh, I got in as a horse-doctor. You see, during my four years' course at Harvard and two years at the University of Virginia I wanted to find out how much or how little those Eastern vets knew about the cult of the horse. I discovered that they knew some things I don't know, although I had been born and reared in Alfalfa County, where my father never had less than forty horses on the ranch. I heard that the horse-sickness had broken out in Rodriguez's camp, so I went in as horse-doctor and cured the horses. If I had not, I think I never would have got out alive, but I did, and brought Rodriguez out with me."

"*You* a horse-doctor!" said Giorgio, laughing. "You look more like an Eastern dude."

"I have no desire to be an Eastern dude," answered Charteris, with an answering grin, although he was still cold and weak; "I tried it for six years. I couldn't stand Boston any longer, and I thought maybe Virginia might be a sort of break. My people came from there originally. Then I went to Europe for a year or two, trying to forget the sweet smell of the alfalfa and the feel of the broncho hobbling along under me, and the swish of the lasso on the plains, but I couldn't. So I came back to Texas, and got elected sheriff before my last birthday, when I was twenty-nine years old—and here I am."

As Charteris spoke, he glanced down into the Pass of the Vultures. It was like a look into Gehenna.

"Now, then," said Giorgio, "we have a proposition to make you, which we suggested to our aunt, and she agreed to it. We do not like to act as jailers, and we give you a choice. Either you can be shot now —by accident, of course—or we will take

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you to the hacienda on your parole, to stay until Pedro Rodriguez arrives to shoot you. If you will give us your parole, you will be treated as a guest until Pedro comes. The reason of this is on account of Luisita, our cousin. She is a young girl, and it would excite her suspicions if we treated you as a prisoner, and her mother wants to keep the whole business from the girl. Now, if you will stay there quietly until Pedro comes, and you will pass as our friend, the girl will be completely deceived. The day after Pedro arrives we will be shooting at a mark in the garden, and you will be accidentally shot; then Luisita will never suspect what happened. The mother is very careful about the girl, as Mexican mothers are, and Luisita is a girl to be carefully watched. She has a very strong character, and is extremely tender-hearted and merciful, and if she suspected what will happen, she might turn against her mother and her brother and Rodriguez. So now you know the terms upon which you may have a week more to live."

What man at twenty-nine with red blood in his veins would have declined that week of life?

"A great deal may happen in a week," remarked Charteris, after a pause. "I give you my parole."

"Recollect," said Luis, warningly, "you are to be a guest, and the slightest violation of that character we shall consider as breaking the parole, and the accident will happen immediately."

"I understand," answered Charteris. "But how am I to be a guest at a place like that," pointing to the hacienda, "with ladies of Castilian blood, and I in these riding-clothes?"

"Oh," replied Giorgio, "we can find you a plenty of good clothes. Rodriguez had a splendid wardrobe, which still remains at La Gioja."

"All right, then," answered Charteris. "But why did your respected uncle-in-law leave that lovely place to turn robber at intervals on the American border?"

"Because," said Giorgio, with a peculiar gesture of his finger on his nose, "our respected uncle-in-law was nothing but a peon. He was an inborn scoundrel, and never would have stayed at La Gioja at all but for the influence of his wife. This peon, robber, and scoundrel thought he could manage his high-born wife, and he had a plenty of courage too, but the first time he struck her she gave him such a tremendous beating that he was ill in bed for a week. Doña Josefa could not make him permanently a gentleman, or even a decent man, but she actually made him spend some months out of every year masquerading as a gentleman before her children and servants. She came far away from Mexico City to this place, but it was unfortunately too near the border. Rodriguez, in addition to his other virtues, was an inveterate gambler, and his wife would not give him money to gamble with and spend on other women. So he would disappear for months, being an American citizen on American soil, and a Mexican in Mexico, and get money to go to New Orleans, which he loved, and enjoy himself in low delights. He always came back, however, to his wife, for I really believe that vile as he is, she held a charm for him not altogether fear."

While Giorgio was speaking, Charteris's strong body got warm again, and his heart began beating normally. But he did not for an instant doubt that in seven days his body would be cold as marble, and his heart quite still. He was familiar with that awful anachronism, a life going out suddenly, at twenty-nine, like the sun unexpectedly setting at noonday.

Then, after finishing some more cigarettes, the three men remounted and rode down the rocky path that skirted the fields and orchards and gardens of La Gioja.

Charteris thought he had never seen so beautiful a court-yard as that of the hacienda, with its pink marble colonnade, its splendid masses of white and pink and purple flowers, and a great crystal fountain glittering in the sunlight. But all the beauty of the radiant world about him was forgotten when Charteris's eyes fell upon two figures standing in the court-yard. He recognized Luisita at once—a slim girl, with a skin milk-white as her gown, red-lipped, black-haired, and with the darkest, softest, sweetest eyes that ever woman had. One slender arm was outstretched into the fountain, which caressed it.

But not even Luisita's charm could eclipse Madame Rodriguez, stately and graceful, beautiful in spite of her fifty years. Although no widow, she wore a

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widow's mourning, and a long black veil hung to the bottom of her trailing skirt.

As in a dream, Charteris was introduced to Madame Rodriguez. When he looked into her eyes, darkly splendid, he felt himself a dead man; there was no mercy in that cool glance of controlled triumph. Madame Rodriguez had the soul of Lucretia Borgia, of an Elizabeth of England; when she could put an enemy out of the world, she rather enjoyed it.

Then Charteris turned to Luisita, and their eyes met. In that moment the magic bond was forged, the winged thought went forth.

Still in a dream, Charteris was shown to a handsome bedroom, where presently Giorgio Gonzales followed him.

"Here," said Giorgio, opening wardrobes and bureau drawers, "are the clothes and linen of Rodriguez—all made by the best tailors in New Orleans. I told my aunt that you had demanded that you should be dressed as a gentleman the week before you were shot, and that I had offered you Rodriguez's clothes. She laughed, and agreed."

It was the hour of the siesta, and Charteris, left alone, lay down on the big, luxurious bed, and tried to adjust himself to his new and awful perspective. Instead, he found himself thinking of Luisita, and before he knew it he had fallen into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Charteris waked at five o'clock, and had his bath, and dressed himself in an immaculate suit of white flannel belonging to the gentleman for whose sake he was to be shot, and who was at that moment wearing striped clothes in the Austin penitentiary. The costume fitted Charteris perfectly, and even the black silk stockings and patent-leather shoes of Rodriguez seemed made for his enemy.

Charteris thought, and rather hoped, that his appearance, arrayed in the clothes of Rodriguez, would perhaps give Madame Rodriguez a shock. But she only smiled—a smile as crafty as the serpent of old Nile.

The dinner was served in a corner of the colonnade, the rosy dusk lighted by softly burning lamps. Charteris followed the Mexican etiquette and devoted himself to Madame Rodriguez, ignoring Luisita. But occasionally their eyes met, and Charteris thought the faint, elusive dimple in the girl's cheek the sweetest thing on earth—this green earth he was so soon to leave.

Nothing could exceed Madame Rodriguez's grace and composure except that of Charteris. After dinner, they went into the great, cool, dim drawing-room to hear Luisita sing, and then Fate provided Charteris and Luisita with a mode to express the deep and silent passion that had sprung up in their hearts and grew with magic strength. When Luisita was turning over the sheets of music, Madame Rodriguez said:

"I wish your brother were here that you might sing some of those charming duets."

In reply to this veiled and grewsome reminder, Charteris said coolly:

"Perhaps Mademoiselle Luisita will permit me to sing the man's part in these duets until her brother arrives."

He picked up a sheet of music, and Luisita, with the outward innocence of a child, but with the subtle intelligence of a woman, glanced at him and began the accompaniment. She had a clear and bell-like soprano, well trained, and Charteris an excellent baritone. Together they sang those impassioned words which are the soul of all songs: "I love thee. Dost thou love me?"

This duet-singing had not been contemplated by the Gonzales brothers, nor by Madame Rodriguez, and when Luisita had gone upstairs for the night, Madame Rodriguez, in a corner of the drawing-room, spoke her mind to Charteris, and Charteris spoke his in return.

"It was no part of my pact," he said boldly, "that I should not sing duets with a charming young lady. I am your guest, and I am in seven days a dead man, so why should I not be treated civilly?"

"That is true," replied Luis Gonzales to Madame Rodriguez.

"But Luisita has seen very few men," said Madame Rodriguez, hesitating a little.

"And, therefore, she may remember me after I am gone," answered Charteris. "There is nothing I should like better. Excuse me, Madame Rodriguez, but all the discomforts of keeping our agreement must not fall to me."

"They do not," said Madame Rodriguez. "Do you not suppose that your presence——"

Here Giorgio Gonzales interrupted her.

"Remember," he said firmly, "Mr. Char-

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teris is a guest. Our honor, my brother's and mine, is pledged to him."

Madame Rodriguez then rose, and, with the graceful condescension of a great lady, acquiesced.

It seemed to Charteris as if those seven days were like the seven ages of man. In them he lived through eons of time. Charteris, like all men, was made up of dirt and divinity, but the dirt was refined away in the fiery furnace in which his soul was being tried. Everywhere he turned his eyes he saw the abyss before him, but he looked into it with a strange calmness. He could not accept the idea that man had a dog-like fate, to appear a while, to struggle, to disappear forever. He could not put his thoughts into words, but many times in the night he would rise from his bed and, lifting his arms above his head, as he gazed at the solemn stars, would cry:

"My God, I know not! But Thou knowest."

He was secretly amazed at his own coolness, that he was able to sleep some hours of every night, that he endured unshaken the saying "Hail" and "Farewell" to the great master passion. For not only he gave his whole heart and soul to Luisita Rodriguez quickly—for he had no time to lose—but he saw with the eyes of a man that this innocent girl gave him her pure heart and spotless soul in return.

As for Madame Rodriguez, Charteris positively admired her calm and unrelenting vengeance. Every day, at some time, she spoke of Pedro's arrival by the coming Sunday. Luisita, who loved Pedro, counted the days until he came, not knowing that she was counting the sands of life for Charteris. The Gonzales brothers, ever scrupulously courteous to Charteris, began to show signs of nervousness, and Charteris noticed that they always abruptly turned the conversation when Pedro's arrival was mentioned.

The days continued beautiful, cool, and bright. Each afternoon there was some little excursion—a walk through the wheat-fields of the valley or a ride among the hills and peaks. Always Charteris, in his character of guest, escorted Madame Rodriguez.

On the Saturday afternoon there was a riding-party. As usual, Luisita rode ahead with her cousins, Luis and Giorgio, on each side of her, and Madame Rodriguez and Charteris following. Luisita insisted on going through the Pass of the Vultures. As they entered the great, cold, dark canyon, with the line of blue at the top obscured by overhanging trees, Luisita raised her eyes to the cleft in the Pass and cried in her musical, high-pitched voice:

"See, there are the vultures!"

As she spoke, her horse, blinded by the sudden darkness, swerved and stumbled upon the bowlders over which the black stream flowed, moaning and lamenting. The pony went down on his knees, but Charteris's strong arm was around Luisita's slender waist in an instant, and the next moment they were both standing on the slippery rocks in the darkness, while the pony struggled to his feet, the pounding of his hoofs reverberating through the Pass. In that brief moment, Charteris, unseen, had brushed his lips against Luisita's red mouth.

"We must turn back," cried the voice of Madame Rodriguez in the gloom. And the whole party sought the light, Luis Gonzales leading Luisita's pony and Giorgio by the side of Madame Rodriguez, while Charteris and Luisita, in that place of horror, exchanged those swift and silent endearments so sweet and so secret.

When they came out into the light, Luisita was as pale as death, and said she could ride no farther, and they all returned to the hacienda. As they entered the court-yard, Pedro Rodriguez greeted them—a handsome young man, singularly like Luisita. He seemed slightly surprised at finding Charteris, who was to him evidently an unexpected guest. In a little while Pedro Rodriguez disappeared with his mother and was gone until dinner time. When Charteris came down to dinner, dressed in an immaculate costume belonging to the husband of the woman who demanded his life, one look at Pedro Rodriguez showed that he had passed through a crisis. His face had a blue pallor, and he could scarcely speak, and made no pretence at dining. Madame Rodriguez urged him to drink some of the excellent champagne that was going around, which Pedro did. Occasionally he cast a furtive glance at Charteris, calm and unmoved. Charteris in the midst of this agitation felt a certain triumph, and it was from this sense of triumph that, when he went into the drawing-room afterward, he at once

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proposed their duet-singing to Luisita, and they went to the piano. In turning over the music Charteris felt a little wad of paper put into his hand. Then the singing began, the two voices blending exquisitely, flooding the great high-ceiled saloon with melody. In the middle of the second song, they heard a strange noise. Pedro Rodriguez had fallen from his chair in a dead faint. He quickly revived and making some excuse about the hard journey, went to his room, his mother carrying Luisita off at the same time. Charteris was glad to go to his room that he might read Luisita's note. With doors and windows locked he read this:

"I heard my mother commanding my brother to kill you to-morrow afternoon in the garden by the orange-trees. Pedro went down on his knees and wept and pleaded, but my mother made him promise, under threat of her everlasting curse. I know what Pedro does not—that my mother's husband is not our father—so I do not hate you for what you have done with him. Escape as quickly as you can, and take no thought of me, for whether I ever see you again or not, I shall love you forever."

Charteris kissed the note, then watched it shrivel to ashes in his hand.

The next morning being Sunday, it was the custom of Madame Rodriguez to assemble the family and servants in her oratory, for this strange woman believed in prayer, as did Judith and Jael. But to-day she made an excuse of illness, nor was Luisita suffered to appear either.

Charteris spent the morning walking about the gardens, looking at the good green earth and the blue sky above him. He should have been in despair, but he was not; he should have been wildly agitated, but he was calm.

At the midday breakfast Luisita did not appear, but Pedro, paler and more agitated than ever, was present. When it was over he rose and said in a strange voice:

"Are you a good shot, Mr. Charteris?"

"Pretty good," replied Charteris, "for an American."

"Then," said Pedro, trembling, "at four o'clock we will go into the garden and try shooting at a mark."

"With pleasure," answered Charteris.

Charteris went to his room and put on his old leather riding-clothes; he did not want to die in the clothes of a convict.

The hours passed somehow, he could not exactly tell, but at four o'clock the four men strolled into the great odorous garden, with its hedges of giant red geraniums and the tall row of orange-trees in tubs against a high brick wall. When they reached the spot, Charteris, smilingly taking off his hat, backed up against the brick wall.

"There is no use for any make-believe. I am the mark at which you, Pedro Rodriguez, are to shoot. I have only two things to say—I believe in the good God, and I love your sister and she loves me."

Giorgio Gonzales was examining a pistol and put it in Pedro's hand. Charteris raised his clasped hands above his head, as he had done many times in that week, and cried in a piercing voice:

"My God, Thou knowest!"

Then suddenly, as he stood poised between two worlds, he felt caressing arms around his neck and Luisita's soft form against his breast. The next moment a shot crashed out, and Charteris, clasping Luisita, staggered back. From her bare, white arm a torrent of blood was gushing. At once, as if by magic, Pedro and the two Gonzaleses and Madame Rodriguez, who had appeared as quickly as a vision, were rushing toward them, but Luisita, clinging to Charteris, looked back at them, a pale smile on her paler lips.

"You shall not touch me," she said. "It is you who would have killed him. I am his, and his alone, and no one shall touch me but him."

Madame Rodriguez was on her knees holding out her arms, but Luisita with her feeble strength fought her off. Then Charteris laid Luisita upon the ground, and with his clenched fist made Madame Rodriguez fall back.

"You shall not touch her," he said. "She is mine alone."

His experience as an amateur horse-doctor stood him in good stead. He tore Luisita's white skirt from her fainting body, and with rude but effective surgery bandaged her arm as a surgeon would. She lay quite still, and no one interfered with Charteris. When her wound was bound up, he took her in his arms and walked quickly to the house. The mother followed, walking like a woman in a dream. The Gon-

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Drawn by David Robinson.

When he looked into her eyes, darkly splendid, he felt himself a dead man; there was no mercy in that cool glance.—Page 446.

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zaleses had to carry Pedro, who was as helpless as a dead man.

Once inside the house, Luisita whispered a name—"Anita."

"Send me Anita," ordered Charteris. "She shall help me; no one else shall."

He carried Luisita upstairs and laid her upon her little white bed and gave her the water which she craved. There was no doctor within a hundred miles, and no one dare interfere with Charteris, who seemed to know what he was doing. He would let no one enter the room except Anita, the middle-aged, steady Mexican servant.

And so for seven days Luisita lay upon her white bed, attended by Anita and Charteris. Outside the door the mother on her knees begged and prayed to see her child, for even a tigress loves her young, but this tigress-mother had met her master at last in Charteris.

"It would kill Luisita to see you," he said. "You may stay here as long as you make no noise, but if you begin crying so that Luisita may hear you, you must go away."

For seven days and nights Madame Rodriguez kept her strange and silent watch in the corridor leading to her child's room, the child she was forbidden to see.

At the end of seven days Luisita was getting better. The doctor, a hundred miles away, had been sent for, but he had gone two hundred miles in another direction and came not. At the end of fourteen days Charteris lifted Luisita from her bed to a great chair by the window, where she could watch the green wheat turning to gold under the radiant sun of June. At the end of three weeks she could walk up and down the long balcony outside her window. Still she had seen no one but Anita and Charteris. At the end of the fourth week she was able to travel, and then Charteris said to her:

"My dearest, the priest comes to-morrow morning to marry us, and then you and I take the road together."

Luisita looked at him with shining eyes.

"I have been so happy in the last four weeks," she said. "I did not think I could be any happier, but perhaps—yes—I know I shall be happier still when I am your wife."

Not once had she asked for her mother. Once she said:

"Tell Pedro I forgive him. He could not help himself."

As Charteris sat on the balcony with her that night, a knock came at the door, and Charteris, opening it, saw Madame Rodriguez on the outside.

"Let me come in, let me come in," she cried, weeping, "to give my daughter her wedding gown and veil."

Over her arm she carried a lustrous white satin gown, some of Luisita's girlish finery, and on it lay a long lace veil. Charteris bade her enter, and she went out on the balcony. A shudder ran over Luisita from head to foot, and she turned her head away, but Madame Rodriguez, on her knees, pleaded:

"See, Luisita, I have brought you your white gown to be married in, and a wedding veil—not mine, not mine."

Luisita turned her eyes toward her mother, and the two women gazed at each other with that strange drawing together of the mother and child, that chord that can never be broken. Charteris left them alone. Even his heart had been touched by Madame Rodriguez's misery.

The next morning Charteris and Luisita were married in the little oratory, and Luisita, by easy stages, made the hundred miles to the train.

"I think," said Charteris to her on their marriage day, "that we had better go away from this part of the country. We shall both be better off in New York, just as far away as we can from all that reminds us of La Gioja."

The next winter, people who went to the opera often noticed a young couple who came regularly. Charteris had resigned his office as sheriff of Alfalfa County, and had established himself in New York as the agent of a horse-raising association in Texas. He and his young wife lived in a small apartment and were not rich. Sometimes Charteris asked Luisita if she did not regret the splendid hacienda, the lovely gardens, the beautiful costumes, the gorgeous trips to Paris that she had well known.

"No," answered Luisita, the most truthful of women. "I never knew what happiness was until I married you. Paradise may be large or small, it may be high up in a city building, or it may be in the midst of glorious gardens, but it is always Paradise."

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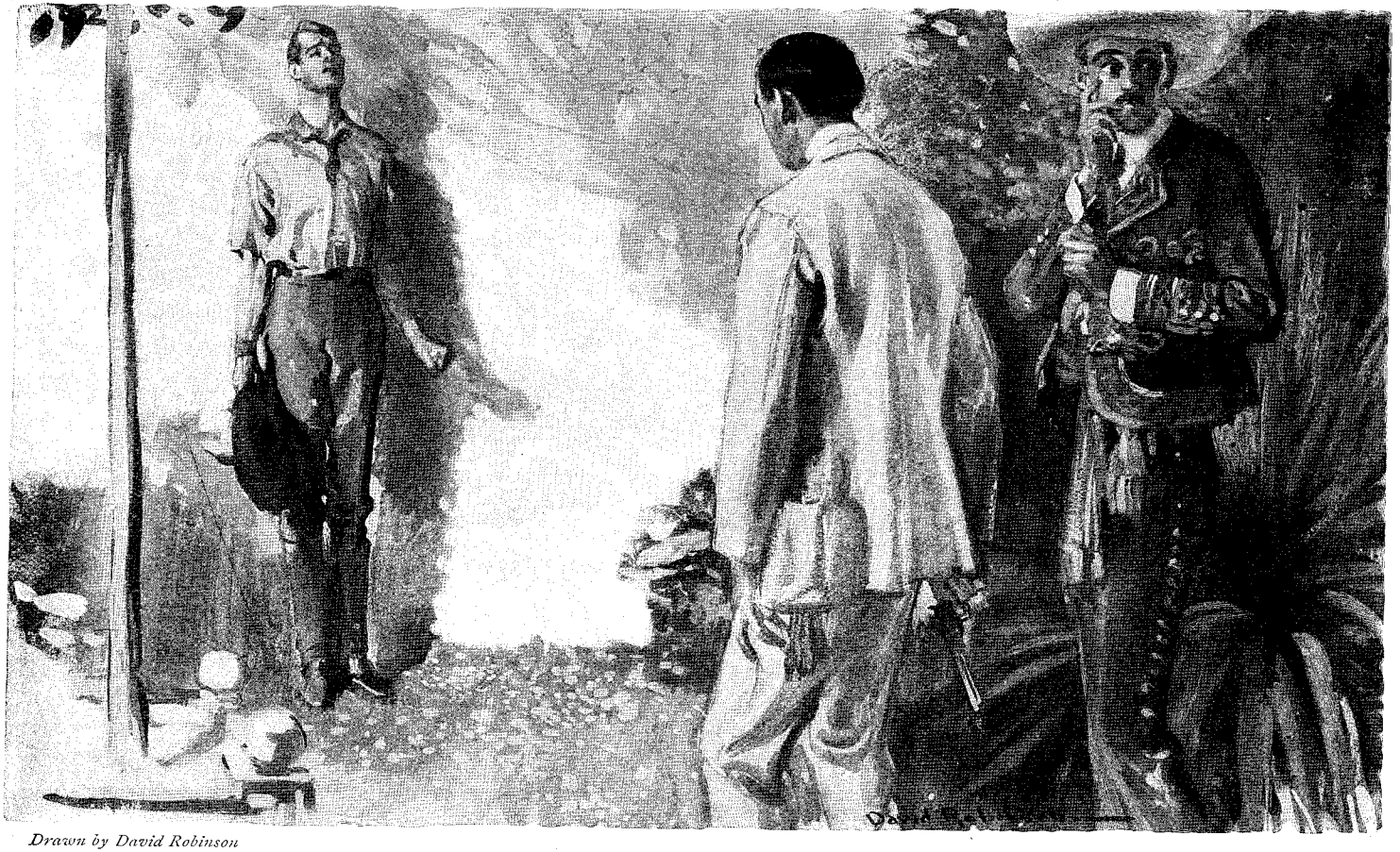

Drawn by David Robinson

"I have only two things to say—I believe in the good God, and I love your sister and she loves me."—Page 448.

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FOG WRAITHS

By Mildred Howells

IN from the ocean the white fog creeps,
Blotting out ship, and rock, and tree,
While wrapped in its shroud, from the soundless deeps
Back to the land come the lost at sea.

Over the weeping grass they drift
By well-known paths to their homes again,
To finger the latch they may not lift
And peer through the glistering window-pane.

Then in the churchyard each seeks the stone
To its memory raised among the rest,
And they watch by their empty graves alone
Till the fog rolls back to the ocean's breast.

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Looking from the Illinois side of the Mississippi River over the Missouri lowlands.
From a decoration by F. O. Sylvester in the High School Library, Decatur, Illinois.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

II.—"THE RIVER COLBERT"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY F. O. SYLVESTER AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[JOLIET, who with Marquette entered the Mississippi in 1673, gave to it, on one of his maps, the name "Colbert," in honor of the great French minister, and to the territory, now the heart of the Middle West, lying between the Wisconsin River and the Divine River (Illinois), the name "Colbertie" or "Amérique Occidentale." Marquette in his pious ecstasy acclaimed the river as "La Rivière de la Conception."]

I

It was in 1634 that there appeared, according to one credible account, the first man of white face upon the rim of the valley where the streams began to flow away from the Saint Lawrence and the Great Lakes toward the then unknown. He was a son of France, one of the coureurs-de-bois of Champlain, Jean Nicolet, but in Oriental costume. For, being an ambassador to the court of a nation called "The People of the Sea," he had visions of an Asiatic court, and so, perhaps for this reason, attired himself in a damask robe, embroidered with birds and flowers, carrying the while in his hand pistols to make a favorable impression or to meet a hostile emergency.

Colbert.

Whether he actually crossed the rim we do not certainly know. But he heard the fame of the Great Water from the "people of the sea," whom he found to be breech-clouted Indians instead of silk-robed Orientals, and returning to Quebec for the sacraments of the church, he brought, so I wish again to believe, to the dying Champlain rumor if not description of the valley beyond the margin of his famous map. So the French began to possess in their imaginations, before their canoes actually touched its streams, this valley toward the other sea.

And across every portage into that valley it was the men of France, so far as we know, who passed first of Europeans—from Lake Erie up to Lake Chautauqua; or across to Fort Le Bœuf and down French

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Stream in front of Fort Le Bœuf in spring freshet.

Creek into the Allegheny and the Ohio (La Belle Rivière); or up the Maumee and across to the Wabash (the Appian Way); or from Lake Michigan up the Saint Joseph and across to the Kankakee, at South Bend; or at Chicago from the Chicago River, across to the DesPlaines (to which with the Illinois River the French seem to have given the name "Divine"), and so on to the Mississippi.

It is this last approach that I learned first, and though a smoke now hangs habitually over the entrance, as a curtain, I have for myself but to push that aside to find the Divine River way still the best route into the greatest valley of earth. Man has diverted and confined this Divine River to very practical uses, and even changed its name, but it is hallowed still beyond all other approaches to the Great River. In a hut on the portage, Père Jacques Marquette spent his last winter on earth in sickness; down the river the brave de La Salle built his Fort Saint Louis on the great rock in the midst of his prairies, and, still farther down, his Fort Crèvecœur. On no other affluent stream are there braver and more stirring memories of French adventure and sacrifice than move along those waters or bivouac on those banks. And so I would have one's imagination take that trail toward the Mississippi and first see it glisten beneath the tall white cliffs which stand at the portal of the Divine River entry.

But the unquestioned discovery of the upper Mississippi was made by those who took the way of Nicolet (from Lake Michigan up Green Bay, then up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin). I know only a part of that way: the Fox River where it shrinks to little more than a ditch; the short portage path, now macadamized; the stately Wisconsin, along whose banks I have walked by dusk and night. One has there less disturbed approach to the spirit of the Great Water to which the aborigines made propitiatory and worshipful offerings.

It was in a June day in 1673 that Marquette and Joliet (Père Marquette, son of Rose de La Salle of Laon, and Joliet, son of the French wagon-maker of Quebec), travelling by this solemn route, saw below them, "avec une joie que je ne peux pas expliquer," the slow, gentle-currented Mississippi. Mark Twain has measured the time intervening between De Soto's discovery of the lower Mississippi and that day, in a chronology all his own: "After De Soto glimpsed the river, a fraction short of a quarter of a century elapsed, and then Shakespeare was born, lived a trifle over a half a century and died; and when he had been in his grave considerably over half a century, the second white man saw it.

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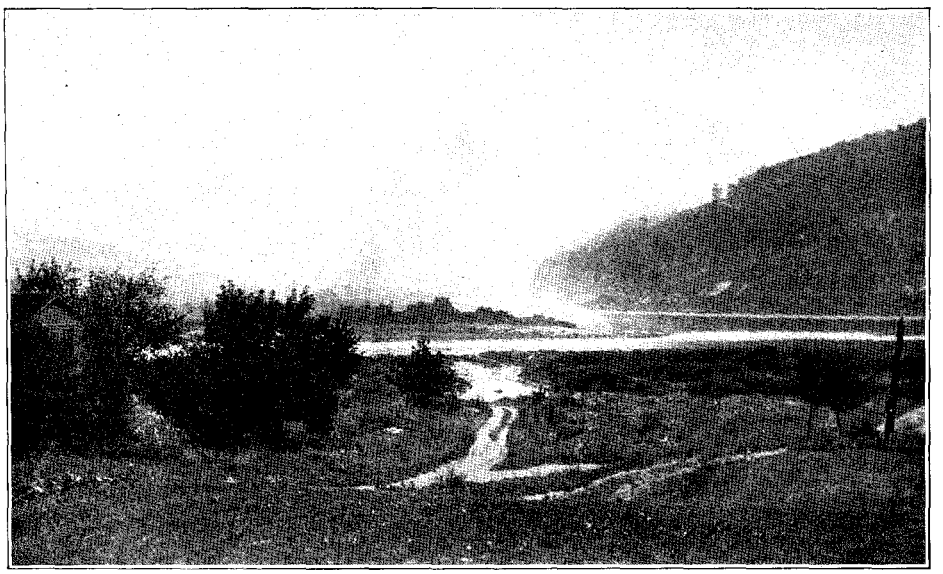
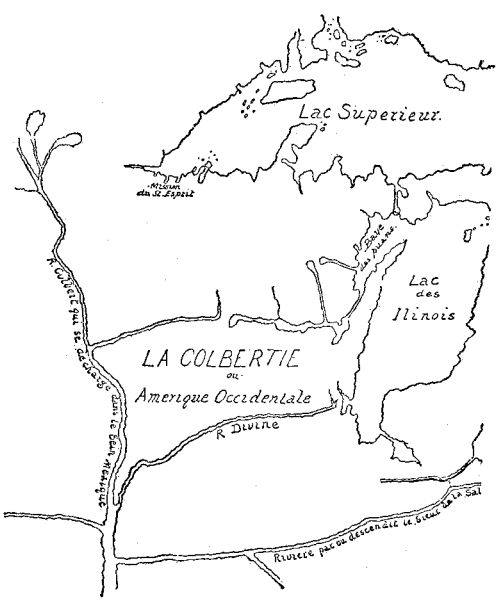


Where French Creek enters the Allegheny River.

It was in 1682 that La Salle, entering the Illinois by the Saint Joseph-Kankakee portage, followed the Mississippi to where it meets the great Gulf, possessing with his indomitable spirit the lower reaches of the stream whose upper waters had first been touched by the gentle Marquette and the practical Joliet and the vainglorious Hennepin. Between that day and the time when it became a course of regular and active commerce (again in Mark Twain's chronology), seven sovereigns had occupied the throne of England, America had become an independent nation, Louis XIV and Louis XV had died, and Napoleon was "a name that was beginning to be talked about."



Joliet's Map,
Showing River Colbert and La Colbertie.

To the Spanish this river was a hazard, to be gotten over. To the Indian it was the place of fish and defence. To the Anglo-American Empire of Wheels that by and by came over the mountains it was a barrier athwart the course—to be forded or ferried or bridged, but not to be followed. To be sure, it was later utilized by that empire for a little while as a path of dominant, noisy commerce, to get its products to market. And the keels of that commerce may come again to stir its waters. But the river will never be to its East-and-West migrants what it was to the French, whose evangelists, both of empire and of the soul, saw its significance, caught its spirit into

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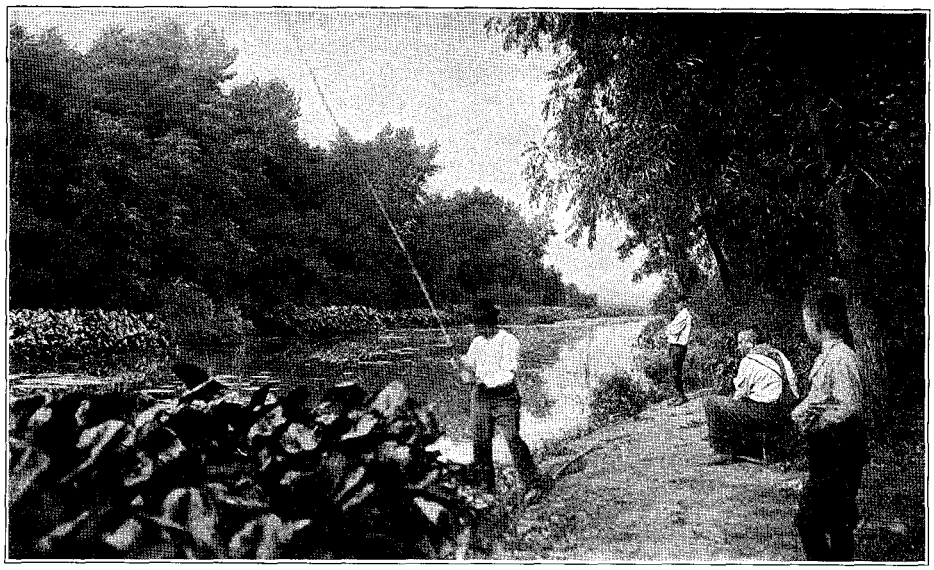

Along the Des Plaines.

their own veins, and, from the day when Marquette and Joliet found their courage roused and their labor of rowing from morning till night sweetened by the joy of their expedition, have possessed it for their own; and will possess it even though all the land belongs to others, and the waters are put to the use of millions who are of alien tongue. It is still the river of Marquette and Joliet, Nicolet, Groseilliers and Radisson, La Salle and Tonty, Hennepin and Accau, Gray Gowns and Black Gowns, Iberville and Bienville, Saint Ange and Laclede—or so it will be to some at any rate whose geography is not of the making of foolish monarchs or of treaties written by swords.

A prominent American historian, to whom we are much indebted with Parkman for what we know of this period, praises, by contrast with these who ventured their all without personal gain, those who kept industriously within smell of tide-water along the Atlantic shore. But when we reach the underlying motives of the exploration and settlement of this continent, do they who sought the sources and the paths to the smell of other tide-waters deserve dispraise? Or less praise than those who thriftily sat by the nearer shore? The English colonists were struggling for themselves and theirs, not for the good or glory of a country across seas. They had no reason to look beyond their short rivers so long as their valleys were fruitful and ample. Shall they be praised the more that they did not for a century venture beyond the sources of those streams? The first French followers of the river courses were devotees of a religion which drove them into the forests for the salvation of others, bearers of advancing banners for the glory of France, and lovers of nature and adventure. And if there were among them, as there were, avaricious men, we must be careful not to blame them more than those whose avarice or excessive thrift was economically more beneficial to the community and the colony and to themselves. Economic values and moral virtues as expressed in productivity of fields, mines, factories, church attendance, and obedience to the selectmen are so easy of assessment that it is difficult to get just appraisement for those who endured everything, not for their own freedom or gain, but for others' glory, and accomplished so little that could be measured in the terms of substantial economic or ecclesiastical progress.

II

To the red barbarian tribes of the valley this river was the "Mississippi"; that is, the Great Water. They must have named

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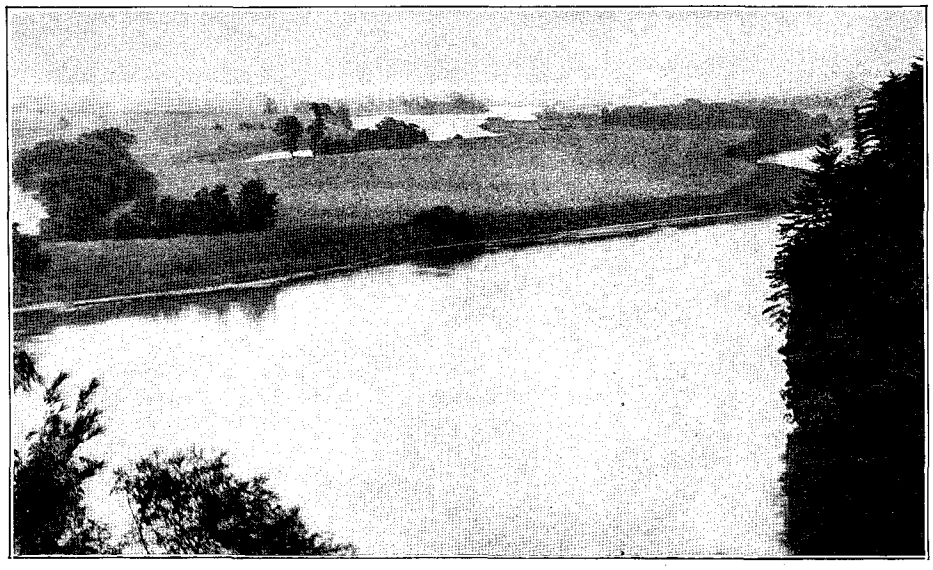

View from the site of Fort Saint Louis.

it so under the compulsion of the awe in which they stood of some part of it, and not from any knowledge of its length. They must have been impressed, especially they of the Lower Valley, as the white man of to-day is, by the "overwhelming, unbending grandeur of the wonderful spirit ruling the flow of the sands, the lumping of the banks, the unceasing shifting of the channel and the send of the mighty flood." No one tribe knew both its fountains and its delta, its sources and its mouth. To those midway of the valley it came out of the mystery of the Land of Frosts and passed silently on, or in places complainingly on, to the mystery of the Land of the Sun, into neither of which they dared penetrate, because of hostile tribes or the frailty of their boats. While the red men of the Mississippi lowlands were not able, as is the "swamp angel" of to-day, to discern the rising of its Red River tributary by the reddish tinge of the water in his particular bayou, or to measure by changing hues now the impulses of the Wisconsin or of the Ohio, and now of the richer-silted blood of the Rockies (as one writing of the river has graphically described), yet as they gazed with wonderment at the changes, they must have had visions of hills of red, green, and blue earth somewhere above their own lodges or hunting-grounds, and have had at times even some visible message from their brothers of the upper waters, some fragments of their handiwork—a broken canoe, an arrow-shaft. But the Men of the Sources, on the low water-sheds, heard only vague reports of the sea; even the Indians of Arkansas could "give no account of the sea, and had no word in their language, or idea or emblem, that could make them comprehend a great expanse of salt water like the ocean."

So the river was not the Source or Father of Running Waters, but the Great, the awe-inspiring, Water. The French were misled when they first heard Indian references to it, thinking it was what they were longing for, the Western ocean, a great expanse of salt water instead of another and a larger Seine. And when they did discover that it was a river, their first concern was not as to what lay along its course, but as to where it led.

That mystery no longer hangs over its waters. When the intrepid La Salle's "weathered voyageurs" in 1682 planted a cross on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, inscribed the arms of France on a tree, buried a leaden plate of possession in the earth, and sang "The Banners of Heaven's King Advance," they christened a new river, but they buried at the same moment the hope, long-cherished, of finding through that river a way to the Vermilion

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View from near the site of Fort Crèvecœur.

Sea or to China—at any rate till the Isthmus of Panama should be digged through.

The mystery of its sources up among "the swamps of the nests of the eagles" has also been uncovered, and that, too, by a man of France, by one who bore the same name as he who in grotesque costume looked over the rim of the Basin. This Nicolet was not, however, of Normandy, but of Savoy; and not a coureur-de-bois, but a professor of physics and astronomy at one time in Paris. Something drove or lured him out into the valley two centuries after the other Nicolet to explore the river. After spending five years in its companionship he returned to his teaching, taking a position in a little Catholic college in Baltimore. But the United States Government, learning of his valuable service, commissioned him to make another expedition that would enable him to complete his map of the region of the sources. What he then accomplished has given him "distinct and conspicuous place among the explorers of the Mississippi."

But the mystery was driven out upon the prairies. In Nicolet's admirable scientific report even, there are intimations of its flight. Once we discover him looking off toward plateaus "looming as if a distant shore." Again we come upon him with his guide, a stolid half-breed sitting on a slight elevation, gazing in silent rapture upon the boundless plains. And again the report of distances and elevations is interrupted by this rhapsody:

"It is difficult to express by words the varied impressions which the spectacle (of these prairies) produces. Their sight never wearies; to look at as prairie up or down, to ascend one of its undulations, to reach a small plateau [or as the voyageurs call it, a prairie planche], moving from wave to wave over alternate swells and depressions, and finally to reach the vast interminable low prairie that extends itself in front—be it for hours, days, or weeks, one never tires; pleasurable and exhilarating sensations are all the time felt; ennui is never experienced. There are moments of excessive heat or want of fresh water, but these are of short duration. There are no concealed dangers, no difficulties of road—a far-spreading verdure, relieved by a profusion of variously colored flowers, the azure of the sky above, or the tempest that can be seen from its beginning to its end, the beautiful modifications of the changing clouds, the curious looming of objects between earth and sky taxing the ingenuity every moment to rectify—all, everything, is calculated to excite the perception and keep alive the imagination. In the sum-

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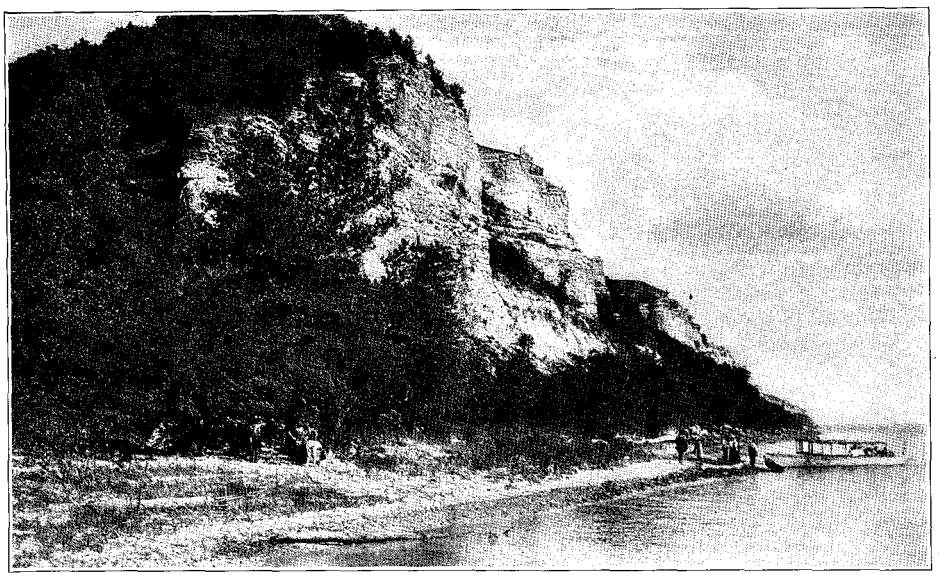

Mississippi River below the mouth of the Illinois.

mer season especially, everything upon the prairies is cheerful, graceful, animated. The Indians, with herds of deer, antelope, and buffalo, give motion to them. It is then they should be visited; and I pity the man whose soul could remain unmoved under such a scene of excitement."

But now that the prairie and plain have been possessed, the mystery has fled entirely from the valley or has hidden itself in the wildernesses and "bad lands." All is translated into the values of a matter-of-fact, pragmatic, industrious occupation.

These are some of the pragmatic and other facts concerning it, which I have gathered from the explorers and surveyors and lovers of this region, Ogg and Austin and Mark Twain among them.

The river lying wholly within the temperate zone is in this respect more fortunately situated than the more fertile valleyed Amazon, since the climate here, varied and sometimes inhospitable as it is, offers conditions of human development there denied.

The main stream is 2,500 miles in length; that is, about ten times that of the Seine. As Mark Twain has said, it is "the crookedest river" in the world, travelling 1,300 miles to cover the same ground that a crow would fly over in 675. For several hundred miles it is a mile in width. Back in 1882 it was 70 miles wide when the flood was highest.

The volume of water discharged by it into the sea is second only to the Amazon and is greater than that of all European rivers combined (omitting the Volga). The amount is estimated at 139 cubic miles annually; that is, it would fill annually a tank 139 miles long, 139 miles wide, and 139 miles high. With its tributaries it provides somewhat more than 16,000 miles of navigable water, more than any other system on the globe except the Amazon—and more than enough to reach from Lake Superior to Paris by way of Kamchatka and Alaska—about three-fourths of the way around the globe. The sediment deposited is 400,000,000 tons, enough to require daily for its removal 500 trains of 50 cars, each carrying 50 tons, and to make each year two square miles of new earth over a hundred feet deep.

The area which it drains is roughly a million and a quarter square miles, or two-fifths of the United States. That is, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy could be set down within this area and there would still be some room to spare.

It has the strength, for the most part put to no use whatever, of 60,000,000 horses. The difference between high water and low water is in some places fifty

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feet, which gives some impression of the range of its moodiness.

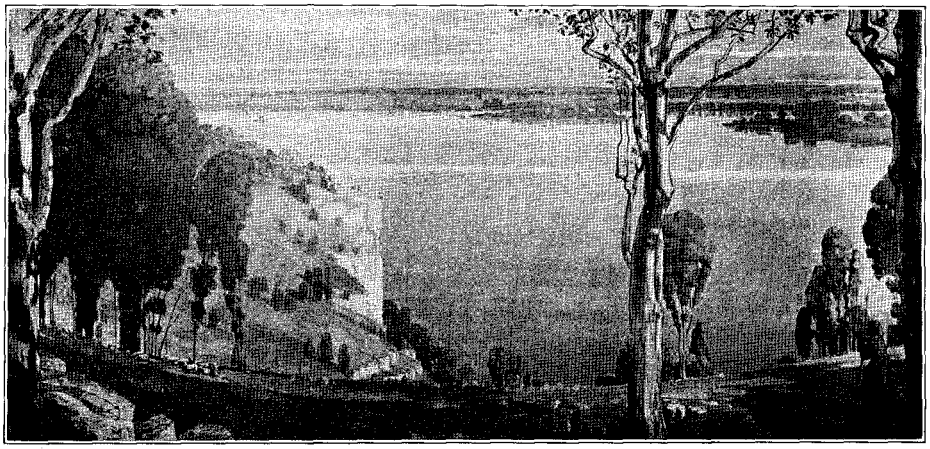
The isotherm which touches the southern limits of France passed midway between the source and mouth of the river. In the northern half it has the mean annual temperature of France, England, and Germany; in the southern half, of the Mediterranean coasts.

From the Gulf, into which it empties, a river (that is, an ocean river or current) runs through the ocean to the western coasts of Europe; another runs out along the north-eastern coast of South America, and, when the Panama Canal is opened, still another will be in waiting at the western terminus of the canal to assist the ships across the Pacific.

A fair regularity and reliability of rainfall have made the rich soil of the valley tillable and productive without irrigation except in the far western stretches; and these blessings are likely to continue "so long as the earth continues to revolve toward the East and the present relationship of ocean and continent continues."

Including Texas and Alabama, which lie between the same ranges of mountains with this valley, though their rivers run into the Gulf and not into the Mississippi, this valley has 140,000 miles of railway, being 61 per cent of the total mileage of the country, and 25 per cent of the mileage of the entire globe.

"In richness of soil, variety of climate, number and value of products, facilities for communication, and general conditions of wealth and prosperity the Mississippi Valley surpasses anything known to the Old World, as well as the New." It produces the bulk of the world's cotton; of corn it raises two or three times as much as the rest of the world combined; and of each of the following, produced mainly in this same valley, the United States leads in quantity all the nations of the earth: wheat, cattle, hogs, oats, hay, potatoes, lumber, coal, and other mineral products.



View from Elsah, Illinois, looking down the Mississippi eastward, with the Illinois bluffs at the left and the islands and Missouri lowlands on the right.

Decoration by F. O. Sylvester in the Noonday Club Dining Room, Saint Louis, Missouri.

The valley supports an estimated population of over 50,000,000, or over half that of the United States; and has an estimated maintenance capacity of from 200,000,000 to 350,000,000, or from four to seven times its present population. It has been tilled with "luxurious carelessness." A peasant in Britanny or a forester in Normandy would be scandalized by the extravagant, profligate use of its patrimony. That it is likely to have at least the 250,000,000 by the year 2100, is allowed by an estimate of a reliable statistician. Europe had 175,000,000 at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and North America 5,308,000. The former has somewhat more than doubled its population in the century since; America has increased hers about twenty times, and the Mississippi Valley several thousand times. It is not unreasonable to expect a doubling of the population of that valley in another

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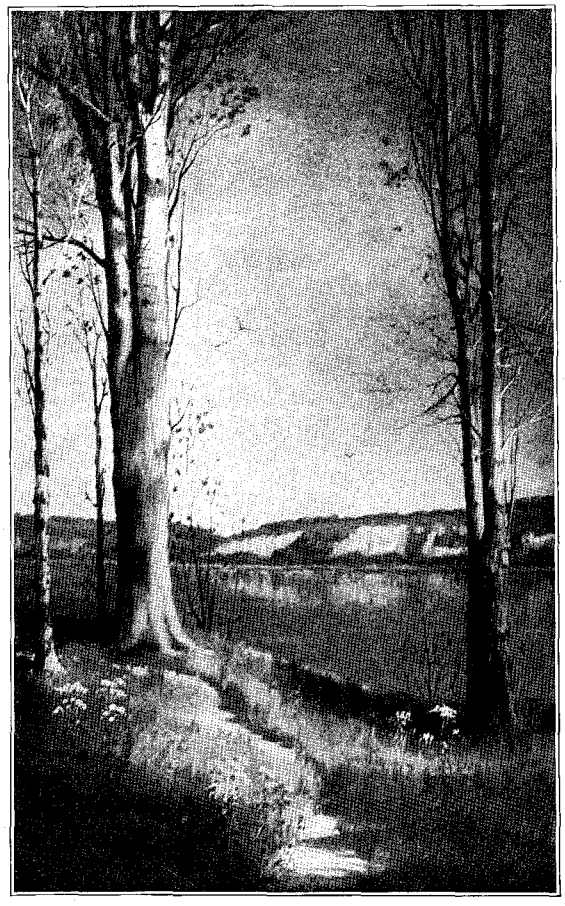
century and its quadrupling in two centuries.

I let De Tocqueville make summary of those prideful items in his description of the valley, embraced by the equator-sloping half of the continent. "It is upon the whole," he says, "the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode—a space of 1,341,649 square miles (about six times that of France)—watered by a river which, like a god of antiquity, dispenses both good and evil."

III

ONCE the river and its branches bore, all or most of them, the names of saints. But these streams have few qualities to make this saintly terminology appropriate. Canonization does not befit their passion, their caprice, their overwhelming might, or their overpowering charm. It is the anthropomorphic interpretation of a Chateaubriand, a Kipling, a Mark Twain, or an Emerson that is the rather needed.

We cannot be quite sure, when we listen to recent critics, that Chateaubriand ever saw this great valley. Certainly we who grew up in it have never found reindeer and moose about our homes (save in our Christmas-time imaginations). Paroquets that repeated in the woods the words learned of settlers are not of the fauna known to reputable Ohio naturalists; nor have two-headed snakes been found except in the vision of those who see double. The tamarind and the terebinth are not of its forest trees, and the leaf of the mulberry, not the bark, is used for bridal robes. But whether or not Chateaubriand visited this valley in person, his imagination had frequent residence upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. His "Atala" added to French literature a country where many have since loved to dwell, though his fauna and flora were not more accurate in some respects than the mineralogy and meteorology of John Law's "Mississippi Scheme." However, I have recalled Chateaubriand not as a faunal or floral naturalist, but that his fervid pen might rewrite these sentences: "Nothing is more surprising and magnificent than this movement and this distribution of the central waters of North America" (whence flows the Mississippi), "a river which the French first descended; a river which flowed under their power, and the rich valley of which still regrets their genius." So the translator has rendered it, but he should have translated it, "which still grieves for their spirit," their "familiar"



Autumn view from the Missouri shore of the Mississippi, just above Portage de Sioux.

From a painting by F. O. Sylvester, owned by Mr. Edward Powers, Decatur, Illinois.

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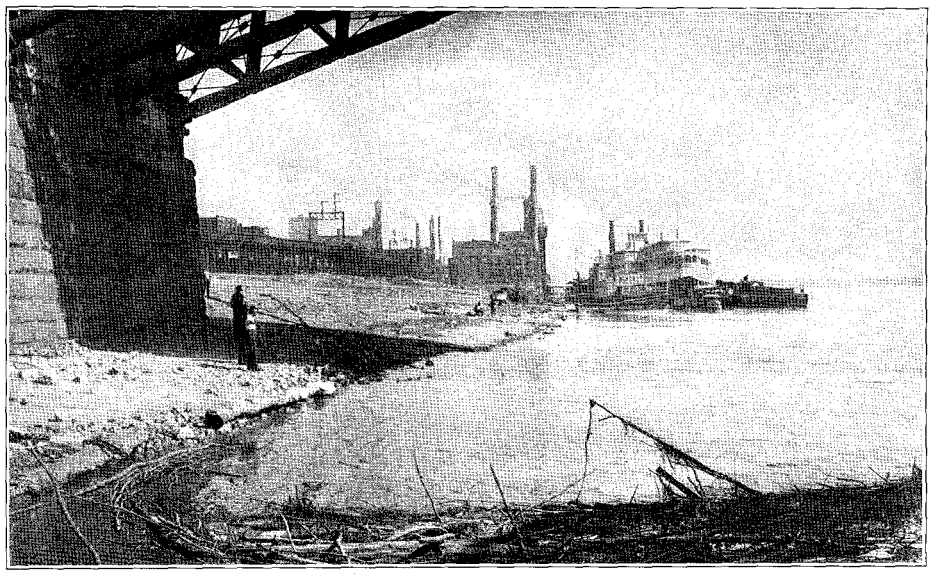
("et dont la riche vallée regrette encore leur génie").

I think that Chateaubriand had accurate instinct in divining the river's grieving for the spirit, which, with all the practical genius that now inhabits the valley, is still needed to give an appreciation of that which lies beyond the counting of statistics or even the glowing rhetoric of the orators or the pious ascriptions of priests.



Water front, Saint Louis.

Hamlin Garland, a native of that valley, calls the river "The Silent Mississippi." He speaks of the river's bold blue-green bluffs "looking away into haze," of its golden bars of sand "jutting out into the burnished stream," of its thickets of yellow-green willows, of its splendid old trees, and of its glades opening away to the hills, all making a magical way of beauty, but only to give preface to the statement that "not one beautiful building" is to be seen on its banks "for a thousand miles." There are many towns, but "without a single distinctive and appropriate building; everything is a flimsy jumble, out of key, meaningless, impertinent, evanescent too, thanks to climate." "We took a wild land beautiful as a dream," he proceeds, "and we have made a refuse heap. The birds of the trees have disappeared, the water-fowl have gone, every edible creature has vanished. An era of hopeless, distinctive vulgarity is upon us."

He has written this, however, with the dust of the main-travelled roads still in his eyes—the roads of the wheels that have run at right angles to the river, the roads of the Anglo-Saxon which have leaped and disdained the Gallic highways. The busy towns along the rivers of the valley have turned their faces away from the rivers and toward the railroads. They have left the river banks to thriftless men and truant boys.

Waiting for a boat in Saint Louis one beautiful summer morning on the quay (where in Paris I should have found the book-stalls), I saw a Pullman train just starting for New York, and at the water's edge under the stately bridge one tramp "barbering" another. But, reading the morning paper, I found by chance that back in the city there was one man at least, a teacher and artist, who had the old-time French feeling for the grieving river. It was dark before I found him, after my day on a steam-boat whose most important passenger, the old-time captain pointed out to me with some apparent pride, was a brewer, author of a brew more famous in those parts than the artist's river pictures which I saw by candle-light that night in his school-room.

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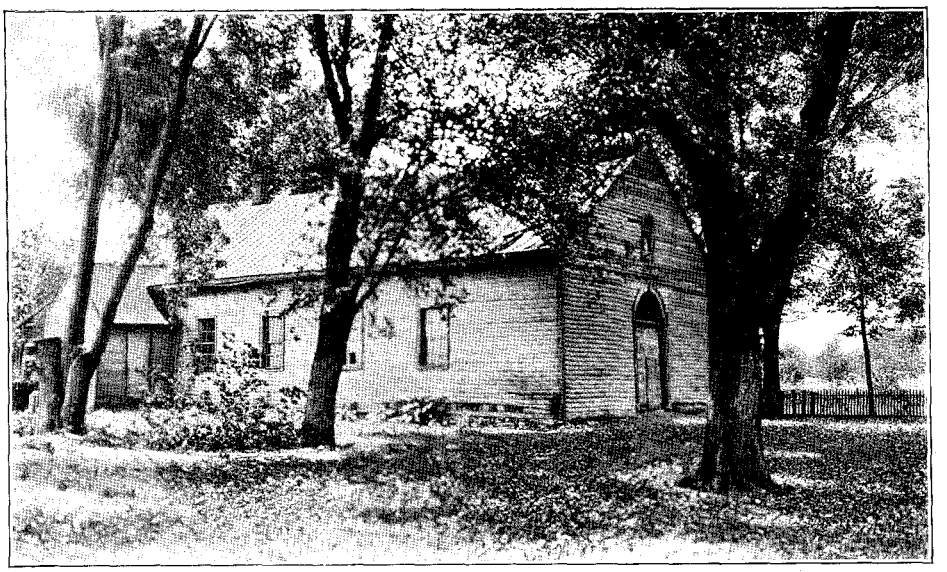

Old church in Cahokia.

The artist had his river studio upon one of the beautiful cliffs which La Salle must have seen when he came out of the Illinois into the Mississippi. And it was within a few miles of that studio, it may be added, that I found, too, one noteworthy exception to Mr. Hamlin Garland's statement concerning riparian architecture.

These are hopeful intimations succeeding the fading of the last traces in that region of the old French days, traces which I found a few hours' journey below Saint Louis, in the village of Prairie du Rocher (locally pronounced Prary de Roosh); for Cahokia, where I stopped first, had no mark of the French régime, except the "congregation," which was, as the priest told me, two hundred years old. The village had no distinctiveness. But Prairie du Rocher had its own atmos-

Magazine, ruins of Fort Chartres.

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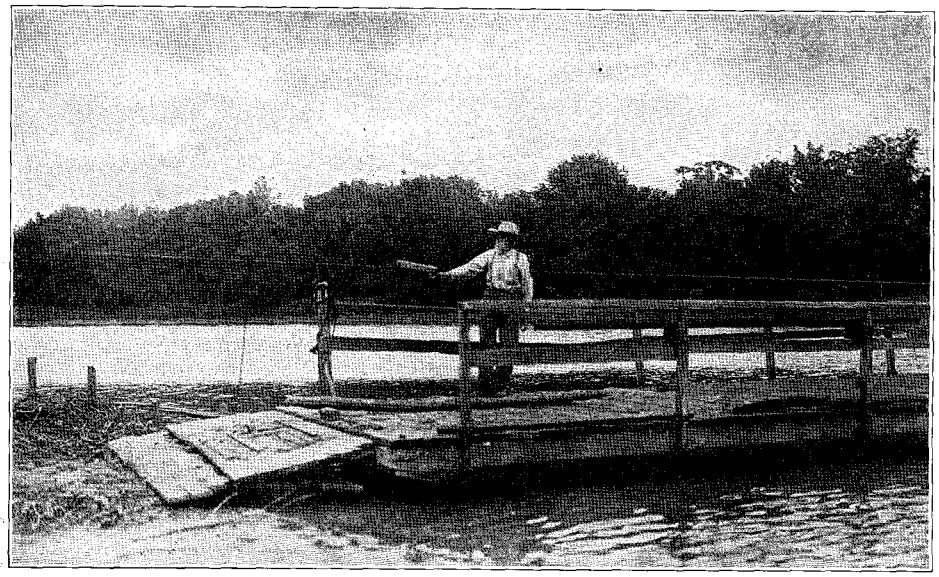

Crossing the Kaskaskia River by a hand-propelled ferry-boat.

phere and charm. France's skies never produced a more glorious August sunset than I saw through the Corot trees of that village which stands or reclines beneath the cliffs and looks off toward the river that has receded far to the westward. I tried to find the old parish baptismal records of which I had heard, but there was a new priest who knew not the French; yet I did not need them to assure me that the French had been there. At dawn, after such a peaceful night as one might have in upper Carcasonne, I found my way to the river near which are the ruins of Fort Chartres—all that is left of the greatest French fortress in the Mississippi Valley, the last to yield to man and the last to surrender to nature. The town, Nouvelle Chartres, with all its color and gayety, has become a corn-field, and only the magazine of the fort remains, hidden, a gunshot from the river, among the weeds, bushes, vines, and trees.

Fourteen miles below is the site of the oldest French village in the upper valley. But the river was jealous and took it all, foundation and roof, to itself. The charms of old Kaskaskia, the sometime capital of all that region, are "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Not a vestige is left of its first days and only a broken structure or two of its later glory.

Nor is there other trace, so far as I could learn, anywhere down the winding stream, till one reaches New Orleans. The red sun worshippers in their white garments—even they have followed their divinity toward its setting, and only among those with African shadows in their faces do they still sing, as I have heard, of the "brave days of D'Artaguiette." The monuments do not remember beyond the bravery and carnage of the Civil War, or at farthest beyond the War of 1812. I was myself apprehended for a foreign spy, one day, while I was searching too near to the guns of a present fort for more ancient monuments.

Of the departed majesty and glory of the commerce that followed the French boats and brightened many wharves, there are memories in the reminiscences of old steam-boat captains, and particularly in the writings of that famed river pilot to whom the valley gave birth and the river an immortal name. Mark Twain's Mississippi flows, carrying its boisterous cargoes through unnumbered libraries and homes around the world—this river of which he said "there never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparklingly renewed with every reperusal." It was my hope that when this pilot who knew "like a book" this stream whose "sand-bars were never at

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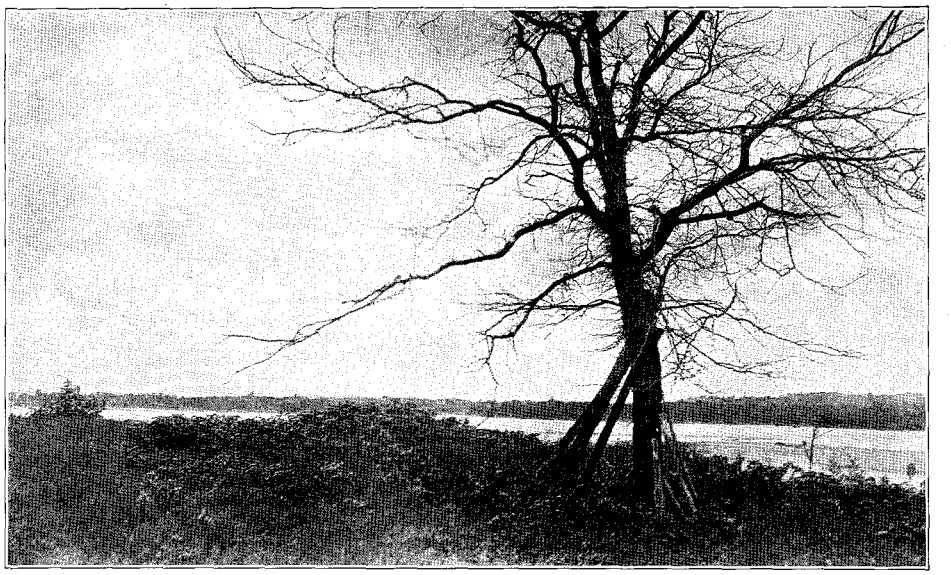

Site of Old Kaskaskia.

rest," whose "channels were forever changing and shirking"—it was my hope that when he came to die he would not lie in an ordinary sepulchre of earth, but in the bed of the river whose golden age he sang. I wished that it might be turned from its channel, as the river Buseutinus for the interment of Alaric, and then after his burial there, let back, that he might ever hear the sonorous voice of the waters above him, and perhaps, now and then, the shout of the leadsman crying "Mark Twain" as once he used to hear it called from the deck to the pilot-house.

IV

THE Great River has been the course of one empire and the scene of many. Spain, France, England, and the United States have each claimed its mastery. The Germans once dreamed of a State on its banks, but could not agree as to the locality, so variedly tempting was the fertility of its upper and its lower regions. The sons of the Norsemen are to-day tilling the territory about the sources. And at its side or within the reach of its myriad streams a babel of earth's races dwell, although the river has not, as the River of the Lotos Flower, conformed them to one type.

We are beginning now to realize more keenly that the river has yet to be conquered. It has yielded complete sovereignty to no people. It has made light of the emblems of empire. It has even ignored the white channel-marking signals of the government that now controls all the lands it drains. Its untamed spirit flaunts continual challenge in the faces of all men. It has had in derision the building of cities and towns. One town, for example, has been left to choose between being left high and dry five miles from water or of meeting the fate of Old Kaskaskia. And though the town has already thrown a million dollars to the river, as if to some unappeased god, it is merciless. One town and another have been ostracized or destroyed, their wharves left far inland or carried away to some commerceless bayou. The river has laughed at the levees on which hundreds of millions have been spent by nation, State and private enterprise, to keep its flood in restraint. Shorn of its trees, as Samson of his long hair, it has pulled down the pillars of man's raising into its own destroying waters. In 1897 a space twice the size of the State of New Jersey was devastated. In 1903 the loss in a single flood was fifty or sixty million dollars, and in 1912 other millions—more than a quarter of a billion in the last quarter of a century; and it would have been immensely greater, of course, if the river had not

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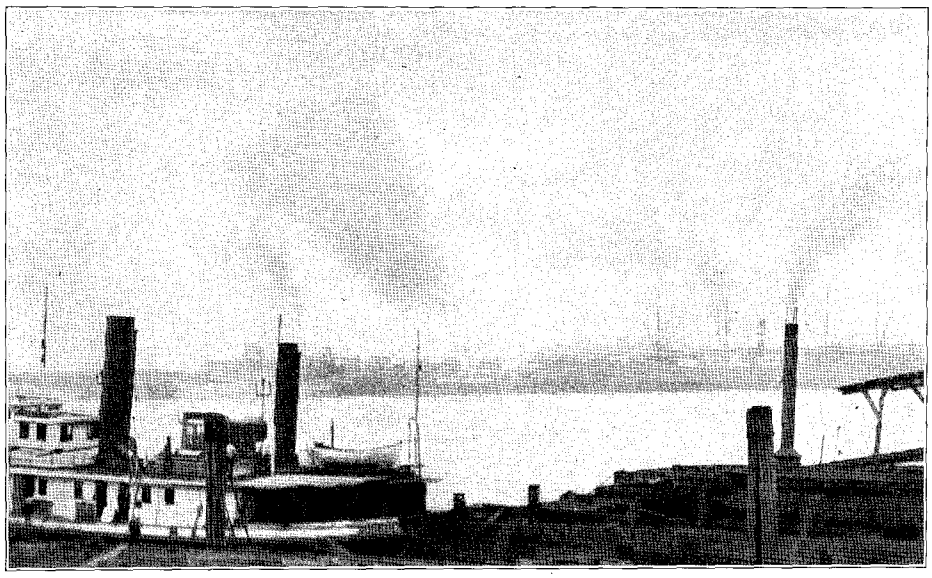
been given unchallenged freedom of great unclaimed swamps. And yet the river has never synchronously massed its whole army of waters. At one time it has been the Ohio, at another the Missouri, and then the Red that it has sent against the fortifications. If all these streams were to be brought to flood at once, the lower valley would undoubtedly be swept clean.

So it is no martial simile merely that I am using. It is a real battle that is continuously on. The gaunt sharp-shooter pacing the levee with Winchester in hand to shoot any burrowing confederate of the river, such as a rat, or mole, is a real and not an imaginary figure. The battles that have been fought along its course are as play by the side of those yet to be waged before it is subdued by man.



New Orleans.

It is fitly the War Department of the government that has been watching its every movement, that has set the signals on its fitful tide, and that has recorded its every shift for years, as if it were an animate enemy. Its changing area, velocity, discharge—items of infinite permutations—are all noted and analyzed. But the War Department of the government is still almost as powerless to control the river as the Yazoo farmer who watches its changing moods not by instruments, but by the movement of an eddy in his own hidden bayou. The battle is with floods, shallows, and erosion, but it is essentially a battle with floods, for not until their strongholds are taken, controlled, is the complete conquest assured. It was control of the mouth of the river that seemed so important in early days. The effort to secure that led ultimately to the purchase of Louisiana from the French by the United States. It was the confirmation of that security of navigation which gave the battle of New Orleans its high significance. Then the mouth, once controlled, was found too shallow, and there followed what he who has written with true poetic instinct has called the "Battle of the Shoals," a battle in which the general, Eads, who had bridged the river at Saint Louis, compelled it by means of jetties to run deeper and carry heavier burdens.

But the future battle-fields are perceived to lie toward the sources—at the eaves, as it were, of the water-sheds, the head waters of its tributaries, as well as its own. No deepening, leveeing, straightening, canalizing of the river is to be permanently efficient until all danger of flood can be removed. Wandering among those tributaries, as I did this spring when the floods were just beginning in the lower valley, seeing the trickling fountains of several, watching the timid, nascent

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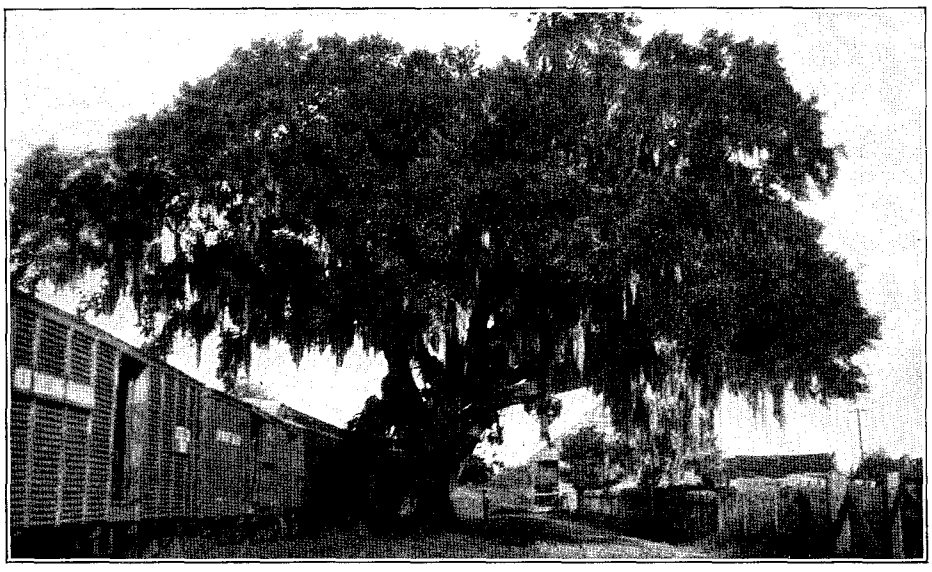

Tree back of Mississippi Levee below New Orleans.

streams in the naked, deforested fields, not knowing quite which way to go, east or west, north or south, I have been strongly appealed to by the plan of impounding in reservoirs these first waters whose freedom, no longer restrained in youth by the sage forests, makes them libertines and wantons later in the distant valleys.

The most troublesome Mississippi tributary would, I am assured, require a reservoir of not more than half or even a third of the capacity of Eagle Dam to keep it within temperate bounds in the spring and to give it more generous navigable currents in the summer and autumn. Against the great expense of such a project is set the tremendous possibilities in the development of water-power which will some day be needed. Of the sixty millions of horse-power in the cur-

On the path back of the levee below New Orleans.

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rent of the Mississippi, it is estimated that a million or two would be immediately available to begin the payment of the debt; and more of the strength would be harnessed to that purpose in time. So, it is urged, the river would be made to meet the cost of its own conquest.

And once that is done the river may be straightened, shortened, deepened, leveed and made a docile, reliable carrier of commerce. It may then be compelled to a respect for cities and government signals, and wharves and mills, and to a fulfilment of the prophecy of the first French keels.

I made a journey in 1911 that began at the first settlements of the French in Nova Scotia, touched the Bay of Chaleur and the lower Saint Lawrence, and then followed the French water paths all the way to the mouth of the Mississippi, where the Master of Pilots, a descendant of France, carried me out into the Gulf of Mexico. Starting back before dawn in a little boat, I saw, just as the sun was coming up over the swamps where the river begins to divide, the hulk of a great sea-going vessel against the morning sky. It seemed then a gloomy apparition; but as I think of it now it was rather the presage of the new commerce than the ghost of that which has departed.

That the valley of a hundred thousand streams—streams which together touch every community of any size from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, streams whose waters all find their way sooner or later into the Mississippi—will ever give up battle for the conquest of the Great Water no one who knows the dynamic people in that valley will ever believe. The sixty million people will not be resisted permanently by a river whose strength is that of sixty million horses, though these horses be driven by all the clouds the Gulf sends up the valley to the river's aid. Some day the great, free river "Colbert" will run vexed of impenetrable, unyielding walls to the sea. Its "titanic ambition for quiet flowing" down this beautiful gently sloping valley to the Gulf, which "has been its longing through ages," will have been turned to useful and beautiful human ministry. The spirit of the Great Water will have become as patient, as thoughtless of its own wild comfort or ambition, as that of the priest who named it Rivière de la Conception, and so dedicated it to the honor of the mother of the most patient of men.

(To be continued.)

View of vessel against morning sky.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Moose Hunter. A Moonlight Night.

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THE COUNTERSIGN OF THE CRADLE

By Henry van Dyke

I CANNOT explain to you the connection between the two parts of this story. They were divided, in their happening, by a couple of hundred miles of mountain and forest. There was no visible or audible means of communication between the two scenes. But the events occurred at the same hour, and the persons who were most concerned in them were joined by one of those vital ties of human affection which seem to elude the limitations of time and space. Perhaps that was the connection. Perhaps love worked the miracle. I do not know. I only tell you the story.

I

IT begins in the peaceful, homely village of Saint Gérôme, on the shore of Lake Saint John, at the edge of the vast northern wilderness. Here was the home of my guide, Pat Mullarkey, whose name was as Irish as his nature was French-Canadian, and who was so fond of children that, having lost his only one, he was willing to give up smoking in order to save money for the adoption of a baby from the foundling asylum at Quebec. How his virtue was rewarded, and how his wife, Angélique, presented him with twins of his own, to his double delight, has been told in another story. The relation of parentage to a matched brace of babies is likely to lead to further adventures.

The cradle, of course, being built for two, was a broad affair, and little Jacques and Jacqueline rolled around in it inextricably mixed, until Pat had the ingenious idea of putting a board down the middle for a partition. Then the infants rocked side by side in harmony, going up and down alternately, without a thought of debating the eternal question of superiority between the sexes. Their weight was the same. Their dark eyes and hair were alike. Their voices, whether they wept or cooed, were indistinguishable. Everybody agreed that a finer boy and girl had never been seen in Saint Gérôme. But nobody except Pat and Angélique could tell them apart as they swung in the cradle, gently rising and falling, in unconscious illustration of the equivalence and balancing of male and female.

Angélique, of course, was particularly proud of the boy. As he grew, and found his feet, and began to wander about the house and the front yard, with a gait in which a funny little swagger was often interrupted by sudden and unpremeditated down-sittings, she was keen to mark all his manly traits.

"Regard him, m'sieu'," she would say to me when I dropped in at the cottage on my way home from camp—"regard this little brave. Is it not a boy of the finest? What arms! What legs! He walks already like a *voyageur*, and he does not cry when he falls. He is of a marvellous strength, and of a courage! My faith, you should see him stand up to the big rooster of the neighbor, Pigot. Come, my little one, my Jacques, my Jimmee, one day you will be able to put your father on his back—is it not?"

She laughed, and Pat laughed with her.

"That arrives to all fathers," said he, catching the little Jacqueline as she swayed past him and swinging her to his knee. "Soon or late the *bonhomme* has to give in to his boy; and he is glad of it. But for me, I think it will not be very soon, and mean time, m'sieu', cast a good look of the eye upon this girl. Has she not the red cheeks, the white teeth, the curly hair brown like her mother's? But she will be pretty, I tell you! And clever too, I am sure of it! She can bake the bread, and sew, and keep the house clean; she can read, and sing in the church, and drive the boys crazy—*hein*, my pretty one—what a comfort to the old *bonhomme!*"

"He goes fast," laughed Angélique; "he talks already as if she were in long dresses with her hair done up. Without doubt m'sieu' amuses himself to hear such talk about two infants."

But the thing that amused me most was the beginning-to-talk of the twins them-

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selves. It was natural that the mother and father should speak to me in their quaint French *patois;* and the practise of many summers had made me able to get along with it fairly well. But that these scraps of humanity should begin their adventures in language with French, and such French, old-fashioned as a Bréton song, always seemed to me surprising and wonderfully smart. I could not get over the foolish impression that it was extraordinary. There is something magical about the sound of a baby voice babbling a tongue that is strange to you; it sets you thinking about the primary difficulties in the way of human intercourse and wondering just how it was that people began to talk to each other.

Long before the twins outgrew their French baby talk the famous cradle was too small to hold their sturdy bodies, and they were promoted to a trundle-bed on the floor. The cradle was an awkward bit of furniture in such a little house, and Angélique was for giving it away or breaking it up for kindling-wood.

"But no!" said Pat. "We have plenty of wood for kindlings in this country without burning the cradle. Besides, this wood means more to us than any old tree—it has rocked our hopes. Let us put it in the corner of the kitchen—what? Come—perhaps we may find a use for it, who knows?"

"Go along," said Angélique, giving him a friendly box on the ear, "you old joker! Off with you, *vieux bavasseur*—put the cradle where you like."

So there it stood, in the corner beside the stove, on the night of my story. Pat had gone down to Quebec on the first of June (three days ahead of time) to meet me there and help in packing the goods for a long trip up the Peribonca River. Angélique was sleeping the sleep of the innocent and the just in the bedroom, with the twins in their trundle-bed beside her, and the door into the kitchen half open.

What it was that waked her, she did not know—perhaps a bad dream, for Pat had given her a bit of trouble that spring, with a sudden inclination for drinking and carousing, and she was uneasy about his long absence. A man in the middle years sometimes has a bit of folly, and a woman worries about him without knowing exactly why. At all events, Angélique came wide awake in the night with a sense of fear in her heart, as if she had just heard something terrible about her husband which she could not remember.

She listened to the breathing of the twins in the darkness. It was soft and steady as the falling of tiny ripples upon the beach. But presently she was aware of a louder sound in the kitchen. It was regular and even, like the ticking of a clock. There was a roll and a creak in it, as if somebody was sitting in the rocking-chair and balancing back and forth.

She slipped out of bed and opened the door a little wider. There was a faint streak of moonlight slanting through the kitchen window, and she could see the tall back of the chair, with its red and white tidy, vacant and motionless.

In the corner was the cradle, with the children's clothes hanging over the head of it and their two ragged dolls tucked away within. It was rocking evenly and slowly, as if moved by some unseen force.

Her eyes followed the ray of the moon. On the rocker of the cradle she saw a man's foot with the turned-up toe of a *botte sauvage*. It seemed as if the smoke of a familiar pipe was in the room. She heard her husband's voice softly humming:

"Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne.
Ah, doux echos, entendez mes soupirs;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir!"

Trembling she entered the room, with a cry on her lips.

"Ah! Pat, *mon ami*, what is it? How camest thou here?"

As she spoke, the cradle ceased rocking, the moonray faded on the bare floor, the room was silent.

She fell upon her knees, sobbing.

"My God, I have seen his double, his ghost. My man is dead!"

II

In the steep street of Quebec which is called "Side of the Mountain," there is a great descending curve; and from this curve, at the right, there drops a break-neck flight of steps, leading by the shortest way to the Lower Town.

As I came down these steps, after dining comfortably at the Château Frontenac, on the same night when Angélique was sleeping alone beside the twins in the

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little house of Saint Gérôme, I was aware of a merry fracas below me in the narrow lane called "Under the Fort." The gas lamps glimmered yellow in the gulf; the old stone houses almost touched their gray foreheads across the roadway; and in the cleft between them a dozen roystering companions, men and girls, were shouting, laughing, swearing, quarrelling, pushing this way and that way, like the waves on a turbulent eddy of the river before it decides which direction to follow. In the centre of the noisy group was a big fellow with a black mustache.

"I tell you, my boys," he cried, "we go to the Rue Champlain, to the *Moulin Gris* of old Trudel. There is good stuff to drink there; we'll make a night of it! My m'sieu' comes to seek me, but he will not find me until to-morrow. Shut your mouth, you Louis. What do we care for the police? Come, Suzanne, *marchons!*"

Then he broke out into song:

"Ce n'est point du raisin pourri,
C'est le bon vin qui danse!
C'est le bon vin qui danse ici,
C'est le bon vin qui danse!"

Even through its too evident disguise in liquor I knew the voice of my errant Pat. Would it be wise to accost him at such a moment, in such company? The streets of the Lower Town were none too peaceful after dark. And yet, if he was not altogether out of his head, it would be a good thing to stop him from going further and getting into trouble. At least it was worth trying.

"Good-evening, Pat," I cried.

He turned as if a pebble had struck him, and saw me standing under the flickering lamp. He stared for a moment in bewilderment, then a smile came over his face, and he pulled off his hat.

"There is my m'sieu'," he said; "my faith, but that is droll! You go on, you others. I must speak to him a little. See you later,—Rue Champlain,—the old place."

The befogged company rolled away in the darkness and Pat rolled over to me. His greeting was a bit unsteady, but his natural politeness and good-fellowship did not fail him.

"But how I am happy to see m'sieu'!" said he; "it is a little sooner than I expected, but so much the better! And how well m'sieu' carries himself—in full health, is it not? You have the air of it—all ready for the Peribonca, I suppose? *Batêche*, that will be a great voyage, and we shall have plenty of the good luck."

"Yes," I answered, "it looks to me like a good trip, if we get started right. I want to talk with you about it. Can you leave your friends for a while?"

His face reddened visibly under its dark coat of tan, and he stammered as he replied.

"But certainly, m'sieu'—they are not my friends—that is to say—well, I know them a little—they can wait—I am perfectly at the service of m'sieu'."

So we walked around the corner into the open square (which, by the way, is shaped like a triangle), at one side of which there is an old-fashioned French hotel, with a double *galerie* across its face, and green-shuttered windows. There were tables in front of it, and at one of these I invited Pat to join me in having some coffee.

His conversation at first was decidedly vague and woolly, though polite as ever. There was a thickness about his words as if they were a little swollen, and his ideas had loose edges, and would not fit together. However, he did his best to pull himself up and make good talk. But his *r*'s rolled like an unstrung drum and his *n*'s twanged like a cracked banjo. On the subject of the proper amount of provisions to take with us for our six weeks' camping trip he wandered wildly. Without doubt we must take enough—in grand quantity—one must live well—else one could not carry the load on the portages—very long portages—not good for heavy packs—we must take very little stuff—small rations, a little pork and flour—we can get plenty to eat with our guns and m'sieu's rod—a splendid country for sport—and those little fishes in tin boxes which m'sieu' loves so well—for sure we must take plenty of them!

It was impossible to get anything definite out of him in regard to the outfit of the camp, and I knew it beforehand; but I wanted to keep him talking while the coffee got in its good work, and I knew that his courtesy would not let him break away while I was asking questions. By the time I had poured him the second cup of the black brain-clearer he was distinctly more steady. His laugh was quieter, and his eyes grew more thoughtful.

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"And the bread," said I; "we must carry two or three loaves of good *habitant* bread, just for the first week out. I can't do without that. Do you suppose, by any chance, that Angélique would bake it for us? Or perhaps those lady friends of yours who have just left you—eh?"

A look of shame and protest flushed in Pat's face. He dropped his head, and lifted it again, glancing quickly at me to read a hidden meaning in the question. Then he turned away and stared across the square toward the slender spire of the little church at the other end.

"I assure you," he said slowly, "they are not of my friends, those—those—bah! what do those people know about making bread? I beg m'sieu' not to speak of those people there in the same breath with my Angélique!"

"Good!" I answered. "Pardon me, I will not do it again. I did not understand. They are bad people, I suppose. But how are you so thick with them?"

"If they are bad," said he, shrugging his shoulders—"if they are bad! But why should I judge them? That is God's affair. There are all kinds of people in His world. I do not like it that m'sieu' has found me with that kind. But a man must make a little fun sometimes, you comprehend, and sometimes he makes himself a damn fool, do you see? I have been with those people last night and to-day—and now I have promised—I have won the money of Pierre Goujon, and he must have his revenge—and I have promised that Suzanne Gravel—well, I must keep my word of honor and go to them for to-night. M'sieu' will excuse me now?"

He rose from the table, but I sat still.

"Wait a moment," I said; "there is no hurry. Let us have another pot of coffee and some of those little cakes with melted white sugar on them, like Angélique used to make." (He started slightly at the name.) "Come, sit down again. I want you to tell me something about that pretty old church across the square. See how the moonlight sparkles on the tin spire. What is the name of it?"

"Our Lady of the Victories," he answered, seating himself unwillingly. "They say it is the most old of the churches of Quebec."

"It is a fine name," said I. "What does it mean? What victories?"

"The French over the English, I suppose, long ago. It does not interest me now. I must be on my road to the *Moulin Gris*."

"Will you stop on your way to say a prayer at the door of the church of Our Lady of the Victories?"

His eyes dropped and he shook his head.

"Well, then, on your way back in the morning perhaps you will stop at the church and go in to confess?"

He nodded his head and spoke heavily. "Who knows? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. There may be fighting to-night. Pierre is very mad and ugly. I am not afraid. But it is evident that m'sieu' makes the conversation to detain me. We are old friends. Why not speak frank?"

"Old friends we are, Pat, and frank it is. I do not want you to go to the Gray Mill. You have been drinking—stronger stuff than coffee. Those people will pluck you, do you up, perhaps stick a knife in you. Then what will become of Angélique and the twins? Stay here a while; I want to talk to you about the twins. How are they? You have not told me a word about them yet."

His face sombred and brightened again. He poured himself another cup of coffee and put in three spoonfuls of sugar, smiling as he stirred it.

"Ah," said he, "that is something good to speak of—those twins! It is easily seen that m'sieu' knows how to make the conversation. I could talk of those twins for a long time. They are better than ever,—strong, fat, and good,—and pretty, too,—you may believe it! I pretend to make nothing of the boy, just to tease my wife; and she pretends to make nothing of the girl, just to tease me. But they are a pair—I tell you, a pair of marvels!"

He went on telling me about their growth, their adventures, their clever tricks, as if the subject were inexhaustible. I offered him a cigar. But no, he preferred his pipe—with a *pipée* of the good tobacco from the Upper Town, if I would oblige him? The smoke wreaths curled over our heads. The other tables were gradually deserted. The sleepy waiter had received payment for the coffee and cleaned away the cups. The moon slipped behind the lofty cliff of the Citadel, and the little square lay in soft shadow with the church-spire shining dimly above

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it. Pat continued the *mémoires intimes* of Jacques and Jacqueline.

"And the cradle," I asked, "that famous cradle built for two—what has become of it? Doubtless it exists no more."

"But it is there," he cried warmly. "Angélique said it was in the way, but I persuaded her to keep it. You see, perhaps we might need it—what? Ha, ha, that would be droll. But anyway it is good for the twins to put their dolls to sleep in. It is a cradle so easy to rock. You do not need to touch it with your hand. It goes like this."

He put out his right foot with its *botte sauvage*, the round toe turned up, the low heel resting on the ground, and moved it slowly down and up as if it pressed an unseen rocker.

"*Comme ça, m'sieu'*," he said. "It demands no effort, only the tranquillity of soul. One can smoke a little, one can sing, one can dream of the days to come. That is a pleasant inn to stay at,—the Sign of the Cradle. How many good hours I have passed there,—the happiest of my life,—I thank God for them. I can never forget them."

A crash as of sudden thunder—a ripping, rending roar of swift, unknown disaster—filled the air, and shook the quiet houses around our Lady of the Victories with nameless terror. After it, ten seconds of thrilling silence, and then the distant sound of shrieking and wailing. We sprang to our feet, trembling and horror-stricken.

"It is in the Rue Champlain," cried Pat. "Come!"

We darted across the square, turned a corner to the right, a corner to the left, and ran down the long dingy street that skirts the foot of the precipice on which the Citadel is enthroned. The ramshackle houses, gray and grimy, huddled against the cliff that frowned above them with black scorn and menace. High against the stars loomed the impregnable walls of the fortress. Low in the shadow crouched the frail habitations of the poor, the miserable tenements, the tiny shops, the dusky drinking-dens.

The narrow way was already full of distracted people,—some running toward us to escape from danger,—some running with us to see what had happened.

"The Gray Mill," gasped my comrade; "a hundred yards further,—come on,—we must get there at all hazards! Push through!"

When we came at last to the place, there was a gap in the wall of houses that leaned against the cliff; a horrible confusion of shattered roofs and walls hurled across the street; and above it an immense scar on the face of the precipice. Ten thousand tons of rock, loosened secretly by the frost and the rain, had plunged without warning on the doomed habitations below and buried the Gray Mill in overwhelming ruin.

Pat trembled like a branch caught among the rocks in a swift current of the river. He buried his face in his hands.

"My God," he muttered, "was it as close as that? How was I spared? My God, pardon for all poor sinners!"

We worked for hours among the houses that had been more lightly struck and where there was still hope of rescuing the wounded. The Church of Our Lady of the Victories was quickly opened to receive them, and the priests ministered to the suffering and the dying as we carried them in.

As the pale dawn crept through the narrow windows, I saw Pat rise from his knees at the altar and come down the aisle to stand with me in the doorway.

"Well," said I, "it is all over, and here we are in the church this morning, after all."

"Yes," he answered; "it is the best place. It is where we all need to come. I have given my money to the priest,—it was not mine,—I have left it all for prayers to be said for the poor souls of those,—of those,—those friends of mine."

He brought out the words with brave humility, an avowal and a plea for pardon.

"We must send a telegram," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. "Angélique will be frightened if she hears of this. We must tranquillize her. How will this do? 'Safe and well. Coming home to-morrow to you and twins.' That makes just ten words."

"It is perfectly correct, m'sieu'," he replied gravely. "She will be glad to get that message. But,—if it would not cost too much,—only a few words more,—I should like to put in something to say, 'God bless you and forgive me.'"

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

II

1860–1867

I MUST begin this article after the Shandean manner by going back and telling what happened during the period covered by its predecessor and which was there omitted. There were various incidents before the year with which this chapter begins which I cannot pass over in silence, because they were so important to me and loom so large in my small life at that time.

In the year 1858 we were obliged to leave Winthrop Place, as Devonshire Street was opened through from the rear and passed directly across the site of our house and garden. My father, therefore, bought No. 31 Beacon Street, and thither, when he had practically rebuilt the house, we went to live in 1859, after some months at the Revere House, necessitated by the delays occasioned by the alterations. Thirty-one Beacon Street had belonged to Mr. Samuel Eliot, the father of the president of Harvard University, a well-known and greatly respected citizen in the Boston of those days. He had served in Congress as a conservative Whig from one of the Boston districts, and going into business late in life had lost all his property when the firm with which he was connected was carried down in the panic of 1857, a disaster so wide-reaching in its effects that I well remember the feeling of gloom which seemed to oppress every one during that year. A pleasant association with this purchase of 31 Beacon Street has come to me suddenly out of the past, and I add it here. In looking over some papers of her grandfather, Mr. Prescott, Mrs. Roger Wolcott recently came across this allusion in a letter written on February 22, 1858:

"The last item that I have heard is that Mr. Lodge has bought Sam. Eliot's house in Beacon St. for $50,000. I mean John E. Lodge, and I am glad that it has fallen into the hands of an old acquaintance."

This change of houses brought us into an entirely different quarter of the city. Winthrop Place was in the old part of Boston, that low land which lies between the hills and the sea, while Beacon Street, although not by any means just opened or newly built upon, was the portion of the town from which the new residence quarter was destined to spring, pushing its way to the westward over the flats of the Back Bay, still at that time marsh land and water and bridged by only one road, known as the Milldam, which stretched across the inlets to the main-land at Longwood. Thirty-one Beacon Street, where I passed many happy years and where my mother continued to live for more than forty years, until her death in 1900, stood on the crest of the hill, not far from the State House and next to the Hancock house, the famous and historic home of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was a handsome house, built very solidly of granite in the colonial style of the eighteenth century and was raised above the street on a series of terraces. It was my father's ambition to buy the house when it came into the market and give it to the State, but he died a year before the house was sold. Governor Banks had recommended the purchase of the Hancock house by the State some years before, but when the opportunity came the country was plunged in civil war and the government did not feel able to spend money on what seemed a mere sentiment. So it was sold to private persons and torn down in 1863. Thus perished by far the finest and, historically, the most interesting of our colonial houses, the building best worth preserving, as a specimen of eighteenth-century domestic architecture, which existed in New England or perhaps anywhere in the old Thirteen States. I was convalescent from scarlet fever when the house was taken down and used to sit at the window of my play-room and watch the men slowly pry

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off one block of stone after another, for the masonry was so solid that it could be accomplished in no other way. I hated to see this done, for I was attached to the old house and had often been in it and over it with Charles Hancock, one of the sons of the last owner.

Our house, as I have said, stood on the crest of Beacon Street and looked south over the Common, with its fine trees, while from the side windows in the first years we could see the street across the Hancock garden, which was filled with lilac bushes whose perfume, in our tardy spring, loaded the air with fragrance. Ours was a spacious house of generous width and full of sunshine. I thought then, and think still, that it was one of the pleasantest of situations and that few city houses have one at all comparable to it.

The other great event in my life contemporary with removal to a new house was my leaving Mrs. Parkman and going to a new school, a man's school, which was kept in a large room under Park Street Church. It was a small private school, and the master was Mr. Thomas Russell Sullivan, a grandson of James Sullivan, governor of Massachusetts at the beginning of the nineteenth century and grand-nephew of John Sullivan, the distinguished Revolutionary general. Mr. Sullivan had been a clergyman before he became a school-master and was an accomplished man. He always seemed to me sad and oppressed with care, owing I suppose to the fact that his health was giving way. But he was a thorough gentleman, kindly and good, and, although I regarded him as a tribal enemy at the time, I find now that I recall his memory with affection and respect.

This change of school was to me momentous and appeared in the light of a promotion, as I fancy the first man's school always seems to a boy. Yet I left Mrs. Parkman's with secret regret, for I had the unmanly weakness, as I considered it, to be fond of her, and I was much attached to the boys who had been my companions in her house. I do not know that one's school-fellows are of much interest to anybody except themselves, although I have always enjoyed the accounts of Lamb's and Coleridge's schoolmates, most of whom are rescued from oblivion merely by that association. I think, however, that all school-boys have the charm at the moment which possibilities always possess, and afterward develop the interest which is inseparable from looking backward and seeing how these possibilities of school and college finally worked out and how constant the rule is in these cases of the unexpected happening. There is pleasure as well as pain in such retrospects which disclose the spectacle both of success and failure, and the humor of the early memories is often clouded by the pathos or the tragedy with which the little stories end.

> "Some with lives that came to nothing,
> Some with deeds as well undone;
> Death came silently and took them
> Where they never see the sun."

Just as it happened to Galuppi's Venetians. It is a very old and very familiar story.

At Mr. Sullivan's, made memorable to me by the fact that I was there feruled for the first time while my friends lurked outside the door to count the blows and see whether I cried, I remember but few of the boys. I think I lost sight of most of them after our brief two years together, but there were a few whom I first knew there and whom I have known ever since. One of them was Russell Sullivan, son of the master, writer of plays and novels and charming stories, a friend long years afterward of Robert Louis Stevenson, one of my intimates then, sharing my love of the theatre, the most delightful of men and a life-long friend. Still another intimate of those days whom I had known from the beginning as a neighbor was Russell Gray, younger brother of the eminent justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Horace Gray. He was just my age, but like most of his family so phenomenally clever at his books that he was two years ahead of the rest of us, both at school and college. None the less, he has been the friend of a lifetime and he figures largely in the memories of my boyhood.

In thus mentioning a few of the boys whom I knew at the beginning of life, I am led to say something to which I have long desired to give utterance, purely for my own satisfaction, of boys in general and of boy nature, a much misunderstood subject, so far as my observation goes, especially in literature. The misunderstanding arises, I fear, not from inability so much as from unwillingness to tell the truth, just as happens in

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the attempts of literature to describe the lives of young men. Thackeray came nearer to it than any one when he told the story of Pendennis, and yet he did not, and I think he admitted that he did not, dare to tell the whole truth. "There are subjects, my dear," said Major Pendennis to his sister-in-law, "about which a young fellow cannot surely talk to his mamma." It is eminently proper that there should be such a restriction. It is equally true that there are some things that no man says to young girls or to innocent children, but when you assume that literature must be framed according to those restrictions the truth of literature to life is apt to be defective. The episodes in Pendennis of Fanny and the Fotheringay and of Warrington's marriage were as far as Thackeray had the courage to go in indicating a side of nearly every man's life which those who write the English language think it due to the great fetich of respectability to suppress. Fielding and Smollett, living in a time of much less "respectability," were more truthful and are now thought coarse, but the nineteenth century in England and America preferred suppression, although, as Mr. George Sampson remarked of the under petticoat, "After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there." From this attitude there has been of late years a revolt, conducted, unluckily, for the most part by such inferior hands that the result is even less lifelike than when Victorian "respectability" set its burdensome limitations upon all writers. In France they have suffered from the hypocrisy of vice as in England and the United States from the hypocrisy of virtue, and the result has been nearly as deforming. The youthful Caligula is almost as rare among young men as the blameless prig and is as unreal as a hero of the Romantic period like Pelham.

In the same way, although not for the same precise reason perhaps, we have suffered from the *suppressio veri* in regard to boys. The best analysis of boy nature at large that I have met, and I met it long after I had ceased to be a boy, is that of Mr. Howells in "A Boy's Town." This analysis is limited by the fact that it relates to boys in a small country town in a newly settled country, and there is some slight suppression, but the salient features are all set forth. Mr. Howells points out the close resemblance of boys to savages or primitive people as shown by their queer adhesion to meaningless customs, such as doing certain things only at certain times of the year, their odd superstitions wholly unconnected with religion, their loyalty to some code peculiar to themselves and alien to every one else, and their ready hero-worship, often misdirected, but at bottom generous and fine. He describes the mad enthusiasm and excitement with which they rush into any new pursuit and the ease with which they tire of it and thrust it aside, lacking, like savages, both foresight and tenacity of purpose, something very different from obstinacy, in which boys abound. All these points are at once subtle and true, speaking, as we must, of boys as a class and not of the exceptional boys who prove the existence of the rule.

Most of these qualities are entirely overlooked by those who have undertaken to write about boys. Take, for example, the Jacob Abbott books. Heaven forbid that I should underrate those works, for I read them over and over again, and they had the same unfailing attraction for my children. The charm, I think, consists in the extreme realism of the incidents, a realism so dry and unrelenting that it leaves the greatest of modern realists far behind. It is, however, this dry realism which children like, although at the same time they adore fairy stories which appeal only to their imagination. But the boys and girls who are the heroes of these tales, from Rollo down, are, like Dryden's Mexicans, beings who never really existed anywhere on sea or land. To the adult mind they are humorous, but children accept them seriously and are fully content with the matter-of-fact incidents of their lives.

Take another example, a book which was the favorite with all boys of my time, "School Days at Rugby." Up to a certain point no better book describing boys was ever written. Tom Brown and East are real boys, real in their activities, in their habit of regarding the masters as their tribal enemies, in their shirking of lessons, in their courage at games, in their complete lack of any sense of responsibility, in their loyalty to their own code of honor, and in the cheerful paganism of their lives. The story goes to pieces when Arthur appears. When I read the story as a boy I lost all interest when Arthur took control and re-

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volted against it. I could not analyze my feeling then or explain it, but the reason is obvious enough. To the average healthy boy, Arthur appears to be a prig, which he was, and a hypocrite, which he probably was not, but the great defect is that he is unreal and untrue to boy life. Such boys no doubt exist, but they do not convert other boys and send them to head-masters to experience a religious revival, because most boys are natural and not artificial. The demon of respectability conjoined with the then prevailing fashion of "muscular Christianity" took this means of marring an otherwise excellent book.

The boys whom I knew closely resembled Tom Brown and Harry East before they held their camp-meetings with Dr. Arnold. They were as a rule the reverse of timid; they fought a good deal among themselves and with others; they learned their lessons after a fashion, some very well, some very ill; they had a portentous activity in mischief which occupied much of their time; they had a large and ignorant curiosity as to sexual relations, not morbid, merely characteristic of the young animal; they all tried to smoke and were cured by being made violently sick, and they had a strict sense of honor according to their own strange code. They were in an odd way intensely conservative. Youth is radical and revolutionary, but the child is conservative. It is not the conservatism of age which knows that changes are inevitable and instinctively bears and resists them. The child contemplates no change. He regards the arrangement of his little world as final and resents any other view. Hence his superstitions and his attachment to certain seasons for certain games or sports. It is interesting to watch the child gradually outgrow these traits of the infancy of the race. The boys I knew loved secrets and useless mystery, and, as Stevenson says in "The Lantern Bearers," indulged in much "silly and indecent talk"; they were natural idlers, like savages, and, like savages, they had a tendency to be cruel, which disappeared as they grew up and began to think. They were as a rule generous, and they were certainly improvident again until they began to think, for the absence of connected thought among boys, their inability, to put it more exactly, to think coherently makes foresight impossible and again allies them with savages, who represent the boyhood of the race. Boys, as I knew them—and I speak always of the average and of the majority—were adventurous—an excellent quality—and would run huge risks for trivial objects, which was much less excellent. The boys whom I knew would habitually venture their necks climbing over the roofs of high houses or "shinning" up trees, in the one case for mischief, in the other for birds' eggs. They would run every sort of risk on the water or in it, or when the ice broke up in spring, just for mere excitement. They had an unbridled love of explosives, and few indeed were those who had not burned themselves more or less with gun-powder. I was personally very fortunate in this, for I think I was naturally cautious. Except for pitching out backward and head first from an express cart which I had not been invited to enter, and knocking myself senseless on the stones of the gutter, and on another occasion burning all the skin off my hand with a train of gun-powder which I ignited with a view of imprinting my immortal initials on a window-sill, I came off unscathed. Pain from accidents like these boys bear as a rule with savage stoicism, but their moral is much inferior to their physical courage. They shrink from going contrary to the public opinion of their own world, although they will defy that of their elders with a fine indifference. That all men are liars we know upon high if hasty authority, but although all boys entangle themselves in deceptions and do not always respect as they ought the division between *meum* and *tuum*, those whom I knew were as a rule fairly truthful, especially to each other, and a boy who broke his word was regarded with marked disfavor and contempt. They also resembled savages or people of a low civilization in their destructiveness. They liked to destroy for the mere pleasure of destruction. A large part of the waking hours of my friends and myself was given up to mere mischief, from ringing door-bells and breaking windows and street-lamps to much more serious undertakings. We were in consequence anything but popular in the neighborhoods which we graced by our presence, and we went in constant fear of householders whom we had wantonly injured, and of policemen who, we thought, were on the lookout for us. I know that, like Mr. Swiveller, the

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number of streets which were closed to me constantly increased, not as in his case on account of debts, but from the dread of just retribution at the hands of those whose property I had injured.

Such were boys as I knew them, young heathens and little Gallios for the most part, but rarely hypocrites. If the outline I have drawn is not flattering, it is, I believe, at least correct, and these same boys by a large percentage turned out well and became honest men and useful citizens. I do not believe that they differed much from well-born, well-cared-for boys with the same race traditions anywhere else. They were at least pleasant to live with, if you were one of them, although I can conceive that they might have often been a sore trial to those charged with their bringing up, as well as to other adult persons who had the misfortune to be their neighbors. If they were frequently harsh, or even cruel at times, to the timid or the weak, they had a wholesome dislike of the youthful prig—especially if he was a religious prig—for they felt that such boys must be insincere and they drove them out from amongst them.

Before I come to my next school I must tell of an incident which befell me at the end of my first decade, and as my life has been singularly destitute of adventures I may be excused for narrating this one. It is not a tale of adventure by flood and field, but of a crime of which I was an involuntary and, as it proved, an important witness.

In the summer of 1860 I was as usual at Nahant, and among my playmates was a boy slightly younger than myself named Charles Allan Thorndike Rice. His father, Mr. Henry Rice, and his aunts, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Guild, were all friends of my father and mother. They lived in summer with their mother, Mrs. Rice, and with the many children of the household I habitually played. The young Grants and Guilds I had always known. Allan Rice was a new acquaintance and much prized by me. To explain the situation I must first state some facts which were not known to me at the time. Mr. Henry Rice's marriage had been an unhappy one and he and his wife had recently been divorced. The courts had awarded the custody of the child to Mr. Rice. Mrs. Rice, who was a passionate and determined woman, was bent on gaining possession of her son and had already made an attempt to abduct him. Charlie Rice, as I called him, was always accompanied by a negro servant, a powerful man, named Jackson, which seemed to me odd, but which in the easy fashion of childhood I accepted without question. As a matter of fact, the negro was armed and was there to protect the child. He was always with him except in the house or when the boy was at school. The only moment, therefore, when it would be possible to abduct the child was when he was actually in school, which I suppose his father thought impossible, but which was just the occasion when the abduction was effected.

The school in question was a small one, kept by a Mr. Fette, and lasted only for two or three hours in the morning. It was not considered necessary that I should go to school in summer, a deprivation which I bore with philosophy, but as most of my friends enjoyed this educational advantage I was in the habit of going to the school about noon and waiting at the door for them to come out. The school was held in a church, a building of the Greek temple type, with a Doric portico after the fashion of the first years of the nineteenth century, when classical buildings were much in vogue. So one fine summer morning I seated myself at the base of one of the aforesaid columns to await the escape of my companions from their prison house, which was to occur in a few minutes. I was not a conspicuous figure in the landscape, but I was an idle and observant one. As I sat there, looking up and down the quiet and perfectly empty country road—for Nahant was a small place in those days and the great hotel, of which I have before spoken, had failed and was closed—my wandering attention was attracted by a buggy, rapidly driven, which passed the church and went on to the end of the road. There it turned and came back, turned again and repeated the same movement. My father was a lover and owner of horses and, as I shall explain later, I had a fine natural taste for horses myself. The horse in this particular buggy caught my eye and I set him down as very handsome and very fast.

Meanwhile I noticed another buggy which had stopped further down the road without coming to the church at all. From this second buggy two men alighted, walked up the street and stopped on the corner op-

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posite the church. Idly watching them I noticed that one was a smooth-faced, dark-skinned young man with black hair and that the other was a stoutly built, older man, with reddish hair and beard. Just as I was looking at them the first buggy came back and drew up in front of the church close to where I was sitting. A large man with brown hair, mustache, and flowing whiskers of the style made famous by Lord Dundreary jumped out, the other two men crossed over and all three rushed into the church. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the large man with the whiskers came out with Allan Rice in his arms, put him into the buggy, drew the boot over him, and drove away at top speed. Another moment and the other two men ran out and up the street toward their buggy, with the school-master, his Newfoundland dog, the other boys, and myself all in hot pursuit. The men reached their buggy and got away before we could overtake them, and that was the last I saw of Allan Rice for nearly thirty years. His mother disguised him as a girl, and after some narrow escapes managed to reach Canada, and went thence to England, where young Rice was educated, going, I believe, to Oxford. As for me, I went home from the scene of action full of excitement and told all I had seen to my family, for it had naturally made a profound impression upon my little mind. That night as I was going to bed I heard voices outside the house, and listening attentively distinguished Mr. Rice saying something to my father which sounded like "Cabot knowing all about it." What this might portend I did not know, but I remember a slight feeling of anxiety similar to that most familiar sensation which was wont to beset me when I thought that some scrape of mine was on the eve of discovery. Little did I realize what importance I had suddenly assumed, but the fact was that I was the only person who had got a good look at the large man and who was capable of identifying him, because the other two men, when they seized the school-master, had kept themselves between him and the captor of the boy.

Two or three days later I was taken to Boston by my father. We proceeded to the Charles Street Jail, where we met Mr. Rice and some detectives. I was told to walk round the whole range of cells, look into each and if I saw any one of the three men engaged in the abduction at Nahant, to point him out. I walked around as I was bidden, looking into some forty cells and some very evil faces. When I reached the last cell, number one, I stopped and said, "That is the man who took Charlie." As he had meantime shaved his head, mustache, and whiskers, the identification was unusually prompt and complete. The man's name was Nickerson. He was a livery-stable keeper, and he had been employed by Mrs. Rice and her mother, who had become by a second marriage Mrs. Bourne, and who was a woman of large wealth, to kidnap the child. There was no telegraph from Nahant in those days, and no police, so that by driving straight to Boston the kidnappers had four miles or half an hour's start. With great speed Boston could be reached over the road in a little more than an hour, although the distance was fifteen miles, but in this way the train and the delay at the Lynn station were avoided. Nickerson had taken a well-known trotting horse which belonged to one of his customers and which was valued at twenty-five hundred dollars, a large sum in those days, and in this way he got the boy to Boston before the news reached any one capable of action. Incidentally he killed the horse by over-driving, and Mrs. Bourne I suppose paid for it.

The reddish-haired man was named Smith and was a hack-driver in the employ of Nickerson. He was arrested and identified by Mr. Fette, although I also subsequently identified him in court. The third man was never caught. I remember being taken one day by the chief detective to a shop where rope and twine were sold. On the way he said: "Now you are my little boy. We are going to buy some kite string, and I want you to look well at the young man who sells it to us and tell me if you saw him at Nahant." I was delighted to buy kite string and carried out my share of the plot perfectly. The salesman was young, dark-haired, and smooth-faced, but he was not the third man. I told my pretended father so as we walked off, the ball of kite string tight under my arm. He seemed disappointed, but I think it gave him confidence in my other identifications, as showing that I had a decided memory. The third man, as I have said, was never taken, and I have no doubt that he was Mrs. Rice

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herself, for she was entirely reckless, and her presence was probably necessary to make sure that the right boy was picked up in the scramble.

Then came the proceedings of the law. I went before a grand jury and told my story. There was a technical flaw in the indictment and I went before another grand jury and told it again. Then, nearly eighteen months after the kidnapping, the case came on for trial at Lawrence, one of the county seats of Essex County. Up to that time I had enjoyed myself hugely. I had been treated as a person of importance. I liked to go about with detectives and visit jails and buy kite string in an assumed character, and tell my story to a few grand jury men in a quiet, empty room, and then pocket witness fees which represented a large amount of wealth to me at that time. But when it came to facing a crowded court-room it was a different matter. My imagination had time to work, and as the day approached I became very nervous and thought that I should break down. My father was ill and could not go with me, but he promised me that if I told my story well, as I had told it to him, and behaved creditably on the witness-stand, he would give me a gold watch. Even this alluring prospect did not cheer me, and I went with my mother to Lawrence and sat trembling in the witness-room in a very doleful frame of mind. At last I was called, went out into the crowded court-room, took the stand, and was sworn. The scene rises vividly before me, for I seemed like a drowning man to see everything at once—Nickerson and Smith, whom I immediately recognized, judge and jury, counsel and spectators. It was a brilliant winter's day and the court-room seemed full of light and people. It was the first time that I noticed how differently a crowd looks when you are one of the crowd, and when you are the object of the crowd's concentrated gaze. Mr. Ives, the district attorney, a very clever man, examined me in chief—that is, he let me tell my story, which I did honestly, I know, and clearly, I think, without either diminution or embroidery. I had a good memory, the facts to which I was to testify had made a sharp impression, and I had also told the tale many times. Mrs. Bourne (or Mrs. Rice) had employed strong counsel for the defence: Judge Abbott and Mr. Charles Blake, then a rising man at the Boston bar. Mr. Blake cross-examined me. He did not shake my story, for there was nothing that could be shaken, so he resorted to an old device to confuse me. He asked me where the second buggy stood. That I told him exactly. Then: "Was the curtain in the back up or down? How far away was it? Was it fifty yards? Was it seventy-five? Might it have been a hundred yards?" and so on. To all which I replied truthfully: "I don't know." Suddenly I heard a deep voice on my left say: "Mr. Blake, I think that will do. It is perfectly evident that the boy is telling the truth." It was the judge—Judge Lord, very well known in his day, a man of sharp wit and rough tongue, called in capital cases a "hanging judge," respected but dreaded by the bar and afterward raised to the Supreme Bench of the State. He was a strong and able judge and a sound lawyer. He may have been rough with members of the bar, but he was very kind to me. At all events, he ended Mr. Blake and I left the stand. I had hardly reached the witness-room when I burst into tears, I was only eleven, and said: "Oh, I made a mistake; I must go back," and without waiting I rushed again into the court-room, where, regardless of everybody, I addressed the judge, whom I looked upon as my next friend, and said: "I made one mistake. May I correct it?" "Certainly, my boy," said Judge Lord; "say anything you please." So I corrected the mistake, which I have entirely forgotten—it was something quite trivial—and then left the court-room for the second time much elated.

In due time I received my watch, an English Frodsham with a hunting-case, which I began to wear when I was eighteen and have worn ever since, and which had my name and the date of the trial engraved on the inside. Mr. Rice also gave me a seal ring, so that I felt very proud of my performance and very rich owing to my witness fees, which, as I have said, represented to me at that time untold wealth. Nickerson and Smith were convicted and got seven years apiece, which they avoided by jumping their heavy bail furnished by Mrs. Bourne and thoughtfully betaking themselves to Canada. That I might have incurred their hostility, for I was a fatal witness, did not occur to me at the time, but

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some years afterward, curiously enough, it came over me that they might return, the last thing they would or could have done, and take an exemplary revenge upon my precious person. This gave me some uneasy moments, especially at night just before going to sleep. I suppose those two men never thought of me again, except as a bit of ill luck in their estimable careers. Of Allan Rice I shall have occasion to speak again when I reach the time at which we renewed our acquaintance, although this little incident in his life and mine never formed the subject of our conversation.

The court-room at Lawrence was my first appearance in public. I have faced many audiences since then but none which I have so dreaded, although I went through my ordeal perfectly well, and very few where my utterances were so efficient in immediate results. It was my first and last appearance as a witness in court.

In 1861 I left Mr. Sullivan's and went to Mr. Dixwell's private Latin school, where I was to be prepared in due time for college. Mr. Dixwell had been head-master of the public Latin school, the famous and historic school founded in Boston at the very beginning of the Puritan settlement. He had left that position to establish a school of his own, in which undertaking he was very successful. For five years he was a very important figure in my daily life, and I remember him well, both at that time and afterward. I regarded him then, of course, as a tribal enemy with whom there was necessarily perpetual war, but I am sure that I always respected him, which was by no means true of some of my other masters, both in school and college. Mr. Dixwell was a direct descendant of John Dixwell, the regicide, who sensibly took refuge in Connecticut when the estimable Charles II came to the throne. I have thought since, perhaps fancifully, that a certain stiffness and rigidity which were observable in my master, who was a good deal of a martinet and given to severe sarcasm at the expense of stupid or disorderly boys, may have been inherited from his conspicuously Puritan ancestor, who had passed sentence of death upon a king. But what I never doubted was that Mr. Dixwell was a thorough gentleman, albeit a rigorous one, and that he was also a scholar and an accomplished man. I can see him now, a slight, active figure, walking briskly into the school in the morning, always most carefully although quietly dressed, and then mounting the platform and calling the school to order in a clear, dry voice. I looked upon him with hostility owing to our official relations, but that hostility was tempered, as I have said, with respect and also with a little fear. He exercised, I am sure, a good influence upon me, for he had no patience with slovenliness of mind; he also taught well, as I found when I reached the top of the school and came under him. He was an especially good critic and instructor in declamation, which occurred once a month, and was an exercise in which I began very badly and ended by doing very well, finally getting the highest marks, thanks to my master's ministrations. I am sure that I write dispassionately of Mr. Dixwell, for I was never in favor with him, and indeed there was no reason why I should have been. The first year that I was in the school, mainly I think to gratify my father, I worked hard and came out first in my class and third in a school of over fifty boys. I found in an old school book belonging to my friend Sturgis Bigelow a list of the class at that time with appropriate comments appended to each name by some other youth. The comments were without exception unfavorable, and I was described as "A miserable little dig," an unfeigned tribute to my scholastic eminence which I soon ceased to deserve, for my high rank ended with that first year. I found that I could do "well enough" with very little effort, and as very little effort suited my tastes I stood "well enough" during the rest of my school years, but never again upon the high places, while on the conduct list in company with one or two other choice spirits I sank to the bottom, a pre-eminence which I readily maintained.

I received the usual amount of what was then called education, and which was probably quite as good as what is called education now. The old system was in force. We spent a great deal of time on the Latin and Greek grammars and mastered them thoroughly. We learned to read and write Latin and to read Greek with reasonable ease, going as far as Virgil, Horace, and Cicero in the one and in the other as far as Felton's Greek Reader, which contained selections from nearly all the principal poets and prose writers of Greece. To show the

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range of Felton's selections I will merely mention that when I was examined for admission to Harvard I was called upon to construe the famous fragment of Simonides describing Danae in the chest. In addition to the classics we were drilled in algebra and plane geometry, were given a smattering of French and a course in Greek and Roman history. That we should learn anything of modern history or of the history of our own country was thought quite needless.

All those dreary hours spent over the Latin and Greek grammars seem now a waste of time, and yet as mere drilling they were, I think, as good as anything else and gave at least a solid foundation upon which to build a knowledge of the classics if the recipient were so inclined. Sturgis Bigelow said to me not long ago: "After all, we were pretty well educated. We learned to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat." As a commentary upon our education nothing could be better. We really learned "to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat," quite apart from school, and they were all things well worth learning. We also made many enduring friendships in the school which went on through life. William Lawrence, now Bishop of Massachusetts, I had known before, but at Mr. Dixwell's school we were to sit side by side for six years, as we did later for four more years in college. It would take too long to name the many others above and below me in the school whom I first knew then and with whom I became intimate. It is more interesting to try at least to give an account of what Gyas and Cloanthus did than simply to catalogue the fact that they existed and were strong.

Bigelow's description of our education was in the main correct; it was largely physical and very enjoyable. We all swam at an early age and at Nahant we passed most of our time in the water or on it, for we also at an early age learned to row and to sail a boat. I do not remember the exact time when I first had a sail-boat, but it must have been when I was about thirteen years old, and I had a boatman who went with me and taught me and from whose guardianship I was as a matter of course eager to escape. One day Frank Chadwick and I were out with him and he, wishing to go ashore, tied the boat up at the wharf and departed, after making us promise to wait just where we were. The promise broke as soon as the boatman was out of sight and we cast off and began tacking back and forth in the bay. While thus pleasantly and happily engaged to our own complete satisfaction a big New York yacht, *The Idler*, came in, and as she was running wing and wing, her great sails took all the wind out of our little one just as we were crossing her course. We lost steerage way and *The Idler* saw us too late to sheer off. We beheld Fate rushing upon us, knew not what to do and did nothing. I saw a gentleman whom I knew, Mr. William Otis, run up to the bow of *The Idler*. He recognized us and called out "Jump overboard!" Having no views of my own, over I went and Chadwick after me, our little boat being swept aside by the yacht and not seriously injured. I remember a bad moment before I rose to the surface, when it flashed over me that I might come up under the yacht, but in an instant I had my head out of water and saw the big black hull gliding by and then I was quite at ease. We paddled about and were picked up in a few minutes, and I remember Mr. Otis saying that he had alarmed the people on the yacht when he told us to jump overboard, but that he knew very well that in the water we should be quite safe. I and my friends soon learned to sail a boat very competently and later I became the owner of a little sloop upon which I passed many hours every summer until I left college.

We boys in those days went also much into the country, for there was real country then within easy reach of Boston, and we gave much time to walks and expeditions of various sorts, often, I am sorry to say, in pursuit of birds' eggs, to which we were wont to devote our Saturdays and holidays. Then later we went shooting on the cape and elsewhere and some of us, like Bigelow and Chadwick, became capital shots, which I never did, although I gave a great deal of time to both the shot-gun and the rifle. These weapons were put into our hands very early, as it seems to me, and I rather think through the influence of Dr. Bigelow.

Altogether, as I look back upon it I think that we had a great deal of vigorous outdoor life, which is better than many forms of education. We also played all games assiduously, foot-ball, base-ball, hockey, and the rest, varied in winter by coasting,

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skating, and savage snow-ball fights on the Common with boys from the South End and the back of Beacon Hill, whom we called "muckers," and who usually defeated us owing purely to superior numbers, as I have always religiously believed. I was never very apt or successful at these games and sports except steering a double runner which I had built and planned myself and which I managed with skill, but I engaged in them all with the utmost energy, and that, after all, is the really important thing. The value of athletic sports is not what they bring to the nines and elevens and eights who are pictured and advertised in the newspapers. Indeed, to the champions I am inclined to think that they are often harmful, both from the physical strain and from the fleeting notoriety. The true value of athletic sports is to the average boy like myself, who never comes to any distinction, but who in this way learns to like rough-and-tumble games and to be fond of vigorous and wholesome exercise and of outdoor life.

I have left to the last the form of outdoor sport which I liked best at the beginning and which has been my friend and my enjoyment all through my life, and that is riding. My father owned and drove fast trotting horses and also rode regularly with my sister, so that we always had a stable full of horses of various kinds. As far back as I can remember I used to be put on the back of one of my father's or sister's horses and allowed to ride them round the yard at Nahant. Then came riding lessons in Boston under the instruction of Mr. Thuolt, a follower of Kossuth, a living and very robust reminder of the nearness of the great year of 1848. He was a Hungarian and had served in the Austrian cavalry, a tall, large, fine-looking man, very kind to small boys. He also gave us lessons in the broadsword, and I kept for a long time the wooden representative of that weapon with which I used to practise the cuts and passes.

At last, in 1861, my father gave me a horse of my own. He was a small horse, as big as a polo pony, of pure Morgan stock, the famous Vermont strain, very handsome, very spirited, very fast in all gaits, very intelligent. He learned to know me as if he had been a dog, and would do anything I asked of him. I was, as I have said, fond of fire-arms and I trained "Pip" —he was named Pip because my father said I had such "Great Expectations" of him— to stand so that I could fire a pistol from his back, which not only satisfied my sense of the general fitness of things, as derived from Mayne Reid, but also enabled me on one occasion to kill a dangerous dog which used to spring out at me on a certain country road. I cannot resist saying as much as this about one of the best and best-loved friends of my boyhood. I rode him for many years, and when I outgrew him drove him in a light wagon. He lived to a ripe age; he was never "sick or sorry" for a day, so far as I remember, and he never refused a fence or declined to go anywhere when I asked him, either to take a jump or to follow me.

The epoch-making summer when Pip was presented to me was also marked by the fact that we passed it at Newport instead of at Nahant. I think my father had an idea of buying a house there and wanted to try the place for a summer. But that which makes Newport in 1861 truly memorable to me is that I really learned to ride there, for when I had got a firm seat, Parker, our English coachman, put up some bars in the lane behind our house and taught me to jump, for which I have always held him in grateful remembrance. Newport itself was not to my taste at that time. Its character and its life were much the same then as now, but the scale of living was far more modest. The great houses and small palaces of the Newport of to-day had then no existence, although there were some handsome villas, the most considerable being that of Mr. Bareda, the Peruvian minister, which, with its terrace, excited my youthful admiration. Bellevue Avenue was not yet entirely built up. Bateman's Point was reached by a long country drive among outlying farms destitute of houses, and everything else was proportionate. The bathing was the same as now, the gayety, the society, the "dull, mechanic pacing to and fro" which was called driving on the avenue, were all much as they are at the present time. There was a great deal of fine dressing, an abundance of handsome horses and carriages from four-in-hands down, and all the paraphernalia which have since been developed to such an amazing degree. But if the scale was smaller in those days there was, I believe, better taste

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and less vulgarity and ostentation than is seen there to-day. The large hotels with which every American watering-place has begun its career were not yet extinct. The Ocean House, the Fillmore, and The Crawford were still in active existence, but the Atlantic House was used for midshipmen, as owing to the war the Academy had been transferred from Annapolis to Newport. I think the Atlantic House had been converted to this use at that time, but I may have confused it with 1864, when I was again in Newport, where the Academy had then been established for some years.

How my family enjoyed their summer there I do not know, but I regarded Newport with great disfavor. I missed my friends, I disliked the artificial life, I preferred the rocks of Nahant and deep water to swimming in bathing clothes from a flat beach. I found some compensation in catching blue-fish and in sailing about the harbor, but the alleviation was slight. It was, therefore, with joy that I returned to Boston, especially as the vacation was not quite over and I was able to go to Nahant for a few days' stay at our gardener's house, which I particularly liked to do, and pass my days with Chadwick. While I was there, on the night of September 11, the huge wooden barracks of a hotel with which Mr. Paran Stevens had intended to convert Nahant into a fashionable watering-place took fire and burned to the ground. A very splendid fire it was, seen far up and down the coast and by distant vessels out at sea as it blazed up on its lonely promontory. I say politely "took fire," but the hotel had been wholly unoccupied for some weeks and I fear it may be said, as General Butler remarked of the baking machinery, "It was a failure and of course it burned." The hotel had failed utterly, and Mr. Paran Stevens, as Bishop Clark of Rhode Island said to me years afterward, "Got out in what is civilly called an adroit manner," leaving his partners with the property and the debts. After the fire the estate came on the market and my father made an attempt to induce some of his friends in Nahant to join in buying it in order to rebuild the old small hotel. The attempt came to nothing because in that war-time nobody wished to buy Nahant land, so my father bought it himself, gave up all idea of going to Newport, and began to prepare the place for his own house. He did not live to carry out his plans, but in later years my sister and myself built our houses there, left our old villa which belonged to my grandfather, and have lived at East Point ever since.

My account of sports and outdoor life has led me to Newport and back to the Nahant hotel fire, but I would not have it supposed, as I wish to give all the influences which were at work on my life, that I had no other occupation than sports and athletics, supplemented by general mischief and destructiveness in my idler moments.

There was, in the first place, one occupation neither athletic nor physical in its nature from which I derived much excitement, a great deal of amusement, and, I venture to think, some real information and instruction. This was going to the theatre, for which, as it happened, I came by accident to have unusual opportunities. The first time I was ever taken to the theatre was to see the pantomime and ballet of "Cinderella." I remember the scene of the kitchen and the child by the fire; then the pumpkin turning into a coach and then nothing more. I was told long afterward that at that point I fell heavily asleep and in that condition was carried home and put to bed. But after this first broken recollection, the time of which I cannot fix definitely, theatrical memories grow very numerous. Those which fill the largest space are, of course, the Ravels, the famous brothers, four at first and then gradually dwindling as each retired until only one remained. The rope-dancing and tumbling, the athletic feats and the ballets, which formed part of the performances, were like everybody else's, and although they filled my childhood with wonder, I have seen all these things done a thousand times and done much better and with greater difficulties and larger risks. But the Ravels themselves in their pantomimes I have never seen equalled, and I have watched such performances carefully in many places. Their agility, their humor, their dumb show were not only perfect in themselves but of extraordinary dramatic quality. Any one who recalls François or Gabriel in "Pongo" or "Jocko," the "Wonderful Apes," will understand what I mean, for in those impersonations it was not the feats of dexterity and agility which they performed, but the acting which impressed one most. An-

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toine Ravel was the best and most comic clown I have ever seen, and I have seen many. All his fun, too, was in pantomime, so that he had to amuse his audience solely by action and play of feature without the aid of the aged and often coarse and clumsy jokes of the clown of the circus ring. In the "Magic Trumpet" and the "White Knight" he was especially effective, but I also remember being thrilled by the exciting scenes of "Bianco," by "Raoul or the Magic Star," by "Robert Macaire," and "Mazulm or the Night Owl," all long since vanished from every stage.

The first serious play I ever saw was "Julius Cæsar." My grandfather took me to see it at the Howard Athenæum, because he said that I ought to see that play when given by such a company. I was very young at the time, but I enjoyed it all hugely and was deeply stirred. It was indeed a remarkable cast. E. L. Davenport, a first-rate actor of the old school, was Brutus, Edwin Booth was Cassius, Lawrence Barrett was Mark Antony, and John McCullough was Cæsar. They were all young men except Davenport, and all rose to the first rank, Booth, of course, being the greatest and even then the star. I did not fall asleep that afternoon, and every part of that performance is as vivid to me as if it were yesterday. I have seen the play many times since, but I doubt if I have ever seen it given better than on that first occasion. Brutus and Cassius, of course, impressed me most, but I have never forgotten Antony in a green toga delivering the great oration. How well Barrett did it I do not know, but I remember that it made me eager to join the Roman mob and avenge the death of Cæsar on the spot.

My father and grandfather took me to see the Ravels and "Shakespeare," but having thus acquired a taste for the theatre I soon began to gratify it independently. Those were the days of stock companies, of standard plays, and of changing bills. "Long runs" had not yet become predominant and the stage was not then filled, as it is to-day, with comic operas of various degrees of inanity, with variety shows and exhibitions of chorus girls' figures and dresses, or of the absence of both. The Boston Museum had an excellent stock company, the chief figure in which was William Warren, a comedian of the best school and highest order. He was greatest in high comedy but he was also admirable in farces, and many a one by Morton, whose debt to Labiche I did not then realize, have I seen him give. I must not, however, confuse early recollections with later ones of a time when I was better able to appreciate Warren's delightful art. What I preferred in those early days was melodrama. I discovered that a seat in the gallery cost only twelve and one-half cents, or nine pence as it was called at that time, and many a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, in company with Frank Jackson or Russell Sullivan, whose fondness for the drama corresponded with mine, did I betake myself to the somewhat heated atmosphere of the upper regions of the Museum and revel in the performance of "Jeanie Deans" or the "Colleen Bawn." Those happen to be plays which recur to me most vividly, although I do not know exactly why it should be so. In thinking of the former I still feel a thrill when I recall the scene of the heath or that in which Jeanie meets Queen Caroline. Perhaps my affection for Scott made the play clearer to me. As to the "Colleen Bawn," we were so taken by it that Russell Sullivan and I rigged up some scenery in my playroom and there gave an abbreviated version of Mr. Boucicault's work, consisting chiefly of the attempted drowning of the Colleen Bawn and her rescue by Myles na Coppaleen, or "Myles of the Ponies," as the playbill carefully informed those who were so unfortunate as to be unfamiliar with the Irish language. In this performance Russell Sullivan, destined to write for the stage more than one successful play, took the part of the Colleen and I played that of Myles. Who was induced to take the necessary part of the villain, Danny Mann, I do not recall, but nothing less than the hero satisfied me, and as the proprietor of the theatre I laid claim to it. The audiences I think were small, consisting of a few other boys and friendly servants, but I am sure that the drowning and rescue with the plunge of Myles into the water, represented by parallel strips of paper of proper color as on the stage, gave great satisfaction to the performers, if to no one else.

I have indeed very tender recollections of the old Museum as the source of many pleasures. It had beside the theatre, a real museum filled with all sorts of curiosities,

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strange pictures, and oddities of every kind brought chiefly from Polynesia and Africa. The museum part served to soothe the susceptibilities of persons from the country who thought it wrong to go to a theatre but not to a museum. If a theatrical performance happened to be part of a museum these worthy people could under that condition witness it without endangering their spiritual or moral welfare. All along the front of the museum building ran three or four rows of lights, gas-burners in white globes, and thus illuminated it seemed to me a place of splendor and enchantment, full of a vast promise of strange and mysterious delights. When the building was torn down a few years since I felt a real pang at the disappearance of those lights, for I knew that no others existed or ever would exist which could give me the same sensations or awaken the same fascinating associations. Just before the final disappearance of the building I noticed one day, as I was passing by, the red flag of the auctioneer. I dropped in and found that the old properties of the theatre were being sold. It was a strange collection: worn-out dresses of velvet and tinsel in which courtiers had once strutted in brief and gas-lit brilliancy, musty costumes of peasants, old guns, halberds, drums, and all the panoply of mock war, pasteboard goblets from which the gilding had dropped away, a strange and motley collection, sordid, worn, dirty, valueless. I thought how often these melancholy relics must in their day have dazzled and deceived my eyes, and I confess I turned away with sad reflections in my heart and a wish that I had for a moment the gift of Charles Lamb so that I might have done justice to all these poor old gewgaws, dusty and decayed, lying there in the harsh, unsparing light of day, and to the tender sentiment, the pleasant memories which they inspired in at least one of those who were idly looking at them in the hour when they were despised and rejected of men.

Let me not forget here another species of performance far removed from the legitimate drama in which I took an almost equal interest. This was the negro minstrel show, for that was the heyday of negro minstrels. They had regular and permanent establishments in all the large cities. The one in Boston was that of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, and many an hour have I passed in their intellectual society to the great detriment of my limited pocket money. "Billy" Morris, the "bones" I think, was one of the well-known figures of Boston. He was a tall man with the largest black mustache I ever saw on a human being. He dressed in the most resplendent manner, with a huge diamond cluster pin in his shirt-front, and I used to stare at him, when I passed him in the street, with no little interest and admiration. He was most gorgeous and conspicuous in winter. Sleighing when good was one of the favorite winter amusements of Boston, and there was a great deal of racing on the old Brighton Road, where some very fast trotting was indulged in. That road on a good day was one of the sights of the town, and we boys used often to go there either legally in a family sleigh or on foot, or quite illegally by "cutting on behind" the sleighs of other people. All the sporting men and owners of fast horses were there to be seen, but none was so brilliant as "Billy" Morris in black furs driving a very fast horse and with his great mustache, which looked like part of the furs, visible from a long distance.

All that I have thus far written of my early theatrical experiences relates to the period preceding that supposed to be covered by this chapter, and it was also before 1860 that an event happened which gave me the unusual opportunity of which I spoke at the outset. The Boston Theatre was built in 1853–54 by a company composed wholly, I think, of gentlemen who desired to have a suitable place for operas, for which nothing then existed. The return to the shareholders on their investment was to be in the form of seats, as is the case with many opera-houses. The subscribers carried out their project on the most generous scale and built one of the largest theatres in the world, one that seated over three thousand people and had a really superb stage exceeding in width and depth, I believe, any then existing. The theatre was also amply provided with lobbies and foyers and possessed two large exits on a level with the street. The acoustic properties were perfect. The proprietors, knowing that it would have to be both theatre and opera-house, built it without boxes so as to save space. The new theatre was, in fact, everything that

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it should have been, but it did not succeed. Boston could only support grand opera for a few weeks even at the comparatively modest prices of those days, and for a stock company, which, after the prevailing fashion, was to occupy it for the rest of the time, it was far too large and could not be filled by them sufficiently to pay. At all events, whatever the reason, the theatre began to fall into financial difficulties. In this state of affairs my father was chosen president of the board of directors, and although, like every one else, he only owned a few shares, and although he was already burdened with too many heavy business cares, he threw himself into the work with his wonted zeal and energy.

His theory was that the only way to make the theatre self-sustaining was to let it out to the travelling companies for a few weeks at a time, and especially to those which produced pantomimes, melodramas, or spectacles requiring a large stage. In this way he thought that the theatre could be maintained at the minimum of expense and with an assurance of a constant variety which would fill the house. Like most innovations, there was an anxious period at the outset, but some time before he died the theatre was paying, and the same system pursued under subsequent ownership has made it very profitable down to the present time.

My father's thus taking control of the theatre not only gave me free entrance to all performances and to the directors' box, but enabled me to extend my operations to all parts of the theatre. Together with my friend, Sturgis Bigelow, who had tastes in this respect just like my own, I quickly established close alliances with all the employees of the theatre and especially with the keeper of the stage-door and the property-man, so that we were soon as familiar behind the scenes as in front of the curtain. One of the companies most popular at that period was a hybrid organization which combined circus and drama—drama of a large, scenic, and spectacular kind in which horses played a conspicuous part. The performance opened with a regular circus, for the stage was large enough to accommodate a ring, and then followed the play. The two plays I remember best were the "Cataract of the Ganges," which culminated in the heroine's escape from the wicked priests by way of the falls, down which real water flowed and which nature had arranged with low steps so that an educated horse could gallop up them. The other play was "Tippoo Sahib," a thrilling presentation of the criminal career of that monarch, with live elephants in the procession, and the final capture of his stronghold by a charge of cavalry after the manner of Lord Peterborough's famous exploit in Spain, only more exact and realistic. These dramatic works I witnessed many times, but the occasion I remember best was when Bigelow and I hid ourselves behind the canvas statue of some Indian god and witnessed the scene in the cave from that point of vantage, peeping out around the edges of the flat deity to look at the audience.

We also profited by our opportunities not only in wandering behind the scenes, examining the stage machinery and learning to make thunder and red fire, but by seeing some excellent plays and some good acting. There was an independent company formed at that period (it lasted only two or three years, I think) by some of the best actors of the day, who divided the profits among themselves and were not engaged or controlled by any manager. Among them were John Gilbert and Mark Smith, Thomas Placide, John Owens, William Wheatleigh, who played the heroes, Mrs. Barrow, and others. They were all good and brought out all the old comedies with an evenness of excellence which is rare. I then saw not only the "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer," which may still be seen at intervals, but many others like "Speed the Plough," "The Heir at Law," "The Gamester," and "Wild Oats," which, I am sorry to say, seem to have disappeared entirely. They also gave "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and Davenport played Sir Giles Overreach better than any one I have seen except Booth, and quite as well as Booth. It was a good bit of education to have seen all these old comedies well given before their final departure from the stage, for they possessed literary as well as dramatic merit, and literature is more marked now by its absence than by its presence in current plays.

At a somewhat later time Wheatleigh returned and brought out the first part of "Henry IV," with himself as Prince Hal

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and Hackett as Falstaff—the best Falstaff of the day. I remember few plays which interested me more as a boy, and I wish it were played oftener. It connects itself in my mind also with the excitement of the war-time. On every bill and poster announcing the play were printed the King's words after the fight at Shrewsbury:

"Rebellion in the land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won."

When delivered on the stage these lines were greeted with rounds of applause, and in the same way the audiences would receive with cheers and shouts the King's fierce utterance in "Richard III":

"Cold friends to me!
What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?"

It was at that time I saw Forrest in "Metamora." He impressed me deeply as the noble savage, and I did not mind his rant or his marked mannerisms. He was a very striking-looking man, large, powerful, with a voice of great depth and compass. His faults were obvious enough, in fact everything about him was obvious, and he was generally condemned by my elders, to whose opinion I deferred and from whom I concealed my admiration for the chief of the Wampanoags. But when I saw him in later years, although he was then an old man, I saw that despite his ranting and his crudity, due to lack of training, he was a really great actor of unusual force and power. Altogether these remembrances of the stage are among the pleasantest and most vivid of my boyhood, and I am glad that I had such large opportunities in that direction.

There was also one incident, not theatrical, connected with the Boston Theatre which interested me greatly at the time. It was in that theatre that the ball was given to the Prince of Wales when he came to Boston, and my father being president of the board of directors and responsible for the building, was, of course, most anxious that all should go well. He went early to see that everything was right, so that I saw the theatre and all the decorations before any one arrived. It really looked very well I think, and it certainly seemed very splendid to my inexperienced eyes. The whole pit was floored over, making with the stage an immense ball-room, and the galleries were profusely decorated with flags and flowers. I was allowed to stay and see the entrance of the royal party and the opening of the ball by the prince, a fair-haired boy, who seemed to me altogether too simple in appearance, for I had expected robes and crowns, the kings with whom I was acquainted on the stage and in books usually appearing either with those adornments or else in full armor. As I remember no more of the festivity than this I imagine that at that point I was sent home to bed.

But theatres were not my only interest apart from sports and outdoor amusements. In common with many young gentlemen of my own age I exercised extraordinary diligence in getting through school with as little mental effort and as large an evasion of rules and discipline as possible, yet I did not leave my mind wholly unemployed. If a good fairy stood by my cradle she conferred upon me one gift which has been a great possession to me all my life and is even more precious as age begins to settle down. That gift was a love of books and of reading. It is a solitary habit, but it was a very fixed one with me and always indulged in without restriction when I was alone. I have already spoken of the delight I experienced in reading the Waverley Novels when I was nine years old, and from that I proceeded to many other works, great and small. I read, of course, the current "boys' books" by Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, by Kingston and "Oliver Optic," and others to whom I am indebted for many happy hours. "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson" I read over and over again, and prized them both equally I think, my literary judgment being still undeveloped. All fairy stories, from the "Arabian Nights" down, were read many times, and likewise Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonderbook," as well as Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry" and "Age of Fable," from which four volumes I really gathered some knowledge of Greek mythology and of the Arthurian legend. Cooper I read thoroughly, as I did Scott, and did not then find him verbose and diffuse. Leatherstocking was of course one of my heroes. I read all of Dickens, and "David Copperfield" was one of my favor-

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ite books, that is the first part; the last part rather bored me except when it came to the death of Steerforth and to the downfall of Uriah and the triumph of Micawber. All of Marryat's books and Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" and the "Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost" were very dear to me, but anything in the form of a story had for me an irresistible attraction. These books which I have mentioned were all permitted works, but I also managed to read surreptitiously "Jack Sheppard," by Ainsworth, who is described by the worthy Mr. Allibone as the "Tyburn Plutarch," and "Peregrine Pickle," old copies of which I found among some books at Nahant.

Stories and fiction were not, however, all my reading, although they formed the staple of it. My grandfather had a strong taste for travels and voyages, and among his books I read Mungo Park and Captain Reilly's narrative. He also bought all the new books of travel and exploration. Kane's "Expedition to the North Pole" excited great interest, and I well remember the talk about it and about his book. Livingstone's first volume also appeared about that time, as well as Gerard's "Lion Hunter" and Barth's "Travels in Africa." The last is a formidable work—I still have it—but I read a good deal of it and much enjoyed the pictures, as I did still more those in Perry's "Expedition to Japan," which I looked over again and again. These early studies in the literature of African discovery caused me to take great interest in Du Chaillu's gorillas when his collection was exhibited in Boston not long after. There was at that time much doubt felt as to the veracity of his narrative and the genuineness of his collection, but the explorations of later years have fully confirmed and justified all that he wrote, and show that the doubts expressed were as unjust as they were ill-founded.

I loved ballads and Homeric poetry of any and every kind. I cannot say how many times I read Scott's poems, especially "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." I also read "Richard III" and parts of the other plays, as well as "Don Quixote," because I saw my father reading them so often, but "Richard" and "Don Quixote" I really liked and they took a strong hold on my imagination. My father and grandfather had a fairly large library, and I wandered about in it on rainy days looking into books, examining pictures when there were any, and reading wherever a passage caught my vagrant attention. I have always been grateful to Dr. Johnson for his defence of "desultory reading," and I think that most of the education which I picked up in those days I obtained from my own unaided efforts in that direction. One piece of really important reading I also accomplished at that time and accomplished thoroughly, owing to an accident. To mitigate the rigors of compulsory attendance at church I made a treaty with my mother that if I sat quiet I might read the Bible instead of listening to the sermon. The treaty thus ratified was easily executed, for the high-backed pews of the old Brattle Street Church were well adapted both to concealment and to study. It was a fine old eighteenth-century church with a square tower, in which was imbedded a cannon-ball said to have been fired and lodged there by the American batteries at the siege of Boston. The interior was in the classical style of Wren, much in vogue in the province in the days of Anne and the first Georges. A huge mahogany pulpit, the gift of John Hancock, towered up darkly in the centre of what would have been called the chancel in any other than a Puritan church. I remember well the occasion when the Reverend Cyrus Bartol, very small and thin, with a shrill voice, popped up one Sunday from the depths of the great pulpit, and with hardly more than his head showing over the edge, piped out his text: "Lo, it is I! Be not afraid." Most preachers, however, failed to give rise to such pleasant incidents, and most of the sermons (the church was then Unitarian) were long and serious, and although no doubt often able, were rather beyond the capacity and attention of a boy. In this way, however, my biblical studies began, for I regret to say that, speaking frankly, the Bible was not a form of reading which I should have voluntarily selected if it had not been so much better than sitting silent in uncomfortable restlessness while some one preached. In this way, at all events, I read the Bible thoroughly from beginning to end, "bating the Apocrypha," as a countryman said in some now forgotten story of my youth, which Apocrypha, lacking unfortunately in my edition, was, if I had only known it, the

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repository of some of the best and most charming of the biblical stories. I have never quite understood why the books of the Apocrypha were not intrinsically as much entitled to a place among the canonical books as many now found there. Much of the Bible naturally I did not then understand, much I found wearisome, but the historical books, full of fighting and of battle, murder, and sudden death, all the beautiful stories and the Four Gospels, the most beautiful of all, became to me a great delight. I do not know that my morals or my religious views were improved, as they no doubt should have been, by this course of reading, but I am certain that I became familiar with persons and stories which are part of the life and thought of our race, and that reading over and over again all that splendid English could not but have had some unconscious effect even upon a boy and may have bred in him a respect for the noble language which was perhaps his best inheritance.

Such in outline, traced not for criticism or analysis, but merely as a picture of life at the time, were the occupations and amusements which made up existence for me in those days. But my first years at Mr. Dixwell's school were darkened by two sorrows which fell upon my family and brought sharply home to me the serious nature of life. In September, 1862, my father, worn out and broken down nervously by too much work, too many cares, and too many responsibilities, died suddenly. The blow fell like a bolt of lightning. He joked with me as I ate my supper and then went up to his room, not feeling very well, and dropped dead. I can hear the murmur of the frightened servants, "Poor child!" as I made my way upstairs. I can see him in his coffin; I can recall my being sent to Mrs. Guild's house to be out of the way of all the dark necessities of such a time. I can see the crowded church at his funeral and all the poor people whom he had helped standing in the aisles. I was overwhelmed with grief and did not comprehend what had happened. Not until long afterward did I know what a loss it had been to me at twelve years of age. Then I recovered with the elasticity of childhood, although I remained deeply conscious of a great gap in my life.

Two years later my grandfather died. He was nearly eighty-two, and his last two years were years of suffering. His mind remained perfectly clear; he was as kind and gentle as ever, he never complained, but he grew more silent and the end came peacefully. He was too old to have been as near to me as my father was, but I missed him greatly, and although I could not then put the thought into words, I knew that a very noble and gracious presence had gone from my little world.

The year after my father's death was made memorable to me by my first journey. In 1863 we went to New York, a great event to me, and stayed there some time. We went to a hotel, now vanished, the Saint Nicholas. Far down town it would seem now, but although fashion was pushing up beyond Madison Square, it was not yet wholly in the business quarter, as the block which it largely occupied is to-day. Sturgis Bigelow happened to be there at the same time, and the two idle school-boys together enjoyed themselves very well after their own fashion. We took full advantage of the opportunity for varied eating offered by a hotel on the "American plan," then nearly universal, and gorged ourselves on every possible occasion like young boa constrictors. We passed our days chiefly in wandering up and down Broadway, looking into the shops and also into a disgusting exhibition called "Kahn's Medical Museum," which I wonder should have been permitted to open its doors for the delectation of boys. We also went much to a more innocent place, Barnum's Museum, then situated where the Herald Building afterward stood, on the corner of Broadway facing the City Hall Park. We found our way to the Battery, at one end of the city, and to Central Park, then quite new, at the other. But our chief pleasure was the theatre, to which we were allowed to go in the evening, as there was no school necessitating early rising.

Almost opposite our hotel was "Bryant's Minstrels," brilliant at night with the name in colored lights made by a series of small cups filled, I think, with oil. Some of these were always being blown out, but the general effect was very satisfying to our simple tastes, and we frequented the performances to which we were so radiantly invited. Just above our hotel, on the other side of Broadway, was Niblo's Garden, a famous

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theatre in those days, and very far up town as it then seemed was "Wallack's," where was the best stock company in the country, headed by Lester Wallack himself, an admirable actor, and where we saw some really good plays.

The following summer we took another journey which seemed to me a very extensive one indeed. We went to Trenton Falls, now ruined by conversion into power, and thence to Niagara. At Trenton I had an adventure which nearly terminated my promising career. In company with a Mr. Rand I walked far up the river gorge above the principal falls. It was a beautiful walk by the side of the dark-brown, swift-rushing stream, but very hard going over the rocks, and we decided to climb up the side of the ravine along the steep cliffs, where we then were, and return to the hotel by the road above. Each of us started at a different point and proceeded to scramble up. I got nearly to the top very successfully when the little ledge of rock or earth upon which I had put my foot suddenly gave way. It was a bad quarter of a minute, for below me was a sheer drop of considerable height down to the rocks of the river. Luckily for me a small tree grew outward from the edge of the cliff just above me. I grasped it desperately with a sickening doubt as to whether it would give way. Luckily it held as I hung to it with both hands, swinging over space, and then it was easy to draw my light weight up, get astride of it and scramble in to the top of the cliff. I was a badly frightened boy when I rolled over on the grass and looked down into the ravine below. My companion had had no difficulty. Boy like I had selected the shortest, most perpendicular, and most dangerous route with a cheerful confidence in my powers of climbing anything and with no knowledge of the importance of footholds on the face of cliffs where rock gradually merges in earth.

From Trenton we went to Niagara, which I explored thoroughly and enjoyed immensely, but I have read too many "first impressions" of the great fall to attempt to add my own.

(To be continued.)

REST

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

THE hills call, the dew-glad morning hills,
Above the dust and fever of the plain:
Could I lay aside my yoke of old-time weariness;
Could I take my staff and seek the hills again;
The far hills where dawn is sweet with rain?

After much thirst, much hungering, at nightfall,
When the long way beyond my striving seems,
Would there come suddenly the keen sweet breath of valleys,
And, afar off, the sound of twilight streams,
In quiet hills whose dusk is cool with dreams?

The murmuring of rivers; and the wind;
A starlit place of shadows, liquid, deep:
Ah, and a night of infinite forgetting!
Night of the calm great hills that vigil keep;
The mother hills where weary men find sleep.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XIX

JASON drew the top bed in a bare-walled, bare-floored room with two other boys, as green and countrified as was he, and he took turns with them making up those beds, carrying water for the one tin basin, and sweeping up the floor with the broom that stood in the corner behind it. But even then the stark simplicity of his life was a luxury. His meals cost him three dollars a week, and that most serious item began to worry him, but not for long. Within two weeks he was meeting a part of that outlay by delivering the morning daily paper of the town. This meant getting up at half past three in the morning, after a sleep of five hours and a half, but if this should begin to wear on him, he would simply go earlier to bed. But there was no sign of wear and tear, for the boy was as tough as a bolt-proof black gum-tree back in the hills, his capacity for work was prodigious, and the early rising hour but lengthened the range of each day's activities. For Jason missed nothing and nothing missed him. His novitiate passed quickly, and while his fund for "breakage" was almost gone, he had, without knowing it, drawn no little attention to himself. He had wandered innocently into "Heaven"—the Seniors' Hall—a satanic offence for a Freshman, and he had been stretched over a chair, "strapped," and thrown out. But at dawn next morning he was waiting at the entrance and when four Seniors appeared he tackled them all valiantly. Three held him while the fourth went for a pair of scissors, for thus far Jason had escaped the tonsorial betterment that had been inflicted on most of his classmates. The boy stood still, but in a relaxed moment of vigilance he tore loose just as the scissors appeared, and fled for the building opposite. There he turned with his back to the wall.

"When I want my hair cut, I'll git my mammy to do it or pay fer it myself," he said quietly, but his face was white. When they rushed on, he thrust his hand into his shirt and pulled it out with a mighty oath of helplessness—he had forgotten his knife. They cut his hair, but it cost them two bloody noses and one black eye. At the flag-rush later he did not forget. The Sophomores had enticed the Freshmen into the gymnasium, stripped them of their clothes, and carried them away, whereat the Freshmen got into the locker-rooms of the girls, and a few moments later rushed from the gymnasium in bloomers to find the Sophomores crowded about the base of the pole, one of them with an axe in his hand, and Jason at the top with his hand again in his shirt.

"Chop away!" he was shouting, "but I'll git *some* o' ye when this pole comes down." Above the din rose John Burnham's voice, stern and angry, calling Jason's name. The man with the axe had halted at the unmistakable sincerity of the boy's threat.

"Jason," called Burnham again, for he knew what the boy meant, and the lad tossed knife and scabbard over the heads of the crowd to the grass, and slid down the pole. And in the fight that followed the mountain boy fought with a calm half-smiling ferocity that made the wavering Freshmen instinctively surge behind him as a leader, and the on-looking foot-ball coach quickly mark him for his own. Even at the first foot-ball "rally," where he learned the college yells, Jason had been singled out, for the mountaineer measures distance by the carry of his voice and with a "whoop an' a holler" the boy could cover a mile. Above the din, Jason's clear cry was, so to speak, like a cracker on the whip of the cheer, and the "yell-master," a swaying figure of frenzied enthusiasm, caught his eye in time, nodded approvingly, and saw in him a possible yell-leader for the Freshman class. After the rally the piano was rolled joyously to the centre of the gymnasium and a pale-

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faced lad began to thump it vigorously, much to Jason's disapproval, for he could not understand how a boy could, or would, play anything but a banjo or a fiddle. Then, with the accompaniment of a snare-drum, there was a merry, informal dance, at which Jason and Mavis looked yearningly on. And, as that night long ago in the mountains, Gray and Marjorie floated like feathers past them, and over Gray's shoulder the girl's eyes caught Jason's fixed on her, and Mavis's fixed on Gray; so on the next round she stopped a moment near them.

"I'm going to teach you to dance, Jason," she said, as though she were tossing a gauntlet to somebody, "and Gray can teach Mavis."

"Sure," laughed Gray, and off they whirled again.

The eyes of the two mountaineers met, and they might have been back in their childhood again, standing on the sunny river bank and waiting for Gray and Marjorie to pass, for what their tongues said then, their eyes said now:

"I seed you a-lookin' at him."

"'Tain't so—I seed you a-lookin' at her."

And it was true now as it was then, and then as now both knew it and both flushed. Jason turned abruptly away, for he knew more of Mavis's secret than she of his, and it was partly for that reason that he had not yet opened his lips to her. He had seen no consciousness in Gray's face, he resented the fact, somehow, that there was none, and his lulled suspicions began to stir again within him. In Marjorie's face he had missed what Mavis had caught, a fleeting spirit of mischief, which stung the mountain girl with jealousy and a quick fierce desire to protect Jason, just as Jason, with the same motive, was making up his mind again to keep a close eye on Gray Pendleton. As for Marjorie, she, too, knew more of Mavis's secret than Mavis knew of hers, and of the four, indeed, she was by far the wisest. During the years that Jason was in the hills she had read as on an open page the meaning of the mountain girl's flush at any unexpected appearance of Gray, the dumb adoration for him in her dark eyes, and more than once, riding in the woods, she had come upon Mavis, seated at the foot of an oak, screened by a clump of elder bushes and patiently waiting, as Marjorie knew, to watch Gray gallop by. She even knew how unconsciously Gray had been drawn by all this toward Mavis, but she had not bothered her head to think how much he was drawn until just before the opening of the college year, for, from the other side of the hill, she, too, had witnessed the meeting in the lane that Jason had seen, and had wondered about it just as much, though she, too, had kept still. That the two boys knew so little, that the two girls knew so much, and that each girl resented the other's interest in her own cousin was merely a distinction of sex, as was the fact that matters would have to be made very clear before Jason or Gray could see and understand. And for them matters were to become clearer, at least—very soon.

XX

ALREADY the coach had asked Jason to try foot-ball, but the boy had kept away from the field, for the truth was he had but one suit of clothes and he couldn't afford to have them soiled and torn. Gray suspected this, and told the coach, who explained to Jason that practice clothes would be furnished him, but still the boy did not come until one day when, out of curiosity, he wandered over to the field to see what the game was like. Soon his eyes brightened, his lips parted, and his face grew tense as the players swayed, clinched struggling, fell in a heap, and leaped to their feet again. And everywhere he saw Gray's yellow head darting among them like a sun-ball, and he began to wonder if he could not outrun and outwrestle his old enemy. He began to fidget in his seat and presently he could stand it no longer, and he ran out into the field and touched the coach on the shoulder.

"Can I git them clothes now?"

The coach looked at his excited face, nodded with a smile, and pointed to the gymnasium, and Jason was off in a run.

The matter was settled in the thrill and struggle of that one practice game, and right away Jason showed extraordinary aptitude, for he was quick, fleet, and strong, and the generalship and tactics of the game fascinated him from the start.

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And when he discovered that the training table meant a savings-bank for him, he counted his money, gave up the morning papers without hesitation or doubt, and started in for the team. Thus he and Gray were brought violently together on the field, for within two weeks Jason was on the second team, but the chasm between them did not close. Gray treated the mountain boy with a sort of curt courtesy, and while Jason tackled him, fell upon him with a savage thrill, and sometimes wanted to keep on tightening his wiry arms and throttling him, the mountain boy could discover no personal feeling whatever against him in return, and he was mystified. With the ingrained suspicion of the mountaineer toward an enemy, he supposed Gray had some cunning purpose. As captain, Gray had been bound, Jason knew, to put him on the second team, but as day after day went by and the magic word that he longed for went unsaid, the boy began to believe that the sinister purpose of Gray's concealment was, without evident prejudice, to keep him off the college team. The ball was about to be snapped back on Gray's side, and Gray had given him one careless, indifferent glance over the bent backs of the guards, when Jason came to this conclusion, and his heart began to pound with rage. There was the shock of bodies, the ball disappeared from his sight, he saw Gray's yellow head dart three times, each time a different way, and then it flashed down the side line with a clear field for the goal. With a bound Jason was after him, and he knew that even if Gray had wings, he would catch him. With a flying leap he hurled himself on the speeding figure in front of him, he heard Gray's breath go out in a quick gasp under the fierce lock of his arms and, as they crashed to the ground, Jason for one savage moment wanted to use his teeth on the back of the sunburned neck under him, but he sprang to his feet, fists clenched and ready for the fight. With another gasp Gray, too, sprang lightly up.

"Good!" he said heartily.

No mortal fist could have laid Jason quite so low as that one word. The coach's whistle blew and Gray added carelessly: "Come around, Hawn, to the training table to-night."

No mortal command could have filled him with so much shame, and Jason stood stock-still and speechless. Then, fumbling for an instant at his shirt collar as though he were choking, he walked swiftly away. As he passed the benches he saw Mavis and Marjorie, who had been watching the practice. Apparently Mavis had started out into the field, and Marjorie, bewildered by her indignant outcry, had risen to follow her, and Jason, when he met the accusing fire of his cousin's eyes, knew that she alone, on the field, had understood it all, that she had started with the impulse of protecting Gray, and his shame went deeper still. He did not go to the training table that night, and the moonlight found him under the old willows wondering and brooding, as he had been —long and hard. Gray was too much for him, and the mountain boy had not been able to solve the mystery of the Blue Grass boy's power over his fellows, for the social complexity of things had unravelled very slowly for Jason. He saw that each county had brought its local patriotism to college and had its county club. There were too few students from the hills and a sectional club was forming, "The Mountain Club," and into that Jason naturally had gone; but broadly the students were divided into "frat" men and "non-frat" men, chiefly along social lines, and there were literary clubs of which the watchword was merit and nothing else. And in all these sectional cliques from the Purchase, Pennyroyal and Peavine, as the western border of the State, the southern border, and the eastern border of hills were called; indeed, in all the sections except the Bear Grass, where was the largest town and where the greatest wealth of the State was concentrated, he found a wide-spread, sub-conscious, home-nursed resentment brought to that college against the lordly Blue Grass. And in the social life of the college he found that resentment rarely if ever voiced, but always tirelessly at work. He was not surprised then to discover that in the history of the college, Gray Pendleton was the first plainsman, the first aristocrat, who had ever been captain of the team and the president of his class. He began to understand now, for he could feel the tendrils of the boy's magnetic personality enclosing even him, and by and

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by he could stand it no longer, and he went to Gray.

"I wanted to kill you that day."

Gray smiled.

"I knew it," he said quietly.

"Then why——"

"We were playing foot-ball. Almost anybody can lose his head *entirely*—but *you* didn't. That's why I didn't say anything to you afterward. That's why you'll be captain of the team after I'm gone."

Again Jason choked, and again he turned speechless away, and then and there was born within him an idolatry for Gray that was carefully locked in his own breast, for your mountaineer openly worships and then but shyly, the Almighty alone. Jason no longer wondered about the attitude of faculty and students of both sexes toward Gray, no longer at Mavis, but at Marjorie he kept on wondering mightily, for she alone seemed the one exception to the general rule. Like everybody else, Jason knew the parental purpose where those two were concerned, and he began to laugh at the daring presumptions of his own past dreams and to worship now only from afar. But he could not know the effect of that parental purpose on that wilful, high-strung young person, the pique that Gray's frank interest in Mavis brought to life within her, and he was not yet far enough along in the classics to suspect that Marjorie might weary of hearing Aristides called the Just. Nor could he know the spirit of coquetry that lurked deep behind her serious eyes, and was for that reason the more dangerously effective.

He only began to notice one morning, after the foot-ball incident, that Marjorie was beginning to notice him, that, worshipped now only on the horizon, his star seemed to be drawing a little nearer. A passing lecturer had told Jason much of himself and his people that morning. The mountain people, said the speaker, still lived like the pioneer forefathers of the rest of the State. Indeed they were "our contemporary ancestors"; so that, sociologically speaking, Jason, young as he was, was the ancestor of all around him. The thought made him grin and, looking up, he caught the mischievous eyes of Marjorie, who later seemed to be waiting for him on the steps:

"Good-morning, grandfather," she said demurely, and went rapidly on her way.

XXI

MEANWHILE that political storm was raging and Jason got at the heart of it through his morning paper and John Burnham. He knew that at home Republicans ran against Republicans for all offices, and now he learned that the mountains were the Gibraltar of that party, and that the line of its fortifications ran from the Big Sandy, three hundred miles by public roads, to the line of Tennessee. When free silver had shattered the Democratic ranks three years before, the mountaineers had leaped forth and unfurled the Republican flag over the State for the first time since the Civil War. Ballots were falsified—that was the Democratic cry, and that was the Democratic excuse for that election law that had been forced through the Senate, whipped through the lower house with the party lash, and passed over the veto of the governor by the bold, cool, crafty, silent autocrat. From bombastic orators Jason learned that a fair ballot was the bulwark of freedom, that some God-given bill of rights had been smashed, and the very altar of liberty desecrated. And when John Burnham explained how the autocrat's triumvirate could at will appoint and remove officers of election, canvass returns, and certify and determine results, he could understand how the "atrocious measure," as the great editor of the State called it, "was a ready chariot to the governor's chair." And in that summer convention the spirit behind the measure had started for that goal in just that way, like a scythe-bearing chariot of ancient days, but cutting down friend as well as foe. Straightway, Democrats long in line for honors, and gray in the councils of the party, bolted; the rural press bolted; and Jason heard one bolter thus cry his fealty and his faithlessness: "As charged, I do stand ready to vote for a yellow dog, if he be the regular nominee, but lower than that you shall not drag me."

The autocrat's retort was courteous.

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"You have a brother in the penitentiary."

"No," was the answer, "but your brothers have a brother who ought to be."

The pulpit thundered. Half a million Kentuckians, "professing Christians and temperance advocates," repudiated the autocrat's claim to support. A new convention was the cry, and the wheel-horse of the party, an ex-Confederate, an ex-governor, answered that cry. The leadership of the bolters he took as a "sacred duty"—took it with the gentle statement that the man who tampers with the rights of the humblest citizen was worse than the assassin, and should be streaked with a felon's stripes, and suffered to speak only through barred doors. From the same tongue Jason heard with puckered brow that the honored and honest yeomanry of the commonwealth, through coalition by judge and politician, would be hoodwinked by the legerdemain of ballot-juggling magicians; but he did understand when he heard this yeomanry called brave, adventurous self-gods of creation, slow to anger, and patient with wrongs, but when once stirred, let the man who had done the wrong—beware! Long ago Jason had heard the Republican chieftain who was to be pitted against such a foe, characterized as "a plain, unknown man, a hillbilly from the Pennyroyal, and the nominee because there was no opposition and no hope." But hope was running high now, and now with the aristocrat, the autocrat, and the plebeian from the Pennyroyal—whose slogan was the repeal of the autocrat's law—the tricornered fight was on.

On a hot day in the star-county of the star-district, the autocrat, like Cæsar, had a fainting fit and left the Democrats, explaining for the rest of the campaign that Republican eyes had seen a big dirk under his coat, and Jason never rested until with his own eyes he had seen the man who had begun to possess his brain like an evil dream. And he did see him and heard him defend his law as better than the old one, and declare that never again could the Democrats steal the State with mountain votes—heard him confidently leave to the common people to decide whether imperialism should replace democracy, trusts destroy the business of man with man, and whether the big railroad of the State was the servant or the master of the people. He heard a senator from the national capital, whose fortunes were linked with the autocrat's, declare that leader as the most maligned figure in American politics, and that he was without a blemish or vice on his private or public life, but, unlike Pontius Pilate, Jason never thought to ask himself what was truth, for in spite of the mountaineer's Blue Grass allies, the lad had come to believe that there was a State-conspiracy to rob his people of their rights. This man was the head and front of that conspiracy; while he spoke the boy's hatred grew with every word, and turned personal, so that at the close of the speech he moved near the autocrat with a fierce desire to fly at his throat then and there. He even caught one sweeping look—cool, fearless, insolent, scorning—the look the man had for his enemies—and Jason was left with swimming head and trembling knees. Then the great Nebraskan came, and Jason heard him tell the people to vote against him for President if they pleased—but to stand by democracy; and in his paper next morning Jason saw a cartoon of the autocrat driving the great editor and the Nebraskan on a race-track, hitched together, but pulling like oxen apart. And through the whole campaign he heard the one Republican cry ringing like a bell through the State: "Elect the ticket by a majority that *can't* be counted out."

And thus the storm went on, the Republicans crying for a free ballot and a fair count, flaunting on a banner the picture of a man stuffing a ballot-box and two men with shot-guns playfully interrupting the performance, and hammering into the head of the State that no man could be trusted with unlimited power over the suffrage of a free people. Any ex-Confederate who was for the autocrat, any repentant bolter that swung away from the aristocrat, any negro that was against the man from the Pennyroyal, was lifted by the beneficiary to be looked on by the public eye. The autocrat would cut down Republican majority by contesting votes and throw the matter into the hands of the legislature—that was the Republican prophecy and the Republican fear. Manufacturers, merchants, and ministers

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pleaded for a fair election. An anti-autocratic grip became prevalent in the hills. The Hawns and Honeycutts sent word that they had buried the feud for a while and would fight like brothers for their rights, and from more than one mountain county came the homely threat that if those rights were denied, there would somewhere be "a mighty shovelin' of dirt." And so to the last minute the fight went on.

The boy's head buzzed and ached with the multifarious interests that filled it, but for all that the autumn was all gold for him, and with both hands he gathered it in. Sometimes he would go home with Gray for Sunday. With Colonel Pendleton for master, he was initiated into exercises with dirk and fencing foil, for not yet was the boxing-glove considered meet by that still old-fashioned courtier, for the hand of a gentleman. Sometimes he would spend Sunday with John Burnham, and wander with him through the wonders of Morton Sander's great farm, and he listened to Burnham and the colonel talk politics and tobacco, and the old days, and the destructive changes that were subtly undermining the glories of those old days. In the tricornered foot-ball fight for the State championship, he had played one game with Central University and one with old Transylvania, and he had learned the joy of victory in one and in the other the heart-sickening depression of defeat. One never-to-be-forgotten night he had gone coon-hunting with Mavis and Marjorie and Gray—riding slowly through shadowy woods, or recklessly galloping over the blue-grass fields, and again, as many times before, he felt his heart pounding with emotions that seemed almost to make it burst.

For Marjorie, child of sunlight, and Mavis, child of shadows, riding bareheaded together under the brilliant moon, were the twin spirits of the night, and that moon dimmed the eyes of both only as she dimmed the stars. He saw Mavis swerving at every stop and every gallop to Gray's side, and always he found Marjorie somewhere near him. And only John Burnham understood it all, and he wondered and smiled, and with the smile wondered again.

There had been no time for dancing lessons, but the little comedy of sentiment went on just the same. In neither Mavis nor Jason was there the slightest consciousness of any chasm between them and Marjorie and Gray, though at times both felt in the latter pair a vague atmosphere that neither would for a long time be able to define as patronage, and so when Jason received an invitation to the first dance given in the hotel ball-room in town, he went straight to Marjorie and solemnly asked "the pleasure of her company" that night.

For a moment Marjorie was speechless.

"Why, Jason," she gasped, "I—I—you're a Freshman, and anyhow——"

For the first time the boy gained an inkling of that chasm, and his eyes turned so fiercely sombre and suspicious that she added in a hurry:

"It's a joke, Jason—that invitation. No Freshman can go to one of those dances."

Jason looked perplexed now, and still a little suspicious.

"Who'll keep me from goin'?" he asked quietly.

"The Sophomores. They sent you that invitation to get you into trouble. They'll tear your clothes off."

As was the habit of his grandfather Hawn, Jason's tongue went reflectively to the hollow of one cheek, and his eyes dropped to the yellow leaves about their feet, and Marjorie waited with a tingling thrill that some vague thing of importance was going to happen. Jason's face was very calm when he looked up at last, and he held out the card of invitation.

"Will that git—get me in, when I a-get to the door?"

"Of course, but——"

"Then I'll be th-there," said Jason, and he turned away.

Now Marjorie knew that Gray expected to take her to that dance, but he had not yet even mentioned it. Jason had come to her swift and straight; the thrill still tingled within her, and before she knew it she had cried impulsively:

"Jason, if you get to that dance, I'll—I'll dance every square dance with you."

Jason nodded simply and turned away.

The mischief-makers soon learned the boy's purpose, and there was great joy among them, and when Gray finally asked Marjorie to go with him, she demurely

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told him she was going with Jason. Gray was amazed and indignant, and he pleaded with her not to do anything so foolish.

"Why, it's outrageous. It will be the talk of the town. Your mother won't like it. Maybe they won't do anything to him because you are along, but they might, and think of you being mixed up in such a mess. Anyhow I tell you—you *can't* do it."

Marjorie paled and Gray got a look from her that he had never had before.

"Did I hear you say 'can't'?" she asked coldly. "Well, I'm not going with him—he won't let me. He's going alone. I'll meet him there."

Gray made a helpless gesture.

"Well, I'll try to get the fellows to let him alone—on your account."

"Don't bother—he can take care of himself."

"Why, Marjorie!"

The girl's coldness was turning to fire.

"Why don't you take Mavis?"

Gray started an impatient refusal, and stopped—Mavis was passing in the grass on the other side of the road, and her face was flaming violently.

"She heard you," said Gray in a low voice.

The heel of one of Marjorie's little boots came sharply down on the gravelled road.

"Yes, and I hope she heard *you*—and don't you ever—ever—ever say *can't* to me again." And she flashed away.

The news went rapidly through the college and, as Gray predicted, became the talk of the young people of the town. Marjorie's mother did object violently, but Marjorie remained firm—what harm was there in dancing with Jason Hawn, even if he was a poor mountaineer and a Freshman? She was not a snob, even if Gray was. Jason himself was quiet, non-communicative, dignified. He refused to discuss the matter with anybody, ignored comment and curiosity, and his very silence sent a wave of uneasiness through some of the Sophomores and puzzled them all. Even John Burnham, who had severely reprimanded and shamed Jason for the flag incident, gravely advised the boy not to go, but even to him Jason was respectfully non-committal, for this was a matter that, as the boy saw it, involved his *rights*, and the excitement grew quite feverish when one bit of news leaked out. At the beginning of the session the old president, perhaps in view of the political turmoil imminent, had made a request that one would hardly hear in the chapel of any hall of learning in the broad United States.

"If any student had brought with him to college any weapon or fire-arm, he would please deliver it to the commandant, who would return it to him at the end of the session, or whenever he should leave college."

Now Jason had deliberated deeply on that request, and on the point of personal privilege involved he differed with the president, and a few days before the dance one of his room-mates found not only a knife but a huge pistol—relics of Jason's feudal days—protruding from the top bed. This was the bit of news that leaked, and Marjorie paled when she heard it, but her word was given, and she would keep it. There was no sneaking on Jason's part that night, and when a crowd of Sophomores gathered at the entrance of his dormitory, they found a night-hawk that Jason had hired, standing waiting at the door, and they waited for him.

And down at the hotel ballroom Gray and Marjorie waited, Gray anxious, worried, and angry, and Marjorie with shining eyes and a pale but determined face. And she shot a triumphant glance toward Gray when she saw the figure of the young mountaineer framed at last in the door-way of the ballroom. There Jason stood a moment, uncouth and stock-still. His eyes moved only until he caught sight of Marjorie, and then, with them fixed steadily on her, he solemnly walked through the sudden silence that swiftly spread through the room straight for her. He stood cool, calm, and with a curious dignity before her, and the only sign of his emotion was in a reckless lapse into his mountain speech.

"I've come to tell ye I can't dance with ye. Nobody can keep me from goin' whar I've got a right to go, but I won't stay nowhar I'm not wanted."

And, without waiting for her answer, he turned and stalked solemnly out again.

XXII

THE miracle had happened, and just how nobody could ever say. The boy had appeared in the door-way and had paused there full in the light. No revolver was

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visible—it could hardly have been concealed in the much-too-small clothes that he wore—and his eyes flashed no challenge. But he stood there an instant, with face set and stern, and then he walked slowly to the old rattle-trap vehicle and, unchallenged, drove away, as, unchallenged, he walked quietly back to his room again. That defiance alone would have marked him with no little dignity. It gave John Burnham a great deal of carefully concealed joy, it dumfounded Gray, and, while Mavis took it as a matter of course, it thrilled Marjorie, saddened her, and made her a little ashamed. Nor did it end there. Some change was quickly apparent to Jason in Mavis. She turned brooding and sullen, and one day when she and Jason met Gray in the college yard, she averted her eyes when the latter lifted his cap, and pretended not to see him. Jason saw an uneasy look in Gray's eyes, and when he turned questioningly to Mavis, her face was pale with anger. That night he went home with her to see his mother, and when the two sat on the porch in the dim starlight after supper, he bluntly asked her what the matter was, and bluntly she told him. Only once before had he ever spoken of Gray to Mavis, and that was about the meeting in the lane, and then she scorned to tell him whether or not the meeting was accidental, and Jason knew thereby that it was. Unfortunately he had not stopped there.

"I saw him try to kiss ye," he said indignantly.

"Have you never tried to kiss a girl?" Mavis had asked quietly, and Jason reddened.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"And did she always let ye?"

"Well, no—not——"

"Very well then," Mavis snapped, and she flaunted away.

It was different now, the matter was more serious, and now they were cousins and Hawns. Blood spoke to blood and answered to blood, and when at the end Mavis broke into a fit of shame and tears, a burst of light opened in Jason's brain and his heart raged not only for Mavis, but for himself. Gray had been ashamed to go to that dance with Mavis, and Marjorie had been ashamed to go with him—there was a chasm, and with every word that Mavis spoke the wider that chasm yawned.

"Oh, I know it," she sobbed. "I couldn't believe it at first, but I know it now"—she began to drop back into her old speech—"they come down in the mountains, and grandpap was nice to 'em, and when we come up here they was nice to us. But down thar and up here we was just queer and funny to 'em—an' we're that way yit. They're good hearted an' they'd do anything in the world fer us, but we ain't their kind an' they ain't ourn. They knowed it and we didn't—but I know it now."

So that was the reason Marjorie had hesitated when Jason asked her to go to the dance with him.

"Then why did she go?" he burst out. He had mentioned no name even, but Mavis had been following his thoughts.

"Any gal 'ud do that fer fun," she answered, "an' to git even with Gray."

"Why do you reckon——"

"That don't make no difference—she wants to git even with me, too."

Jason wheeled sharply, but before his lips could open Mavis had sprung to her feet.

"No, I hain't!" she cried hotly, and rushed into the house.

Jason sat on under the stars, brooding. There was no need for another word between them. Alike they saw the incident and what it meant; they felt alike, and alike both would act. A few minutes later his mother came out on the porch.

"Whut's the matter with Mavis?"

"You'll have to ask her, mammy."

With a keen look at the boy Martha Hawn went back into the house, and Jason heard Steve's heavy tread behind him.

"I know whut the matter is," he drawled. "Thar hain't nothin' the matter 'ceptin' that Mavis ain't the only fool in this hyeh fambly."

Jason was furiously silent, and Steve walked chuckling to the railing of the porch and spat over it through his teeth and fingers. Then he looked up at the stars and yawned, and with his mouth still open went casually on:

"I seed Arch Hawn in town this mornin'. He says folks is a hand-grippin' down thar in the mountains right an' left. Thar's a truce on betwixt the Hawns an'

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Honeycutts an' they're gittin' ready fer the election together."

The lad did not turn his head nor did his lips open.

"These fellers up here tried to bust our county up into little pieces once—an' do you know why? Bekase we was so *lawless*." Steve laughed savagely. "They're gittin' wuss'n we air. They say we stole the State fer that bag o' wind, Bryan, when we'd been votin' the same way fer forty years. Now they're goin' to gag us an' tie us up like a yearlin' calf. But folks in the mountains ain't agoin' to do much bawlin'—they're gittin' ready."

Still Jason refused to answer, but Steve saw that the lad's hands and mouth were clenched.

"They're gittin' *ready*," he repeated, "an' I'll be thar."

(To be continued.)

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING

By Frederick Landis

THERE was a political landslide that year, and strangers were seen in public and private life. When Congress met the cloakrooms were filled with victims who spoke of their "emancipation from public care" and then hurried to the President's office to seek manna from that commissary-general of political unfortunates.

But there is an end, even to what the "Great Father" can do, and the bottom of the patronage-bin had been scraped bare some time later when the Hon. Caspar Jones, one of the youngest of the slain, sought refuge from the "ingratitude of republics."

"Make me a consul—anywhere—Zanzibar, even!"

The "Great Father" lifted his hands reproachfully.

"You mean exile to some little ash-pile of a country?"

The Hon. Caspar Jones was so inclined.

"If I had a barrel of such positions, I'd not let you squander your abilities. Why don't you lecture? If you'll permit me to scramble a metaphor, I'll say you could make the public ear eat out of your hand!"

It was the habit of the Hon. Caspar Jones to grow strangely gentle toward all who roamed appreciatingly about his attributes.

"Why, in two years you can be the leader of the platform! I'm only sorry I can't make you the prize drawing-card right now. I'd name the next battleship after you if I could. Numerically, the Joneses are more entitled to it than Rhode Island, but I've promised it to Rhode Island."

Mr. Jones replied with deep feeling: "I've always side-stepped Chautauquas and county fairs!

"There's something heartless in the way the pillars of our government have invaded the world of amusement and expelled the old settlers. Sword-swallowers have fled heart-broken to the islands of the sea; mermaids have been compelled to take in washing!"

The "Great Father" flung a final gesture toward a painting on his wall.

"What! You'd have me lecture—on 'Lincoln'?"

The "G. F." nodded decisively.

"Poor Lincoln! I fear he will never find rest!"

The "G. F." placed his hand on Caspar's shoulder and spoke as commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

"Every 'Lincoln' has been lectured about, except the plain, every-day one. Take him!"

Walking the brink of decision, the Hon. Caspar Jones made his way to the door.

Drifting down the avenue, he thought of the void in the lyceum. Phillips—Beecher—Ingersoll—gone!

And none to take their places. Why not he? Surely nothing was impossible for one

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who had lifted the House to such enthusiasm with a defence of the tariff on burlap!

The morning became luminous in his eyes, though it was the fourth day of March.

People were swarming toward Capitol Hill to witness the adjournment of Congress; they went in street-cars, victorias, limousines, but the Hon. Caspar Jones was wafted airily up on the tide of his prospects.

The excitement of the last hour was upon the law-makers; galleries were packed and a fashionable overflow swayed back and forth through the marble lane between House and Senate. Both chambers had postponed their demise several times by turning back their clocks in order that business might be finished by "noon," a parliamentary body being the only creature of earth which can hold Father Time while his steed paws the pavement.

The members were singing patriotic songs; the defeated were going down to their doom, light of heart, as a romantic land expects of those who have distributed its garden seeds.

For the first time of the session, the Speaker handed the gavel to one of the minority, then a Southern Congressman offered a resolution, thanking the Speaker, and made an eloquent speech to the effect that the old North and South partition had been permanently removed and henceforth the Union was to be one large sitting-room.

During his term the Hon. Caspar Jones had grown weary of weeping-willow statesmen who went about endlessly shooing doves and their young out of obsolete cannon; but now he was transported!

The Southern member had shown him the way; he would lecture on "Lincoln"—in the South. Possibly he was the flute on which Fate was to render the belated rhapsody of the republic!

In high glee he slapped the delegate from the Sandwich Islands on the back.

The month of June found the Hon. Caspar bound for Texas.

Entering the smoking compartment, he saw an elderly gentleman behind a briar pipe, his sharp face turned to the flying landscape.

"Going far?" inquired the stranger.

"Texas."

"Why, that's my destination!"

The Hon. Caspar Jones scanned the gentleman's countenance and discovered many lines drawn by frontier days. His manner bespoke an equanimity which fed on peril; his gray eyes looked like a gun-barrel. Certainly here was one who regarded sanguinary episodes as mere matters of routine.

"I should have known you were a Texan," observed Caspar.

"How in the world do you do it?"

Caspar smiled lightly.

"Just a little knowledge of human nature."

"It's certainly a gift—only I've never seen Texas. I'm a New Hampshire Yankee giving Shakespearian readings."

The Hon. Caspar Jones slowly emerged from his astonishment.

"Shake! I'm in the business myself!"

The tragedian withdrew his hand.

"You mean—you're also 'devastating' the South-west?"

"Yes—that is—I'm—lecturing."

"What particular message do you bear to our distant kinsmen?"

The Yankee smiled as the benevolent veteran beams upon a recruit.

"'Lincoln' is my subject."

The veteran leaned forward, his hand to his ear.

"'Lincoln!—Abraham Lincoln!'"

The gentleman refilled his pipe and returned to the scenery, and was silent till a herd of cattle, pinched in the shade of a tree, awoke a pastoral revery.

"Beef's pretty high these days!"

Mile after mile they sat in a gazing duet till a brunette thrust his face through the curtains.

"Last call for breakfast!"

Shakespeare arose with an air of relief, then turned in the doorway.

"Did you say—'Texas'?"

It was a long, glaring, sandy day on the train and the Hon. Caspar Jones sat in the midst of his papers, while over the aisle the travelling representative of the Bard of Avon played so many kinds of solitaire it was hard to keep one's mind on a masterpiece. Caspar was conscious of that attention which is the lot of all who reveal intellectual qualities en route, and once while rehearsing the passage relied on to

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make Texas strangle her last prejudice, a "drummer" paused by his seat.

"What's your line?"

"Suspenders!" exploded the wrathful Demosthenes.

At last they rolled into a region where the soil was red and cars were labelled for blacks and whites. It was near the Texas line, and glancing idly from the car window the Hon. Caspar Jones arose with a start, then called to a tall young man on horseback:

"Oh, Surface!"

The horseman galloped up to the window.

"Great Scott, Jonesey! Where you bound? What you doing?"

The train started off and Surface rode beside it, prolonging the hand shake.

"I'm lecturing."

"What on?"

"'Lincoln'!"

"What 'Lincoln'?"

"The only one worth lecturing about!"

The train gathered speed and Surface swung his horse aside and put both hands to his mouth.

"So long, Jonesey! Better get an asbestos shirt!"

The Hon. Caspar settled back in his seat and turned the warning over and over. Then he wrote a passage enlarging on Lincoln's tolerance toward all who differed from his views.

He reached his destination at evening, and by that clairvoyance peculiar to railroad stations was able to identify the manager of the Chautauqua, a gentleman who peered through large glasses with a peculiar sparrowlike wistfulness.

"You're the 'talent,' I believe?"

It was as if he had asked the Hon. Caspar Jones if he were the peck of potatoes expected on the evening train.

Mexican influence lingered in the little gray adobe town and fairly rioted in the hack which took them up the hill. It might have been the chaise of Cortez! The hotel had enjoyed great popularity among the mound builders, and behind the desk hung an ancient, cracked unlikeness of Samuel Houston by an artist who evidently had been inspired by the feud spirit of a wild period.

Caspar registered, and in an unguarded moment requested a room with bath, whereupon the clerk jabbed the pen into the potato with undisguised impatience.

"This evening's bath's been 'spoke' for!"

The Chautauqua manager followed Caspar to his room, and inquired if there was any truth in the report that he was to discuss a theme which possibly might be "uncongenial."

"The report is absolutely correct, sir!"

The Hon. Caspar did not use "sir" lightly. He drew it from the scabbard only when emergencies demanded extreme measures.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, the chairman resolved that it might possibly save innocent lives to tell the worst.

"Ah—this meeting to-night—it's to be given by the Confederate veterans' camp, you know!"

The Adam's apple of the Hon. Caspar Jones registered an extreme disturbance within, but his voice was valiant.

"I could hardly have hoped for such a happy arrangement!"

The manager was appalled at such innocence.

"It seems the veterans didn't exactly understand your subject. An old sheep man, William Johnstone, has asked to preside to-night; he was badly wounded in the war. He's a very peaceable citizen; he's never shot anybody that let him alone!"

The Hon. Caspar did not dine with that relish usually ascribed to the condemned, but drank much black coffee. Now and then a villager would linger in the dining-room door, then join a whispering crowd in the lobby which Caspar watched for manifestations of hemp.

The meeting was held in the plaza, which was three times the size of a Northern public square, and the night was cloudless, a fortunate circumstance, for it was a sky-canopied function.

Jones never had seen such luminous stars, nor such a quiet audience. Over three thousand sat on hard benches.

"Where did they come from?"

The manager pointed to the buggies hitched round the plaza.

"From the country; most of them came a long way."

They pushed their way to the rough, pine platform, where a tall, spare, gray-

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bearded man sat with excruciating starchiness behind a table decorated with pitcher and glass.

Caspar and his mate mounted the platform and sat whispering mysteriously for some seconds, as is prescribed in the oratorical by-laws.

The scene inspired this most silvery-tongued of the Joneses; his bosom heaved and heaved again, then fell very flat. The first two rows were filled with Confederate veterans, some in faded, gray coats, and in their midst was a war-torn flag.

He started at the thought that possibly some of these men had been at the massacre of Fort Pillow! Then he turned nervously to the chairman.

"There's positively nothing left to be desired! I can hardly wait!"

The tall, spare chairman poured a glass of water and arose, fumbling the top button of an old Prince Albert coat.

"I'm no talker, my friends. I'm just a sheep man. It may seem strange that I'm up here, an' I'll tell you why."

He turned and cast an ominous glance toward the Hon. Caspar Jones.

"Durin' the 'late unpleasantness' I was a 'Johnnie.'"

The two rows of veterans grinned, and a cheer starting in the outskirts swept the audience.

"I was at Gettysburg—with Pickett. A shell struck me—an' then I was no 'count. I couldn't hold a musket—so they made me a spy.

"Well, the 'Yanks' ketched me—an' one morning I was settin' in a tent with a soldier at either end. I had an engagement—to be hung. I'd just finished a letter to my mother an' was lookin' at the address when a staff officer rode up an' said, 'The General presented his compliments'—an' I knew that I was to hear my death-warrant."

The countenances of the old Confederates were like steel traps; the audience was an aggregate frown, and as for the Hon. Caspar Jones, he wished he were to discuss the tariff on burlap.

The chairman cleared his throat.

"They marched me to head-quarters, where there was a short, stocky man with a stubby beard. He wore a slouch hat and a plain soldier blouse—an' smoked a powerful, black cigar. He was the only man in the place who didn't have on a badge. It was General Grant.

"Well, he handed me a paper an' I read it—an' then everything got white—so sizzlin' white I closed my eyes. It was a pardon from Mr. Lincoln."

The old man bit his lips for an instant.

"I never knew how it come about till long after. Near the end of the war Mr. Lincoln tied up all the death-warrants he could, an' one morning Secretary Stanton took a basketful of them to the White House and demanded immediate action.

"Mr. Lincoln was happy that morning.

"'Stanton,' said he, 'that was a glorious victory yesterday—an' the war's 'most over, thank God!' Then he saw Stanton's basket an' walked to the window.

"'Just look over there at Virginia. How green her hills are. Stanton, it's too fine a morning to sentence any poor devil to be hung!'"

"An' with that Mr. Lincoln dumped that basketful o' death-warrants into the grate—struck a match—an' pardoned the whole crowd!"

William Johnstone stood erect and his voice quivered.

"An' the chairman o' this meetin' happened to be one o' the wild cucumbers in that basket."

For an instant the audience sat as if stunned, then the old Confederates sprang to their feet, and the air was pierced with the blood-curdling yell never forgotten by those who heard it on the field of battle.

The chairman's face grew pale.

"After Appomattox I made up my mind to see Mr. Lincoln—to thank him—an' I started to Washington—afoot. I had gone a long way an' one day I was settin' by the road, restin', an' a stragglin' Yankee soldier come along an' he fetched terrible 'word.' I was a wounded soldier o' the 'Stars an' Bars,' but that 'word' was so terrible I even forgot that we had surrendered—an' that Yankee soldier said:

"'You a sheddin' tears! You, a "Johnnie"!'"

Johnstone proceeded very slowly.

"I picked up my things—they were tied in a bandanna handkerchief—an' I went on to Washington. I did see Mr. Lincoln—but I couldn't thank him!—the South had lost her best friend."

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Turning to the speaker of the evening, Johnstone bowed him forth with a fine blending of stage-fright and courtliness, then put his hand on Jones's shoulder.

"When I heard that this 'Yank' was to talk about Mr. Lincoln, I said to Mrs. Johnstone, 'I'm goin' to preside at that meetin', an' I hitched up the old gray mare—an' we come."

It was a long time before the Hon. Caspar Jones could speak, for just as the applause would subside, the old soldiers would start it again. After the greatest meeting of his life, they escorted the speaker to his hotel and the fife and drum were in hands which held them in the days "which tried men's souls."

Then these old soldiers drew up resolutions which were very formal and put a great seal on them, then they sent a copy to every Confederate camp where Jones was to speak, and till the train came in they sought for other courtesies to bestow.

It was a remarkable series of meetings, in a sense the most unique in our history. There are those who like to think that the thoroughbred spirit which they exemplified grows taller in the young republic than in the older kingdoms.

It was past midnight and the Hon. Caspar Jones, having finished his engagements, was waiting for the International Express to take him home. A group of old men with lanterns waited with him, and he hardly noticed that the International was two hours late, for these old men told tales which were the envy of romantic fiction. Some of them had served with Stonewall Jackson; some with Albert Sidney Johnston; some with Robert E. Lee.

At last the great headlight flashed upon the little band, and as he started away the Hon. Caspar Jones stood on the observation platform and a strange loneliness came over him. He watched the swinging lanterns till they seemed golden balls in a juggler's hands and then they disappeared.

He propped himself on his pillows and wondered how things would have been had he been born in Texas.

Then he came very near to the wish that the stork went South in winter, as some other birds are prone to do.

THE MASTER BEGGAR

By Edith Rickert

Love may come limping, halt, or blind,
  Yea, he may wear the mask of sin;
Though he be brutal, rough, unkind—
  Open the door and let him in.

He stands and laughs at the hands that deny,
  He knows that for him there is no nay;
He knocks where he will, with low and high—
  Enters and sets his staff away.

You may crowd your hall with many a guest,
  To pipe and dance in his despite;
You may work and forget him, mock him with jest—
  Patient he sits there, morn and night.

No alms may content him. Silent to wait
  Till he hold the keys of life—his part;
The beggar is master and keeps his state
  Alone by the fireside of the heart.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is difficult to say why the casual announcement at dinner, a few nights ago, of the death of Mr. Andrew Lang should bring to one who never saw his face so deep a sense of personal loss. It is partly because of the diversity of his work, those seventy volumes of poetry, criticism, fairy tales, essays, being sure to make one hear the echo of his footstep, no matter down what intellectual highway one might be trudging, or by what hedge-row lingering for rest. On work-days and on play-days I have been in the habit of seeking him out; if the former meant the investigation of some new author in my study of literature, searching Poole's Index for the name "Lang," that his pungent, sweet-natured criticism might enliven my dull wits. If the Christmas holidays drew near, there was the inexhaustible supply of fairy-books for the children; and the pre-Christmas letters to Santa Claus have never failed to name him. But perhaps it was only an idle, sunny Saturday; there was a book of verse out of Old France, or one with the ancient melodies of Scotland ringing through it, with far echoes of the boy's mind:

Andrew Lang

"A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago,"

Or:

"St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
. . . . . .
O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea——"

Both for work-days and for play-days are the beautiful translations from the Greek. His "Iliad" is opened, and straightway, in the words of Keats, "I am with Achilles, shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily," aware how, "as beautiful Daphnis was following his kine, and Menalcas shepherding his flock, they met, as men say, on the long ranges of the hills."

Not less sure was his footstep in the tangled woods of mediæval literature, and no truer guide could be found to the heart of an ancient adventure, the soul of an old mood.

"Where smooth the Southern waters run
Through rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun,
We wandered out of yesterday;
Went Maying in that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette."

The long list of his works brings an overwhelming sense of the greatness of his service, both in interpretation and in creation, to the world of the imagination, the world of Beauty, at a time when we most sorely need such service. It was the gift, too, not of genius, not of a nature supremely gifted, but of delicate insight and of indefatigable industry. How happy he must have been! No man could have worked so hard as that without being greatly happy. Despite his constant toil, he was always a merry as well as a wise companion, whose droll remarks enlivened many a dusty rood of ground, whose keen wit pierced like lightning flash sham mood or misty style.

There was always an individual flavor in his criticism; he had the sure, swift taste of him who knows. When he said: "Sweet meseems is the whispering sound of yonder pine-tree, goatherd, that murmureth by the wells of water, and sweet are thy pipings," he knew the sweetness instinctively, and not because he had learned the rules. To his fine insight was added the great gift of humor, a flash whereof is needed to quicken literary criticism, and few there be that possess it, since the shadow of German scholarship fell upon the world of letters. How dull it is at times, how lacking in simple, human understanding!

"Might I but live to see thee in my touch
I'd say I had eyes again,"

says poor blinded Gloster in "King Lear," and the critic who states that the proper word is, of course, not see, but feel, is one of those raised up to train the young in the matter of interpreting the immortals. It is because such minds as these are constantly

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at work grinding out their sodden grist, unaware that the truth is something different from the sum of all the facts, real or imaginary, that one is grateful for the quick intelligence, the nimble understanding, the laughing sympathy in criticism of Andrew Lang.

They are vanishing so fast, the men of understanding, of insight, of gift, the men of an elder and greater day, Tennyson, Browning, Stevenson, Meredith, Swinburne, William Sharp, that the world, in spite of the masses of people forever going up and down upon it, begins to seem sadly depopulated. Who are to be the creators and the revealers of beauty in this new world which we are entering, and which, to those of us who were trained under earlier standards, presents so much of ugliness?

This latest loss wraps one in a wholly impersonal sadness, and brings to a far-distant home the silence of that day when the dead are laid away. The latch that he never lifted, the garden-path that he never trod seem lonely, and into the midsummer day comes the gentle autumn atmosphere of farewell, the beauty of falling leaves, the fragrance of vanishing things. "Persephone, all lovely things drift down to thee," cries Bion, in Lang's translation of the lament for Adonis. If, in elegiac fashion, we should call upon his fellow-singers to lament him, there would be no ears to hear, though a spirit-thin voice might come "in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence." There is a stillness in the air like that of a day last autumn when the blue-birds stopped to say good-by, blue wing by blue wing against our browning grass. For all I know they may have been "Souls of poets dead and gone," *en route* for Elysium. I can fancy Andrew Lang's among them, with the swiftest blue wings of all.

A Collection of Rings

AN introduction to Broca's convolution, that fascinating cupboard in the brain no bigger than a hazel-nut, in which are stored in orderly ranks all the words and languages we know, taught me how to store some of my collections which before had threatened to overflow the land and the sea. The solution is simplicity itself. Whenever more room is needed in the tiny cupboard, add a Broca shelf. If you ask me exactly where, I refer you to William James who justly declares that the space of my imagination in nowise interferes with that of yours; or to Gambetta's postage-stamp from which Mark Twain caught a resourceful soldier drawing several cartridges; or to Horace Walpole's prince who, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut. They cracked it; in it was wrapped a piece of silk painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world, from which, after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog and shook his ears and danced a saraband!

Now there is my collection of rings, unique I believe, though not in connoisseur phrase complete, made up rather of casual samples that fell in a careless traveller's way. One little tinsel thing, looking as though it had come out of a Christmas cracker, which I found as a marker in a library book, proved possessed of loadstone qualities, since thereafter I seldom opened a book but it delivered up valuable rings for my collection. One curious specimen which had belonged to Hannibal revealed a tiny receptacle still smelling of the grain of poison in which he found release in the hour of final defeat. Hannibal was versed in rings. In the second Punic war, when so many Romans were killed, he had his sutlers gather up and send back to Carthage a basket of ten thousand gold rings worn by the conquered knights. From among so many it is not incredible that one should have found its way to my cupboard. Had but a modicum of that number come over in the *Mayflower*, each member of several large hereditary-patriotic societies would have had ample assortment. The miracle of the loaves and fishes has only to be expressed in terms of antiquities to cease to be cited as an exceptional instance of increase.

The fact that Septimus Severus flattered his soldiers with the honor of wearing gold rings hints of the rings of iron worked in gold by the ancients, in each of which was set a little shell, and worn by such as did greatly desire to remain with minds unmoved in the midst of any extraordinary occurrence, whether it brought them good or evil. My collection boasts no real antique, but I have a very good reproduction cunningly made by the young Benvenuto Cellini in his shop at Rome. I slip on this ring occasionally to test the ancient charm. True, extraordinary

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occurrences flow over me, leaving my mind unmoved; but the result, curiously enough, seems very like that of ordinary emotions when my mind is keenly alive to them. 100x0 after all equals 0x100. I am glad that Benvenuto's reproductions, "fine-tempered steel, delicately chased and inlaid with gold," brought him forty crowns apiece, but I wager you he never tried on the charm. Go unmoved, he? Movement, experience, change, chance, the grand thrill, comprised his point of view—a vivid contrast to that of the elder Pliny who hated luxury and wrote a tirade on the malefactor who "committed the worst crime against mankind in putting a ring on his finger."

Not all rings were put on men's fingers. Some there were by which Venice wedded her sea—of which I have a delightful collection, Adriatic jetsam of the first water: "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of true and lasting domination"; after which the Venetians believed that in some mysterious manner every enterprise on the mighty waters was occultly blessed to them. Some rings, too, become men's fingers most in leaving them —like the ducal ring drawn from the traitor hand of Foscari and broken to bits. I have always been glad, nevertheless, that Loredan, a later doge who was deputed to deliver the news of disgrace to the aged Foscari, had the grace to hide his ringed hand under the cloak in which the great Bellini painted him in that superb portrait in the National Gallery in London.

Symbolic rings fill one shelf in my cupboard: a signet or two, from Egypt and Babylon; the episcopal ring, formerly worn on the third finger of the bishop's right hand above the second joint; and the massive ring of the popes. Paul II of the fifteenth century died of the chill and weight of the rings with which he loaded his fingers.

Over the Mizpeh and engagement rings I linger fondly, ruminating on the procession of maidens down the world's ages who, like Margaret Ogilvy, "did carry that finger in such a way that the most reluctant must see." I lack the Virgin's veritable wedding-ring, now in a chapel of the duomo at Perugia. I was fortunate enough to see it, however, on one of its periodic exposures to the public, before it was locked back again into its sixteen cases, secured by as many keys kept by as many persons of importance in the mediæval hill town.

The old belief that the vein from the third finger ran more directly to the heart than from the others probably suggested the ring finger. One of the earliest forms of wedding-ring was the gimmal, formed of two links, each having a hand upon it, which, when brought together, formed a single ring with the hands clasped together. The ring was used at betrothal, the man and woman each keeping half till the wedding-day. Was it such a one perchance that Louis XVI took from his watch-chain and kept trying on his finger while his hair was being dressed that morning of his execution? Certainly it was his wedding-ring which he was about to return to the queen as a mute farewell.

Old posies engraved in both engagement and wedding rings show great similarity of sentiment. "I will have five" has a suffrage air of independence, and raises a query about another old favorite, "Together for eternity." Hawker, the delectable Vicar of Morwenstowe, used, in celebrating marriage, to take the ring and toss it in the air before restoring it to the bridegroom—probably to symbolize that marriage is always more or less a toss-up. Such, I infer, the Duke of Hamilton found it after he had fallen so rapturously in love with the younger Gunning at the house-warming at Chesterfield House that he called for a parson and married her at midnight with a curtain ring.

Ring Symbolism

IT is a poor symbol which cannot be perverted to signify its opposite. In the old Scandinavian mythology, the bargain with the Fates was that he who should forswear love forever would be able to make of the Rhine gold a magic ring which would give him power over all the earth and over the eternals as well. The Ring of the Nibelungen was formed like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and it had ruby eyes. By easy transition it became a dragon. An old lady botanist, whom in childhood it was my good-luck to meet, told me that in her girlhood Lucy Austin, later Lady Duff Gordon, visited her. Lucy had a pet snake, fond of glittering things as was the beautiful girl herself; and when she took off her many rings and put them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body and finally tying itself in a tight knot so that the rings could not be got off

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till it pleased to untie itself again. As is the province of rings, the subject makes my mind go round and round:

"A snake with a bright yellow spot,
Once tied itself up in a knot.
When asked, 'What is this?'
He replied, with a hiss,
'That errand must not be forgot.'"

Who of us has not "changed a ring," becoming so uneasy thereafter that the duty to be remembered is speedily performed? Nicolai, in "War and Peace," broke his cameo ring striking one of his serfs. After his wife's reproach he vowed never to do so again, and when he clinched his fists in anger he would turn the broken ring round on his finger and drop his eyes before the man who angered him. Even Nicolai, however, cannot compete in human delightsomeness with the man at the opera observed changing his ring to remember a certain air!

Like Lucy Austin's snake, I am bewitched with this game of stringing the rings lying loose on the table of history and life. One shelf in my cupboard is crowded with just nobody's rings. Good Heavens! the things that they have seen! Other rings I show—the historic, the singularly pretty, the diabolically ugly; but I like best these humdrum tokens. Another such spans the finger of you and me and the next person till the composite circumference encircles the world. The crowds one looks down upon from the elevated tracks in New York, those in the Rue de Rivoli and on the Riva degli Schiavoni—each individual wears a ring, each one a gift of love, or jewelled with pride or anticipation or association. Most people like their rings not for their value but for some secondary quality. To relate the avatars of our humble little personal rings is to spread out the whole chart of life. In Bergsonian phrase each ring is "a unity that is multiple and a multiplicity that is one." Given the ring, I seek to put together the lives that touched it, reconstruct the moving, breathing organisms of those who wore it. To-day as I twist great-grandmother's ring upon my finger, I look upon it as hers, see her life, revisit her past, become her contemporary; to-morrow the twist of the ring will project me into the life of some future wearer, with multiplied application and illustration. I grasp these hints of other lives like the dog Arthur Symons saw in an Irish stream, snapping at the bubbles that ran past him. "Life runs past me, too, continuously, and I try to make all its bubbles my own."

The Rhinegold ring which caused such operatic upheaval leads by certain quite traceable links of association to Plato's myth of Gyges the shepherd. He found, you will remember, a gold ring which had the remarkable property of making its wearer visible when he turned the collet one way and invisible when he turned it the other. Perceiving this, he contrived to be chosen messenger to the court of Lydia, where he no sooner arrived than he seduced the queen and with her help conspired against the king, slew him, and took the kingdom. Plato asks what we should do if we had such a ring. We could do anything we pleased and nobody would be any the wiser. Would we, with such a ring on our finger, stand fast in righteousness? Could we trust ourselves to wear that ring night and day? Would we feel safe if we knew our next-door neighbor had one? The question is too all-embracing for me to cope with, and I turn back to my Broca cupboard and busy myself among the reliquary rings. Next to Hannibal's lies one pondering which it is impossible to accept the Arab proverb that "yesterday never existed." Touch its secret spring. Here's richness! Two seeds, from a mummy case of five thousand years ago! Would these seeds germinate if planted in my garden? Certain of its contemporaries have elsewhere performed that preposterous feat. Suppose a papyrus should spring up and from its stalks an antiquarian should fashion paper on which to write the history of the world. Or suppose the crop to be millet, food of one-third the inhabitants of the globe. Would the history of civilization be different had those two seeds been planted five thousand years ago? Well, a few more æons cannot affect them now, so I leave it for some future owner of this collection of rings—mine by a sort of usufruct—to try her luck at sprouting them. I suggest "The Ring and the Seed" as the title of her monograph; and I beg that the printer's mark be a ringed finger, and the posy on the title-page be the words which voice my own faith:

"There is upon Life's hand a magic ring,
The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold:
Remove it not, lest all Life's charm take wing."

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THE FIELD OF ART

The Hermit. By John Sargent.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TWO WAYS OF PAINTING

AMONG the more recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum is a brilliant and altogether remarkable little picture by John Sargent, entitled "The Hermit." Mr. Sargent is a protrait painter by vocation, and the public knows him best as a penetrating and sometimes cruel reader of human character. He is a mural painter by avocation and capable, on occasion, of a monumental formality. In this picture, as in the wonderful collection of water colors in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one fancies one sees the essential John Sargent, working for himself alone without regard to external demands, and doing what he really cares most to do. In such work he is a modern of the moderns and, in the broadest sense of the word, a thorough impressionist. Not that he shows himself a disciple of Monet, or occupies himself with the broken touch or the division of tones—his method is as direct as that of Sorolla and his impressionism is of the same kind; a bending of all his energies to the vivid realization of the effect of the scene rendered as one might perceive it in the first flash of vision if one came upon it unexpectedly. This picture is better than Sorolla—it is better than almost anyone. It is perhaps the most astonishing realization of the modern ideal, the most accomplished transcript of the actual appearance of nature, that has yet been produced. It is because of its great merit, because of its extraordinary success in what it attempts, that it leads one to the serious consideration of the nature of the attempt and of the gain and loss involved in the choice that modern art has made.

The picture is exactly square—the choice of this form is, of itself, typically modern in its unexpectedness—and represents a bit of rough wood interior under intense sunlight. The light is studied for its brilliancy rather than for

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its warmth, and if the picture has a fault, granted the point of view of the painter, it is in a certain coldness of color; but such conditions of glaring and almost colorless light do exist in nature. One sees a few straight trunks of some kind of pine or larch, a network of branches and needles, a tumble of moss-spotted and lichened rocks, a confusion of floating lights and shadows, and that is all. The conviction of truth is instantaneous—it is an actual bit of nature, just as the painter found it. One is there on that ragged hill-side, half dazzled by the moving spots of light, as if set down there suddenly, with no time to adjust one's vision. Gradually one's eyes clear and one is aware, first of a haggard human head with tangled beard and unkempt hair, then of an emaciated body. There is a man in the wood! And then—did they betray themselves by some slight movement?—there are a couple of slender antelopes who were but now invisible and who melt into their surroundings again at the slightest inattention. It is like a pictorial demonstration of protective coloring in men and animals.

Now, almost any one can see how superbly all this is rendered. Any one can marvel at and admire the free and instantaneous handling, the web of slashing and apparently meaningless brush strokes which, at a given distance, take their places by a kind of magic, and *are* the things they represent. But it takes a painter to know how justly it is observed. In these days no painter, whatever may be his deepest convictions, can escape the occasional desire to be modern; and most of us have attempted, at one time or another, the actual study of the human figure in the open air. We have taken our model into a walled garden or a deep wood or the rocky ravine of a brook, and have set ourselves seriously to find out what a naked man or woman really looks like in the setting of outdoor nature. And we have found just what Sargent has painted. The human figure, as a figure, has ceased to exist. Line and structure and all that we have most cared for have disappeared. Even the color of flesh has ceased to count, and the most radiant blond skin of the fairest woman has become an insignificant pinkish spot no more important than a stone and not half so important as a flower. Humanity is absorbed into the landscape.

Obviously, there are two courses open to the painter. If he is a modern by feeling and by training, full of curiosity and of the scientific temper, caring more for the investigation of the aspects of nature and the rendering of natural light and atmosphere than for the telling of a story or the construction of a decoration, he will, if he is able enough, treat his matter much as Sargent has treated it. The figure will become, for him, only an incident in the landscape. It will be important only as a thing of another texture and another color, valuable for the different way in which it receives the light and reflects the sky, just as rocks and foliage and water and bare earth are valuable. For to the true impressionist light and atmosphere are the only realities, and objects exist only to provide surfaces for the play of light and atmosphere. He will abandon all attempt at rendering the material and physical significance of the human form, and will still less concern himself with its spiritual significance. He will gain a great vividness of illusion, and he may console himself for what he loses with the reflection that he has expressed the true relation of man to the universe—that he has expressed either man's insignificance or man's oneness with nature, according as his temper is pessimistic or optimistic.

If, on the other hand, the painter is one to whom the figure as a figure means much; one to whom line and bulk and modelling are the principal means of expression, and who cares for the structure and stress of bone and muscle; if the glow and softness of flesh appeal strongly to him; above all, if he has the human point of view, and thinks of his figures as people engaged in certain actions, having certain characters, experiencing certain states of mind and body; then he will give up the struggle with the truths of aspect that seem so vital to the painter of the other type, and by a frank use of conventions will seek to increase the importance of his figure at the expense of its surroundings. He will give it firmer lines and clearer edges, will strengthen its light and shade, will dwell upon its structure or its movement and expression. He will so compose his landscape as to subordinate it to his figure, and will make its lines echo and accentuate that figure's action or repose. When he has accomplished his task he will have painted, not man insignificant before nature, but man dominating nature.

For an example of this way of representing man's relation to the world about him, let us take Titian's "Saint Jerome"—a picture somewhat similar to Sargent's in subject and in the relative size of the figure and its surroundings. Titian has here given more importance to the landscape than was common in his day. He also has meant, as Sargent has, to make a great

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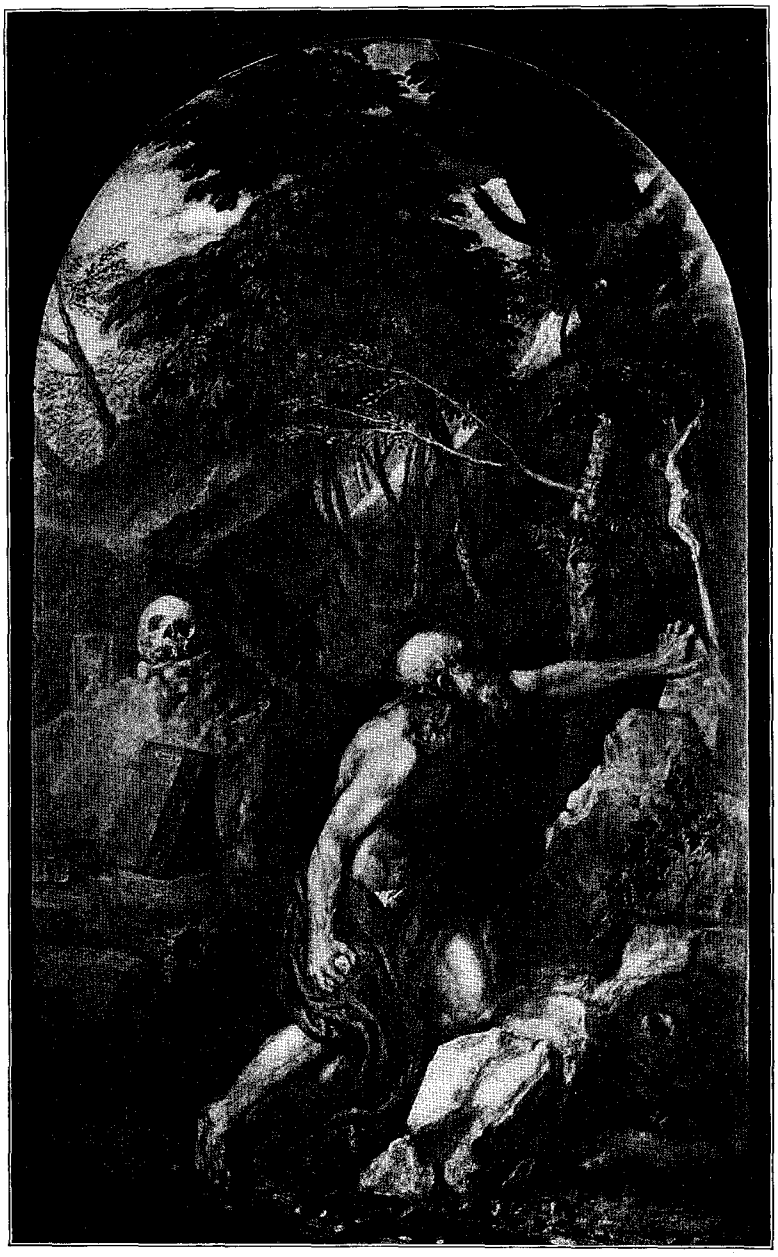

St. Jerome in the Desert. By Titian
In the Brera Gallery, Milan.

deal of the wilderness to which his saint has retired, and to make his saint a lonely human being in a savage place. But the saint and his emotion is, after all, what interests Titian most, and the wildness of nature is valuable to him mainly for its sympathy with this emotion. He wants to give a single powerful feeling and to give it with the utmost dramatic force—to give it theatrically even, one might admit of this particular picture; for it is by no means so favorable an example of Titian's method, or of the older methods of art in general, as is Sargent's "Hermit" of the modern way of seeing and painting. To attain this end he

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simplifies and arranges everything. He lowers the pitch of his coloring to a sombre glow and concentrates the little light upon his kneeling figure, he spends all his knowledge on so drawing and modelling that figure as to make you feel to the utmost its bulk and reality and the strain upon its muscles and tendons, and he so places everything else on his canvas as to intensify its action and expression. The gaze of the saint is fixed upon a crucifix high on the right of the picture, and the book behind him, the lines of the rocks, the masses of the foliage, even the general formation of the ground, are so disposed as to echo and reinforce the great diagonal. There is a splendid energy of invention in the drawing of the tree stems, but the effect is clear and simple with nothing of Sargent's dazzle and confusion. As for the lion, he is a mere necessary mark of identification, and Titian has taken no interest in him.

Now, it is evident that there is not nearly so much literal truth to the appearance of nature in this picture as in Sargent's. It is not only that it would never have occurred to Titian to try to paint the glittering spottiness of sunlight splashing through leafage, or to attempt to raise his key of light to something like that of nature, at the cost of fulness of color. It is not merely that he translates and simplifies and neglects certain truths that the world had not yet learned to see. He deliberately and intentionally falsifies. He knew as well as we do that a natural landscape would not arrange itself in such lines and masses for the purpose of throwing out the figure and of enhancing its emotion. But to him natural facts were but so much material, to be treated as he pleased for the carrying out of his purpose. He was a colorist and a chiaroscurist; and he had a great deal more interest in light and in landscape than most of the painters of his time. If he had been pre-eminently a draughtsman, like Michelangelo, he would have reduced his light and shade to the amount strictly necessary to give that powerful modelling of the figure which is the draughtsman's means of expression, would have greatly increased the relative size and importance of the figure, and would have reduced the landscape to a barely intelligible symbol. Had he been a linealist, like Botticelli, he would have eliminated modelling almost altogether, would have concentrated his attention upon the edges of things, and would have reduced his picture to a flat pattern in which the beauty and expressiveness of the lines should be almost the only attraction.

For all art is an exchange of gain against loss—you cannot have Sargent's truth of impression and Titian's truth of emotion in the same picture, nor Michelangelo's beauty of structure with Botticelli's beauty of line. To be a successful artist is to know what you want and to get it at any necessary sacrifice, though the greatest artists maintain a noble balance and sacrifice no more than is necessary. And if a painter of to-day is like minded with these older masters he will have to express himself much in their manner. He will have to make, with his eyes open, the sacrifices which they made more or less unconsciously, and to deny a whole range of truths with which his fellows are occupied that he may express clearly and forcibly the few truths which he has chosen.

All truths are good, and all ways of painting are legitimate that are necessary to the expression of any truth. I am not here concerned to show that one way is better than another, or one set of truths more important than another set of truths. For the present I am desirous only of showing why there is more than one way—of explaining the necessity of different methods for the expression of different individualities and different ways of envisaging nature and art. But a little while ago it was the modern or impressionistic manner that needed explanation. It was new, it was revolutionary, and it was misunderstood and disliked. A generation of critics has been busy in explaining it, a generation of artists has been busy in practising it, and now the balance has turned the other way. The pressure of conformity is upon the other side and it is the older methods that need justification and explanation. The prejudices of the workers and the writers have gradually and naturally become the prejudices of at least a part of the public, and it has become necessary to show that the small minority of artists who still follow the old roads do so, not from ignorance or stupidity or a stolid conservatism, still less from mere wilful caprice, but from necessity; because those roads are the only ones that can lead them where they wish to go. No more magnificent demonstration of the qualities possible to the purely modern methods of painting has been made than this brilliant little picture of Sargent's. All the more is it a demonstration of the qualities impossible to these methods. If such qualities have any permanent value and interest for the modern world it is a gain for art that some painters should try to keep alive the methods that render possible their attainment.

KENYON COX.

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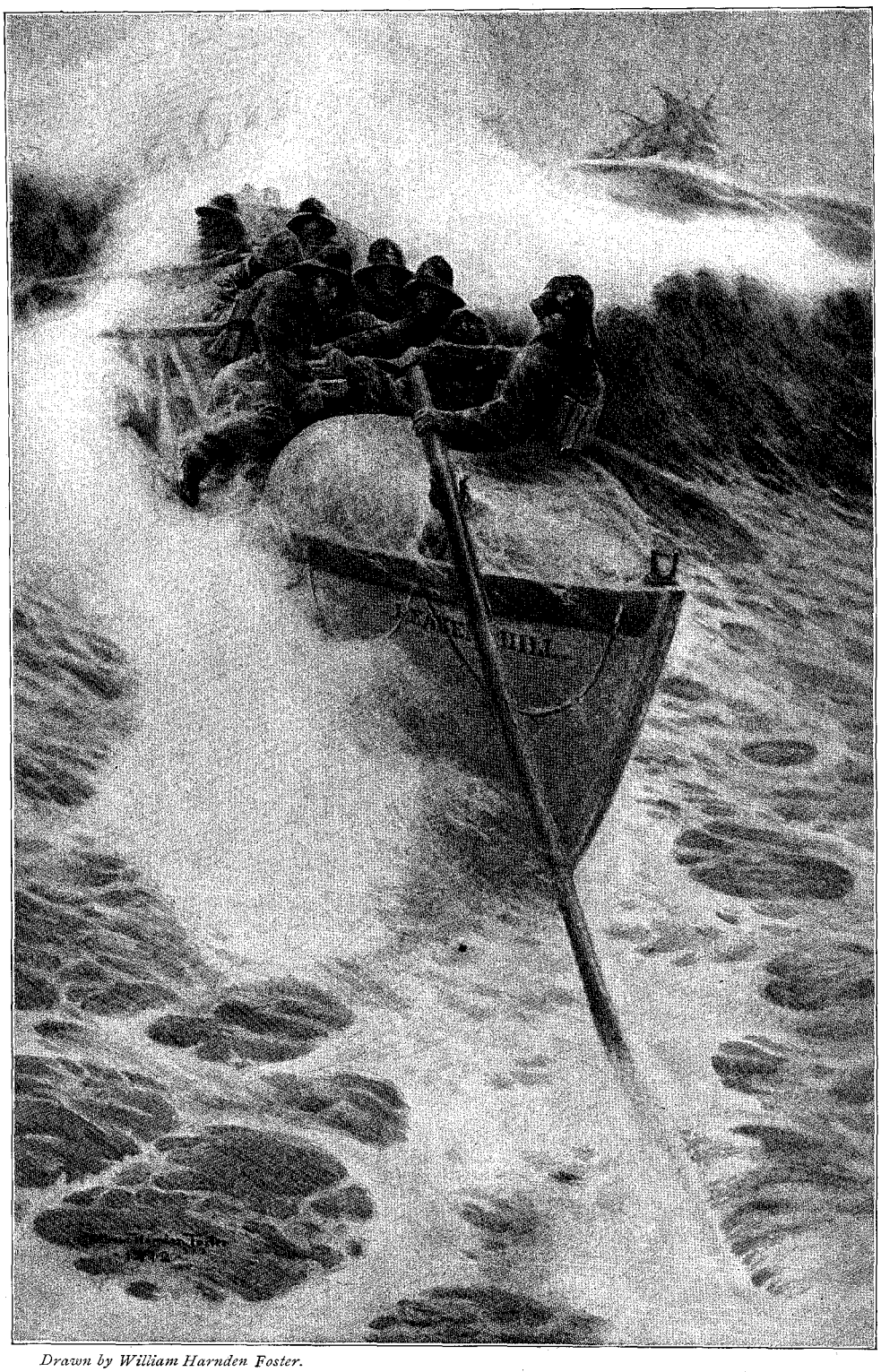

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

THE ON-SHORE GALE.

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